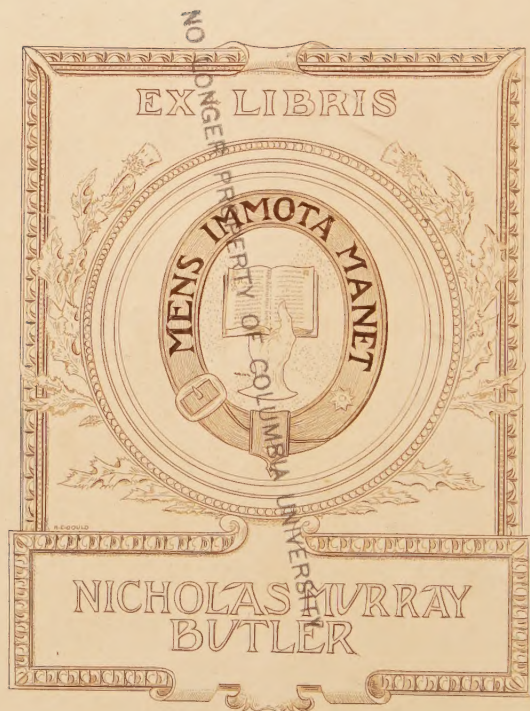


Yours Sincerely  
John F. Ingalls.

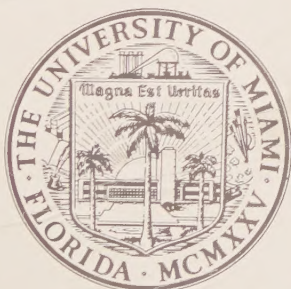
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Yours Sincerely  
John F. Ingalls



A COLLECTION OF  
THE WRITINGS  
OF  
John James Ingalls

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ESSAYS, ADDRESSES, AND  
ORATIONS.

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*"Ad astra per aspera."*

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—1902—  
HUDSON-KIMBERLY PUBLISHING CO.  
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DEDICATION.

TO THE PEOPLE OF KANSAS,  
FOR WHOM MY BELOVED HUSBAND LABORED, AND  
TO WHOM HE OWED SO MUCH,  
THIS BOOK IS GRATEFULLY DEDICATED.

NO LONGER PROPERTY OF COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY



## PREFACE.

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The late Senator Ingalls wrote many things which mankind will forever cherish and preserve. He enriched literature, and in so doing gave renown to his State. The history of Kansas is an inspiration, and her high ideals have made her immortal. The exalted purpose and glorious destiny which her pioneers fixed for her created in themselves lofty aspirations, and under their leadership she became a brilliant star in the national tiara and a power in the Republic. And for this proud position she owes as much to Senator Ingalls as to any of her devoted sons.

This volume is a monument of affection. While it is mainly of his own building, the wife of his manhood, the mother of his children, the trusted friend and adviser of his course and work, and the companion who walked with him in the journey of this life, binds with her love and her wifely devotion these polished blocks wrought by his genius. No one ever had a more enduring memorial.

In preparing this work for the press, I have had the kindly assistance of many of the friends of Senator Ingalls. The selections from his writings were chiefly made by Mrs. Ingalls. Many of his productions are known so well and loved so much that it was imperative they should go in. All his work was of such high order that it was a difficult matter to choose one production and pass over another.

WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY.

*Washington, September 15, 1902.*





## INTRODUCTORY.

The readers of this volume will find on every page excellent reasons for its publication. John James Ingalls was such a man as does not grow in every soil. He was Kansas incarnate. Whatever he said, whatever he wrote, whatever he did, Kansas was his theme, his motive, and his inspiration. He was of the Puritan breed, and the traditions of his New England ancestry were with him from his youth up; but when he first set foot on the western bank of the Missouri and beheld the land of his dreams, he became a devotee, a lover, a worshipper of Kansas. His highly-wrought imagination idealized the wooded slopes, the deep ravines, the tangled vines, and stretching to the illimitable west, the prairies solemn in their vastness and mysterious as the sea. As one reads the history of those early days, how clearly the truth comes to him that the *actual* is not half the picture. In the deadly conflict between freedom and slavery, men forgot the corn and wheat, and saw only the beauty that should come after the Right had won. The making of a State is a grim work, and those brave State-makers could not stop to listen to the carols of birds; but some of them kept the music in their hearts. John J. Ingalls was a born poet. Brilliant as was his career in the Senate, it yet is certain that literature was his true field.

When Kansas finished her fight with the aliens, her war against those who insulted her with shackles, she moved for-

ward, joyous in her freedom. After the war, people came to settle there by thousands. And such a people have never before or since built up an American commonwealth. It has been fashionable among giddy and unthinking people to make jokes about Kansas,—jokes ranging in merit from zero to the bottomless depths below zero—but meanwhile Kansas has not paused in its march to the front. It cannot be denied that she has had her freaks and her follies, but let us remember it is the stupid, and not the wise, who never err. The heart of Kansas has always been right. An educated, enlightened people, worshipping the lights of duty, conscience, and truth, may briefly go astray, but in the long run they will always be found “true to the kindred points of heaven and home.”

I speak of these things only to vindicate her from the shallow and inconsiderate criticisms of those who do not know her history or appreciate her true position in the Union. She needs no defense. The twelfth census is just out, and it tells the story of Kansas in the eloquent figures which place her in the vanguard of the States.

The western bank of the Missouri at Atchison is lined with bluffs whose rugged sides stand out boldly toward the river and the opposite shore. On summer nights it needs no poet's eye to see that it is beautiful. The yellow, sluggish river changes to molten silver when the rising moon plays upon it with the witchery that makes pictures for poets. Once I sat upon the bluff that overlooks the river, when Senator Ingalls said: “This is my Euphrates and my Ganges, and I love to think that these turbid waters have rolled, as long as they, down to the all-embracing sea.”

He was a lover of home; and no one who was permitted to share its sanctities can forget how sweet a place it was. His

wife and his children were the lights of his life,—and he was theirs. He did not give his heart to every new-fledged stranger, but to those who were his friends, “and their adoption tried,” he was open and unreserved. Looking back upon a friendship of thirty years, I can say but this: “I knew him well; I loved him well.”

What brought him fame? The answer undoubtedly is: his own genius. But there were certain collateral influences, and mayhap the dominant voice of “Opportunity” had something to do with it. *The Kansas Magazine*, that brilliant venture—the child of promise, and of early death—first gave him to me, but he had long been known to Kansas people as their most brilliant citizen.

I was new. Arriving in December, 1871, I first found a boarding-house, and then, studied Kansas. *The Kansas Magazine* began its brief career in January, 1872. Henry King was its editor. I have never known a finer literary judgment than his. He had in him the making of a Lowell, or a Matthew Arnold, but the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* swallowed him up, and now he is editor-in-chief, with many honors and great emoluments.

I lived in a town untrammelled by railroads, but it was a Kansas town, and therefore bright, cultivated, and filled with educated people. *The Kansas Magazine* was a forlorn wager by certain enthusiasts, that Kansas could maintain a high-class literary monthly. They lost; but losing, they won. John J. Ingalls, the most brilliant of its contributors, became United States senator because he wrote “Catfish Aristocracy” and “Blue Grass.”

His career was a stormy one; but above the stress of events there was always a consoling influence in wife, children, friends,



and the blessed ministration of letters. I came upon him once in the midst of a terrible senatorial struggle, of which he was the central figure, and found him reading Charles Lamb's "Essays of Elia." He was self-poised always, and I never saw him thrown from the even balance which he habitually maintained.

The summer preceding Mr. Ingalls' election to the Senate was warm in more senses than one. The liberal Republican movement, headed by Horace Greeley, was on, taking from us many of the old "war-horses" of the party, leaving big scars in the ranks, which sadly worried our leaders. Fresh from Wisconsin, I became a delegate to the great Lawrence convention of 1872, which nominated Lowe, Phillips, and Cobb for Congress. The story of that convention has long since ceased to be interesting or important. But this much I must tell: Mr. Ingalls was made permanent chairman. I came up from Montgomery County, very youthful and very verdant, having behind me only six months' residence in the State. I had never seen Mr. Ingalls, but had been captivated by his articles in *The Kansas Magazine*. It was, I think, on the evening of the first day that the convention adjourned over until ten or eleven o'clock the following day. After breakfast, I was introduced to Mr. Ingalls, and we sat together in front of the Eldredge House, enjoying the bright summer sun and air. Then—how it came about I know not—we started for a walk down Massachusetts Avenue. Before we came back to the convention, we had talked about many things—but not one word of politics. Books and literature occupied a place in our hearts that morning far above the approaching struggle in the convention.

The following winter he was elected senator, and held his seat for eighteen years.

I shall not discuss his career in the Senate. In the public records it is amply disclosed. He was a great senator, honored by his fellow-members, who made him President *pro tem.*, and looked up to him as the best presiding officer in that body.

Great men, almost without exception, have a fine sense of humor. To prove this, Shakespeare alone suffices. Abraham Lincoln would have broken down under the tremendous strain of the war, had not a merciful Providence enabled him to see the humorous side of daily events. The humor of Senator Ingalls was of a most subtle character. His mind was so alert that he could not wait the slow processes of ordinary humor, but must burst forth spontaneously in sudden and unexpected flashes of repartee and epigram. In debate he was without an equal in the Senate. A Pennsylvania senator once made an attack on Kansas. Instantly Ingalls rose to reply, and not content simply to defend his own State, he dashed straight into the weak points of Pennsylvania. To stand on the defensive was never his way. He said: "Mr. President, Pennsylvania has produced but two great men; Benjamin Franklin, of Massachusetts, and Albert Gallatin, of Switzerland." Nothing was left for the Pennsylvania senator but to beat a hasty retreat.

He was a scholar, and all his tastes were scholarly and refined. His knowledge of words, and his unerring skill in choosing always the right one, were proverbial. In debate I believe he was superior to John Randolph, who, in his day, was the terror of his opponents. He was such a splendid fighter that many people think of him simply as the great master of invective and of pitiless sarcasm; but read "Blue Grass," or his article on Albert Dean Richardson, or his beautiful trib-

ute to Ben Hill, and the kindly elements of his nature become strongly and sweetly visible.

In my study hangs a frame which encloses an autograph copy of the greatest of American sonnets. I am not at all certain that it is not the greatest sonnet in our language. The sonnet is a highly artificial form of versification with its mechanical regularity of fourteen lines, and is therefore the easiest kind of a poem to write. You set the clock, and when it has run down, you have the sonnet, which almost always is a mere piece of automatic verse, signifying nothing. The little prattling poets turn them out in great numbers. But because it is easy, the sonnet is the most difficult of all forms of verse. How many good sonnets have been written in the English language? Only a few, and they only by the great ones. Shakespeare did everything better than anyone else in all the world. But how many of Shakespeare's sonnets do you remember? In almost every one there are flashes of genius that mark them as Shakespeare's legitimate offspring; but many of them are involved and hard to understand. Mr. Ingalls was once visiting me in Topeka, and we arranged to take a ride the next morning up the west bank of the Kaw, into the country of the bluffs and meadows. On the top of a bluff we stopped and looked out on the beautiful landscape touched with the morning light,—such a landscape as is known only in Kansas,—when suddenly he turned to me, waving his hand outward to that scene of surpassing beauty, and began reciting the famous Thirty-third Sonnet of Shakespeare:

“Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,”



He knew and loved the sonnet, but he also knew its limitations. That fine critical judgment could never have been led into the folly of giving to the world an ordinary, commonplace sonnet, which is the last infirmity of shallow minds.

After Shakespeare, the great sonnets of our language were written by Milton, Wordsworth, Keats, and Mrs. Browning, with one or two by Landor, Leigh Hunt, and Lowell. But when I try to think of one superior or even equal to "Opportunity,"—I seek in vain.

As I have said, the sonnet hangs in my study, written in his bold, large hand, and as I read it a thousand memories crowd upon me. From the sordid environment of this great commercial city, I waft him a sad farewell, and beg that I too may be counted with those who have loved Kansas and believed in her to the uttermost.

GEORGE R. PECK.

*Chicago, November 30, 1902.*



## Opportunity.

Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk: I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping wake: if feasting rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death: but those who doubt or hesitate  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore  
I answer not, and I return no more!

Pro. J. Agall.





## JOHN JAMES INGALLS.

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Confessing Emerson's estimate of a man to be safe and substantial, it is easy to foretell the position that posterity will award John James Ingalls. "I count him a great man," says the Sage of Concord, "who inhabits a higher sphere of thought, into which other men rise with labor and with difficulty, \* \* who is what he is from nature, and who never reminds us of others."

By this rule of isolated personality, John James Ingalls is certain of racial immortality. His contemporaries may fail to give true judgment, because immediateness makes for exaggeration or depreciation; but posterity will give the unerring, infallible decision. In that higher sphere of thought where he moved with ease and grace, few men lived. In vain do we scan the horizon of our history for another who reminds us of him. To him whose name is identified with one single poem, an isolated law, or a discovery in science, enduring testimonial of greatness is often denied. The man whose life is an impulse to his own generation and to the generations following, who is the center of an ever-widening influence, in whatever realm of action, never dies. The prophetic instinct bears witness that the memory of John James Ingalls, in oration, essay, and personal impulse, will never fall within the shadow of oblivion.

For a quarter of a century he played a distinguished part on the stage of human events, lending lustre to the drama of our

national life. In all those years he stood by the side of men whom posterity now delights to honor, and suffered no decrease. His star was ever in the ascendant until the hour it disappeared to shine upon a wider horizon.

In the most wonderful, most dazzling and individual-eclipsing epoch of all history, he commanded the attention of a mighty people, whose power and intelligence are unparalleled in the story of man. From his colleagues, who displayed a largeness commensurate with the largeness of the age in which they lived, he compelled admiration. About him men arose whose light gleamed for awhile and then disappeared, but his flame neither flickered nor failed. At a time when oratory was called a lost art, he never wanted a thronging, interested, and enthusiastic audience. In an era when the storm of books, magazines, and newspapers cheapened literature, dulled the æsthetic instinct, and stultified thought, his words upon the printed page quickened the intellect and made luminous the power of the Anglo-Saxon's language. In an age when demagoguery abounded, rioting in deception, hypocrisy, and lamentable ignorance, his integrity went unchallenged, his leadership was consistent, undisputed, and without guile. Whether in the Senate Chamber, in the forum of political debate, or in the realm of literature, he struck and sustained the loftiest notes in thought and speech, and made his melody a fascination. To encompass his personality from a single view-point is impossible. Of his work and his life there will be as many estimates as there are individuals seeking his measure. While he lived, his every step was bitterly contested by marvelous hostility, and admirably supported by wonderful and indestructible loyalty. The State of Kansas

never produced his equal; the Nation has presented but few who were his superiors.

For the hidings of his power we need not seek far. The qualities of mind and heart that lifted him above his fellows had their secret springs in a magnificent ancestry. In the study of his career there is no one point at which his biographer can forget the influence of the mighty Puritan stock from which he sprang. The blood and iron that made this Nation supreme in all the world vitalized his every thought and word and deed. From that same ancestry sprang James A. Garfield, twentieth President of the United States, and Salmon P. Chase, forever a monumental figure in our history. Richly endowed by Nature with the mysterious forces of ancestry, her lavish bounty flowed full and free in the creation of his environment.

It is the destiny of genius to be presented against a dark background. The progress of civilization is through upheaval, and the development of power comes by conflict with adverse forces. Circumstances do not make the individual, nor are they made by him. They give him the opportunity to make himself. Had John James Ingalls remained in New England, his name now might dwell with those of Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Holmes in the memory of the people. In early college days the prophecy of this possibility was given. There are many who, losing the significance of his life, regret that he refused to the sovereignty of literature his genius, and entered the realm of politics. But the conspiracy of Providence is not to be challenged. Destiny determined him as one of the great architects of a mighty empire. The power of his personality is silhouetted against the dark and tearful and bloody background of the stormful

beating years that mark the travail of the Nation and the birth of Kansas; the State whose sponsor was Liberty, whose baptism was with the rich red blood of the apostles of freedom and the champions of an unshackled civilization.

Above the mantel-piece in the library of his beautiful home, Oak Ridge, in Atchison, hangs a copy of a highly colored lithograph setting forth the advantages of the West—the allurements that attracted his youthful attention and persuaded his separation from his Eastern home and his migration to the great Territory which was to forever bear the impress of his life and work. His entrance into national affairs was neither through the portal of accident nor by the “sesame” of influence. For him law left no place for chance. The circumstance was fortuitous only through careful and painstaking preparation. When the hour struck, he was ready. Long before he entered the United States Senate, he had resolved upon that very thing. Years before his election by the Legislature of Kansas, careful and cautious politicians had predicted that very event. Of his years in national affairs let his biographer, at some future date, speak in detail. The mere announcement that he was to speak crowded the Senate Chamber and galleries.

Honored by the selection of his colleagues as their presiding officer, his execution of the duties of that office drew from them a complimentary resolution. Upon the walls of the library of that home may be found the original of this resolution. It is interesting, reading thus:

“*Resolved*, That the thanks of the Senate are due, and are hereby tendered, to Hon. John J. Ingalls, a Senator from the State of Kansas, for the eminently courteous, dignified, able, and absolutely impartial manner in which he has presided over the deliberations and performed the duties of President *pro tempore* of the Senate.

“Attest:

ANSON G. MCCOOK, *Secretary*.”



The Senate, as an additional evidence of appreciation of his services as presiding officer, bestowed upon him the clock which had marked the time for that body from 1852 to 1890; and it now strikes the solemn hours above the landing of the stairway in Oak Ridge.

The agrarian movement in Kansas reached its full force and fury in the summer of 1890. It was the sequence of years of hardship and disaster. The Government was blamed for the acts of Providence. Reason temporarily abdicated her throne, and vagary held full sway. Upon the senior senator from the State was concentrated the storm intended for his party. He was the one colossal, solitary figure in the affairs of state to the people of Kansas, and to them he was the incarnation of the party in power, which they proposed to dislodge. His name became the clarion cry for inciting the onset of foe, and for stimulating the rally of friends. It was a national political battle, fought within the confines of the State, and the platforms were simply Ingalls and anti-Ingalls. No human could stem the tide. The people fell under the hypnotic influence of strange gods. A sacrifice was demanded, and the proudest, manfullest, and most potent figure in the State must be the fit offering. He breasted the storm and contested every inch of ground. Undismayed by sullen threat, he fought—fought, not for himself, his prestige, and his ambition, but for the State that had given him much, and to which he had in return given fame such as Providence had not granted to any other fortunate individual to bestow upon his State. At no time in that conflict did he consider what defeat meant to him. Always present was the thought that if the mad effort succeeded, it must mean a blot upon the name of Kansas, the

State he loved with a love surpassing woman's. When the decision came, and with it his retirement, it held no personal heart-hurt. If by his defeat the State would profit, he was satisfied. At that time men predicted, and to-day men confess, that in the hour of his enforced retirement from the United States Senate, Kansas did herself a grievous hurt. No one has yet replaced him, and the State holds none other who can be accounted his peer.

Had he been less great, the word "finis" would have been written a decade before he died. But Kansas thrust him from the Senate Chamber, and gave him to the world. Upon the platform, through magazine and newspaper, he wrought an ever-increasing influence. The effulgence of his star brightened continually until it swept over the invisible boundary of life. His love for Kansas never failed; his loyalty to the State of his adoption never wavered. Easily her most distinguished son, it was natural that alluring opportunities should troop upon him with persuasion to change his residence where financial gain would be more easily and more rapidly attained; but these he steadfastly refused. Of Kansas he wrote and sang and spoke. As long as the English language endures, his tributes to her magnificence will never die. His dreamless sleep is upon her bosom—he was faithful to her even unto death. No honor that the State can bestow upon his memory will pay the final debt to this her most gifted and most famous son,

Marvelous indeed was his genius. His mighty brain knew neither rest nor respite. No vagrant moments drifted into his life. He was all energy and intensity. The boundless realm of literature paid tribute to his desire for knowledge. His

style, almost a new creation, sprang full-orbed from laborious study of the masters of the language in which he wrote and spoke. Closely, carefully, and impartially he studied the political and social problems of his age, never ceasing to be a scholar and a philosophical thinker. Of his fame as an orator and rhetorician I need not speak. His voice was a great organ for sound and melody. The tongue that could pierce and strike like a two-edged sword could also drip with twilight dew and golden honey. His style was almost perfect.

For his State he was ambitious; for himself he asked but little. For his home he dreamed dreams of beauty and happiness, and accounted no sacrifice too great to make it such. Personally careless of the honors that were thrust upon him, he rejoiced in them only for the sake of his friends and family. By those who knew him least he was thought to be cold and selfish, but no heart ever beat in more reasonable consonance with the misfortunes of the lowly, and no human, however obscure his estate, was there who did not receive from him the courtesy that marks the majesty of a gentleman. In the cities and villages that dot the wide empire which he aided to develop, there are scores of men who yield to him the tribute of love which his helpfulness and cheer, in their desolate and youthful hours, commands of them. Nothing marks his greatness as a man more than does the little incident in that last great political campaign which he fought, when the storm beat sorely against him and when he saw life's hopes and aspirations for future service to the State shadowed by the cloud of defeat. Other men might, and doubtless would, have refused to do what he did—give a precious hour to an obscure and friendless lad, inspiring his youth and buttressing

his courage by rich suggestions and rare advice—doing all this simply because his heart was as the springtime's bloom. His was the simplicity of gianthood.

Therefore, there can be no wonderment that his children, adoring him as a mighty figure in the affairs of state, lingeringly hung about the fatherhood so full of rich and fragrant love that he never failed to pour in endless bounty upon them. Proud though his dear wife might be of his honor and his fame, her richest memory is that of the choice comradeship which, without interruption, always existed between them. Be this the greatest tribute to his memory, that the home—his haven of rest from “the foolish wrangle of mart and forum”—which he founded, was always his first and last thought.

Strange that even the heedless and the unthinking should have believed him to be irreligious. No one pondered the great facts of God and Immortality more than he. To him life beyond the grave was a fact, irrefutable and indestructible. For him the Scriptures were exhaustless in their wealth of thought and food for meditation. God was the All-Father who never hated anything that He created, but loved His children with a love beyond the comprehension of the human. When his bark was finally launched upon “the tides that ebb forever and whose waters are never darkened by the shadow of a returning sail,” his face was serene and confident. He fell asleep, as does a child tired from the day's work and play. The night had scarcely ebbed, the day was yet crepuscular and faint. By his side stood his youngest son; holding his hand, his wife, the faithful sweetheart of all his years, murmured the solemn litany of the prayer which our Lord taught His disciples. Slowly he repeated the words after her, lingeringly he touched her hand—then the great soul winged its way to the •



undiscovered country, and upon his life fell the benediction,  
"Love is of God; and every one that loveth is born of God,  
and knoweth God."

"Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint  
As from beyond the limit of the world,  
Like the last echo born of a great cry,  
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice  
Around a king returning from his wars."

EDWARD FREDERICK TREFZ.

*Kountze Memorial Church,*

*Omaha, Neb.*



## MEMOIR.

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### CHAPTER I.

Men make a nation.

“States are not great  
Except as men may make them.”

National life, strong and individual in character, seemingly the result and product of single instances and of personal action, is, in reality, the aggregate activity of the millions—who live under the shadow of the flag. History deals largely with individuals. We talk of Washington, Lincoln, and many others, as though each in his day held in his single person all the mighty forces which controlled the national destiny. We speak of Grant, and Thomas, and Sherman, and Logan, and Sheridan as though they forged together and welded into unity the divergent national elements now the foundation of our glorious country. We write of money-kings and wheat-kings,—of political bosses and the heads of labor unions. But as the ocean misses one drop of all its myriads, as the giant cedars of California feel the loss of one woody fiber, so, one penny less, a sheaf of wheat missing, a single vote awry, one single craftsman outside the fold, and the money sovereign, the grain sovereign, the king of the ballot-box and of the crafts, consciously or unconsciously suffer loss.

Each human soul has a potency and a value,—a place to fill in the universe. And that is why it is a human soul.

And yet to urge that "all men are created free and equal" is to fall into error. All men are not created free: neither are all men created equal, and history stands ever ready to overthrow the fallacious doctrine. While each man, like each blade of grass, has a place and power, yet there are men and men. Their names in the printshop range from brilliant type to great primer in lower case, and in small and large capitals above that.

"All the world's a stage,  
And all the men and women merely players."

The drama of life is accurately portrayed by Shakespeare. Men of every station appear upon the stage. They stand a moment in full view, and then are swallowed up by the resistless tide of time. Many of them play insignificant parts. And while the play cannot proceed without them, they are not given name and mention in the *dramatis personæ*. So it is in the drama of history. The lower-case men rarely get in at all by name, though many are heroes, and most of the real work of the world is done by them. They assert themselves as a body, and not as individuals. This seeming injustice is compensated by Nature. The men who labor possess and preserve the genius of a people; and they perpetuate the true tendency of a nation. The cradles of the truly great in this world have been rocked by the hand of the lowly, not infrequently by the poverty stricken. But it is not to be denied that the play has always concerned itself mainly with large and small capitals.

Now, if the figure be not too long drawn out, somewhere in this upper-case in the size of type which the perspective of time will justify, will be set the name of John James Ingalls. In the annals of Kansas it will be "writ large," for these annals cannot be written without it.

A strange, brilliant, unique figure in our history, with few claims to the vast elements of imperishable renown in public affairs, he is yet an inseparable part of an important era of our national life, and a strong factor in the growth and glory of one of our most illustrious States.

But beyond the man whom the world knew, or, rather, guessed at, was the man himself—the figure inside the buttoned-up exterior known only as thinker, scholar, poet. Beyond and inside this severe and formal figure buffeted about by the agitated tides which try and trouble men, was the husband, the father, the friend. And since the press, political enemies, and mere acquaintances have exploited the first man and sat in judgment on him, it is just and fitting that this memoir should seek to portray the true and inner man.



## CHAPTER II.

Edmund Ingalls came from England to Massachusetts in September, 1628. He was accompanied by his brother Francis. They were members of Governor Endicott's colony, and landed at Salem in September. Francis left no male descendants; his daughter Mary married Roger Belknap.

Nothing of a definite nature is known of the Ingalls family prior to the arrival of Edmund and Francis in America. The traditions of the family recite that these brothers came from Lincolnshire. No proof of this is known to exist; and the place of their birth is unknown.

These brothers seem to have been young men of enterprise; for immediately upon their arrival in America they secured a grant of land from the colonial authorities. The grant contained one hundred and twenty acres. They began at once to improve it, and followed farming and stock-raising; they also established a tannery on their farm, where they engaged in the manufacture of leather. Their farm was in what is now Lynn, Essex County, Massachusetts, of which city they were the founders and first settlers. The date of this settlement cannot be determined exactly, but is known certainly to have been in the winter of 1628-9.

While the Ingalls family can be traced only to the coming of the brothers Edmund and Francis as members of the colony of Governor Endicott, the name is known to be of Scandinavian origin. In the northern lands of Northwestern Europe it was anciently borne by the royalty, *Ingialld* appearing as

the twenty-second in the Norwegian dynasty and as the thirteenth in the Danish dynasty. The name *Ingialldr* is found in the royal lists of Sweden, one by such name having been king of that country, A. D. 600. It is probable that the name was carried to England in the Danish conquest, which began in A. D. 787. The old chronicles relate that in that year the "Danes," really the people of Scandinavia, crossed the North Sea and swarmed along the shores of Britain. They swept up the great rivers in irresistible hordes and began a war of extermination upon the tribes of their own kindred, the Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, who, more than three hundred years before, had exterminated the ancient Britons in those regions. These pagan barbarians undoubtedly carried the name—Ingalls—to England in their relentless conquest.

Had we time, we would find it instructive and interesting to study these fierce old nations. Even in their barbarous state there could be found among them the virtues for which the Aryan race was ever noted. They fostered justice and equality before the law, and established assemblies of the people for the transaction of business of a public nature. They were intolerant of tyranny and were ever lovers of liberty. In their society women held a high place. They possessed an indomitable courage; and through admixture with the Normans, a kindred people, they obtained capacity for great enterprises and genius for the establishment of stable and just government never before equalled in the world. Their descendants, of whom Edmund Ingalls was one, came into the rude wilderness of North America, and in turn became the progenitors of a race with hardy and lasting virtues and carried conquest from ocean to ocean. "In them was renewed,

with all its ancient energy, that wild and daring spirit, that force and hardihood of mind, which marked our barbarous ancestors of Germany and Norway."

Edmund Ingalls fell a victim to accident. In August, 1648, he found it necessary to visit Boston, then, as now, the commercial metropolis of Massachusetts. Keeping in mind, as the Puritans were ever prone, that life is uncertain and death inevitable, he made his will, dating it August 28, 1648. On the way to Boston, traveling on horseback, he fell through a defective bridge, receiving such injuries that he died from their effects a few days thereafter—exact date unknown.

Edmund Ingalls left eight children—among them Henry, the sixth child and the third son. By his father's will, Henry had the "house lot bought of Goodman West," also land in what is now called Chelsea (Andover, Massachusetts).

This son, Henry, lived to a great age, dying February 8, 1718, being then "about 90." He was twice married; first to Mary Osgood, at Andover, July 6, 1653, who was at that time of the age of twenty-one. Their second son was named Henry; born December 8, 1656; died February 8, 1698.

Henry, the son of Henry, married Abigail, the daughter of John Emery, of Newbury, June 6, 1688. Their fourth child and second son was Francis; born December 20, 1694; died January 26, 1759.

Francis married his cousin, Lydia Ingalls, November 19, 1719. Their fourth son, Francis, was born January 26, 1731; died April 3, 1795.

Francis, son of Francis, married Eunice Jennings, November 12, 1754. He lived in Andover, where he died April 3, 1795. Their sixth son, Theodore, was born March 30, 1764; died November 7, 1817, at Middletown, Massachusetts.

Theodore, son of Francis and Eunice, was three times married. The third marriage was with Ruth Flint. The only son of Theodore and Ruth Flint was Elias Theodore, who was born October 7, 1810; died December 28, 1892.

Elias Theodore, son of Theodore and Ruth Flint, married Eliza Chase, daughter of Samuel Chase, December 27, 1832. Their first-born was John James Ingalls, the subject of this brief memoir.

Elias Theodore Ingalls was educated with the design that he should become a minister in the Congregational Church, of which his ancestors had been honored members. He graduated from Bradford Academy, and was above the average in his attainments. Poor health made it necessary for him to abandon his intention to enter the ministry, and he began a successful business career. He formed a partnership with Samuel Chase, in Haverhill, in 1827. He married his partner's daughter. In 1833 he established himself in Middletown, Massachusetts, as a merchant and manufacturer. He was a pioneer in the manufacture of shoes by machinery. In 1859 his factory turned out six hundred pairs of shoes a day. In conducting his business he did not forget his love for literature, but kept abreast of the advancement of the time. He was one of the leading spirits in a society of which the poet Whittier was a member, and was always fond of the Greek poets. He took an active interest in the affairs of the Congregational Church. He was long independent in his political action, but became finally a staunch Democrat, though originally a Whig. Later he became a Free Soiler, and then an Abolitionist. He lived in Haverhill, Massachusetts, the greater part of his life, and died there.

John James Ingalls, the oldest son of Elias Theodore and Eliza Chase Ingalls, was born in Middletown, Massachusetts, December 29, 1833. The ancient Hebrews numbered their generations, counting from some important epoch. Reckoning thus, we find him in the eighth generation from Edmund Ingalls, the Puritan immigrant from England, who, with his brother Francis, also a Puritan immigrant, founded and first settled the city of Lynn, in 1628. This was in the eighth year from the landing of the Pilgrims. For nearly three hundred years the family founded by Edmund Ingalls has lived in America. Its members have done their full share in the work of building the greatest republic the world has known. Such ancestry is illustrious.

There was nothing unusual observed in his youthful disposition. He was fond of sports dear to every boy. These were, though, sometimes irksome to him. He would lose interest in games or other pursuit of pastime or pleasure and become sedate and even unhappy. At such times he sought the society of his mother, where he remained quiet, thoughtful, and usually uncommunicative. He was reared in the Church of his fathers, attending there regularly, often writing out the sermon almost word for word upon his return from the Sunday morning service.

The boy grew into youth, and was kept in school as has ever been the good New England custom. He was made ready for college at the Haverhill High School and by private teachers. He entered Williams College, at Williamstown, Mass., in 1851, at the beginning of the course, and remained throughout, graduating in the class of 1855. Few incidents of his college days are preserved. It is known that he loved



the pranks of college students, and was not behind others in their design and execution.

A few months prior to his graduation he was unjustly reprimanded by the president of the college. His sense of justice was supreme, and he resolved to take substantial satisfaction for what he regarded as an attempt to humiliate him. He prepared his commencement oration with this purpose of revenge in mind, taking for his subject "Mummy Life." Such a castigation of solemn professors and college officers had not before been written. It was necessary that it should be submitted for revision, and the faculty eliminated the major portion of it. He took the precaution to pay all fees and dues before Commencement, exacting a receipt showing him entitled to a certificate of graduation as a Bachelor of Arts. The faculty had not thought of the declamation of the original oration. Imagine their surprise when, in the keen, defiant, sarcastic manner of which he was even at that time master, he delivered his oration as it was originally written. He was commanded repeatedly to cease speaking, but he held forth to the end. When his diploma was handed him at the conclusion of the exercises, it proved a blank, so far as any testimonial of meritorious scholarship was concerned. But, relying upon his rights in the matter, and armed with his treasurer's receipt showing the liability of the college, he demanded his diploma, as a matter of right, stating firmly at the same time that he would bring a suit in law to compel compliance in case of refusal to issue it to him. A few days thereafter he was given a diploma in due form, and the incident was closed. Twenty-five years later his Alma Mater chose him to deliver the annual oration, and at that time, voluntarily and without solicitation, conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

### CHAPTER III.

"I was a student in the junior class at Williams College," writes Mr. Ingalls, "when President Pierce, forgotten but for that signature, approved the act establishing the Territory of Kansas, May 30, 1854. I remember the inconceivable agitation that preceded, accompanied, and followed this event. It was an epoch. Destiny closed one volume of our annals, and, opening another, traced with shadowy finger upon its pages a million epigraphs ending with 'Appomattox.'"

\* \* \* \* \*

"Floating one summer night upon a moonlit sea, I heard far over the still waters a high, clear voice singing:

"To the West! To the West! To the land of the free,  
Where the mighty Missōuri rolls down to the sea;  
Where a man is a man if he 's willing to toil,  
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil."

"A few days later, my studies completed, I joined the uninterrupted and resistless column of volunteers that marched to the lands of the free. St. Louis was a squalid border town, the outpost of civilization. The railroad ended at Jefferson City. Transcontinental trains with sleepers and dining-cars annihilating space and time were the vague dreams of the future century.

"Overtaking at Hermann a fragile steamer that had left the levee the day before, we embarked upon a monotonous voyage of four days along the treacherous and tortuous channel that crawled between forest of cottonwood and barren bars of tawny sand, to the frontier of the American Desert.

"It was the mission of the pioneer with his plough to abolish the frontier and to subjugate the desert. One has become a boundary and the other an oasis. But with so much acquisition something has been lost for which there is no equivalent. He is unfortunate who has never felt the fascination of the frontier; the temptation of unknown and mysterious solitudes; the exultation of helping to build a State; of forming its institutions and giving direction to its cause." ﷲ

After his graduation in 1855, young Ingalls applied himself to the study of law. Two years later, at the age of 24,

he was admitted to the Essex County bar. But Haverhill presented few opportunities to a wide-awake young man of studious mind and keen penetrability. It is not strange that this young man, with the natural ambition of youth and with a conscious sense of his power even then to sway men with his mentality, should find in the West an alluring field.

A lithograph of the town of Sumner, Kansas, displayed by an enterprising real-estate agent, attracted Mr. Ingalls to the State. In 1858, three years before its admission to the Union, he came to Kansas and sought this town of Sumner. It was at that time a thriving little frontier settlement in the prime of its booming days, and with a promise of a growing, prosperous future. Two years later a Kansas tornado blew Sumner off the map, and Mr. Ingalls removed to Atchison. Here for forty years he made his home; not only that, but he gave to the city a chance to get into history because it was the home of him who came to be in many respects one of the most noted citizens of Kansas, and in some respects her most illustrious son.

That Mr. Ingalls should enter politics was inevitable. That he should soon become a power therein was likewise inevitable. His was too intense a nature to be otherwise than a power in anything. Whatever else he may have inherited from the "Ingialld" of the old Norwegian dynasty, or from "Baron Ingald" of the "Doomsday Book," the power of Thor was his inheritance. It was his by blood, if not in inclination, and men felt his presence and feared it, too—the certain marks of superior mentality.

In 1859 he was made a delegate to the Wyandotte Constitutional Convention that met to frame a State Constitu-

tion, and he impressed himself upon the fundamental law of the State in the phraseology in which it is couched.

The next year he was secretary of the Territorial Council, and the next, of the State Senate. In 1862 he served as State senator for his district. This official record served to show his growing power in public affairs.

The Civil War found Ingalls serving in the capacity of judge-advocate for the Kansas Volunteers, with the rank of major. At the same time he was laying the foundation for his reputation as a writer. During the absence of Colonel John A. Martin, who was serving in the war, Mr. Ingalls was the editor of the Atchison *Champion*. The literary instinct ever strong in him found outlet for activity.

After only seven years' residence in the State, John James Ingalls had come to be recognized as a force to be reckoned with in all public affairs.

The great source of his power lay in his fine command of words. But words are only the signs of ideas. He who can marshal them adroitly must have a control of ideas, also a power to think. There are many men who have this latter power, but they miss greatness because of a lack of ability to give expression to it. The double gift in large measure was the possession of this New England nobleman transplanted in the commonwealth of Kansas.

## CHAPTER IV.

In the published accounts of great men, it sometimes happens that their family relationships are least considered. When John James Ingalls died in August of 1900, the press of the country gave double-column space to his picture, column after column to his life and attainments, but only brief mention was made of his home life and family ties. This was well enough, for the casual reader cares little for anyone but the man himself; and the indifferent public often judges him from his overt acts, and rarely from his motives and influences. And yet it is generally true that the better part of one's life is omitted when the home influences and associations are passed over in silence. In the case of Mr. Ingalls this is certainly true; to this fact those who knew him most intimately bear willing testimony.

In 1859 Anna Louisa Chesebrough came with her father's family from New York city to Atchison. Hers was a well-reputed people, whose early ancestors were the associates of John Winthrop in the settlement of Boston, in 1630. Her father, Ellsworth Chesebrough, was, for a number of years, an importer in New York city. At the time of his death in the year 1864, he was an elector from the State of Kansas on the Lincoln ticket.

When Mr. Ingalls had lived in Kansas for seven years, and was thirty-one years of age, he was married to Miss Chesebrough. The wedding took place on September 27, 1865. The wedded life then begun lasted through thirty-five years of unbroken



faith and love, and ended on that midsummer night in Las Vegas, when, for the tenderly affectionate husband, the light went out and the dawning of his new day was the sunrise of eternity.

"One love, one home, one heaven above,  
 One fold in heart and life;  
 And the old love still will last us through  
 To the journey's end, sweet wife.  
 And reaching on, when this life is done,  
 It will live and thrive and grow  
 With a deathless flame, and a deeper name  
 Than our mortal loves can know."

Mr. Ingalls' home life is one that for the glory of Kansas her future senators would do well to emulate. His wife was his most trusted friend, his admirer, his inspiration. In her he centered the love of his life, and he found by his own fireside the haven of peace his soul most longed for. It was for him the

"Golden milestone;  
 Was the central point from which he measured every distance  
 Through the gateways of the world around him."

Mrs. Ingalls was essentially a home-maker, as her husband was a home-lover. She was the mother of eleven children, six of whom are still living, and seven of whom grew to manhood and womanhood. When her fifth anniversary came, there were four babies in the house. When the tenth came, there were six living children, and one little grave in the cemetery. Think of it, you mother of one troublesome child; you wife who feels that maternity is a burden! Six babies under ten years of age! To the happy Ingalls family fatherhood and motherhood were coronals of honor. Their children were the inspiration of their lives, not the trial and burden of existence.

It was in these early years of home-making that Mr. Ingalls did some of his best literary work. Four months before his

death, when he was health-seeking in Arizona, there fell into his hands a circular containing an extract from the Quarterly Report of the Kansas State Board of Agriculture for March, 1900. This circular contained a long quotation from "Blue Grass," one of the early magazine articles that helped to make him famous. On the back of the circular Mr. Ingalls wrote:

*"Dearest Wife:*

*"'Blue Grass' seems to be one of those compositions that the world will not willingly let die.*

*"Those were happy days when it was written: in the little cottage on the bluff looking out over the great river; with a roomful of babies; obscure and unknown; waiting for destiny, so soon to come. \* \* \**  
*How far away it seems!*

\* \* \* \* \*

*"YOUR LOVING HUSBAND."*

Socially, Mrs. Ingalls was by birth and breeding a fit companion for her illustrious husband. In his work entitled "Society in Washington, Its Great Men, Accomplished Women," etc., Mr. Randolph Keim says of the wife of the noted Senator from Kansas:

*"Mrs. Ingalls, the wife of the eloquent senator from the battle-ground of the slavery contests, is one of the interesting ladies of the senatorial circle. \* \* \** Amid the cares of family, she has adorned the senator's social life at Washington with the same distinguished success which has attended his wonderful career as one of the striking figures in the upper branch of Congress."

But aside from the home-keeping and social traits, Mrs. Ingalls was her husband's true companion and helpmeet in all his public service and literary effort. To her he paid the high compliment of valuing her friendship with her love. She was for him counsel and ambition. For her sake he became an orator and a statesman. Through her inspiration he was moved to eloquence. Through her wisdom he was discerning, and in her love he found peace.

"How full of mournful tragedies, of incompleteness, of fragmentary ambitions and successes this existence is!" So writes Mr. Ingalls on the sudden death of Senator Sumner. "And yet how sweet and dear it is made by love! That alone never fails to satisfy and fill the soul. Wealth satiates, and ambition ceases to allure; we weary of eating and drinking, of going up and down the earth—of looking at its mountains and seas, at the sky that arches it, at the moon and stars that shine upon it, but never of the soul that we love and that loves us, of the face that watches for us and grows brighter when we come. \* \* \* Good-night."

It is perhaps granted to few women to know a married life of such unbroken trust, to have such sincere admiration, to feel one's self to be of so much use and comfort to her husband as it was Mrs. Ingalls' lot to know.

Next to his love for his wife was Mr. Ingalls' affection for his children. His grief for the little ones taken away in early childhood was intense.

"My bereavement," he writes to his sister after the death of little Ruth, aged seven, "seems to me like a cruel dream from which I shall soon awaken. The light has gone out of my life. Ruth was my favorite child. Her temperament was tranquil and consoling; she gratified my love of the beautiful, my desire for repose. I loved her most because she was so much like her dear mother." And he adds at the close: "I am assured we shall meet again."

So, too, of his little boy Addison, who died in October, 1876, aged four, he writes to his father:

"He was the noblest and most promising of my sons, as Ruth was the most lovely and engaging of my daughters.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yesterday, beneath the clear sky that brooded above us like a covenant of peace, we laid him to sleep beside his sister, to wait the solution of the great mystery of existence when earth and sea shall give up their dead.

\* \* \* \* \* If eternity will release its treasures, sometime I shall claim my own."

Of the children who grew to manhood and womanhood, his daughter Constance seems to have been most beloved, although they were all very dear to their father. In a letter to his wife, written in February, 1875, he says:

"Your praises of Baby Constance find a constant echo in my heart. Since Ruth went away, I think Constance seems a little nearer and dearer to me than any of the rest of the sweet brood. \* \* \*

"I would like to gather you all around the library fire this bitter night and talk over the affairs of the day."

Constance died just eight months before her father. Her death was a crushing blow from which he never rallied.

It would be cruel, however, to the memory of John James Ingalls to dwell on these sad phases of family life only, and to omit all mention of his intense pleasure in his home, his pride in his children, his keen sense of humor, that to his political enemies took the form of bitterest sarcasm, but to his loved ones and intimate friends was only delightful mirth. His love of beauty, too, was an apparent trait in his daily life. Somewhere in every letter and in every speech it shone forth, not by conscious effort, but because it was the inherent part of a brilliant, beauty-loving mind.

On Thanksgiving Day, 1891, he wrote to Constance:

"It is a most entrancing morning. I have just come in from a stroll in the sunshine to and fro along the stone walk to the north gate. The sky is cloudless, and the wind just strong enough to turn the mill slowly in the soft air. The smoke from the chimneys rises straight to the zenith and dissolves in the stainless blue. In the deep, distant valley the river glimmers through a dim silver mist woven with shifting purple like the hues which gleam on the breast of a dove. Undulating along the horizon, the bluffs rise like translucent crags of violet, and from the city beneath columns of vapor and fumes from engines and factories ascend, accompanied by a confused and inarticulate murmur, like the whispers of protest and pain. \* \* \* During the night it rained, and the grass of the lawn is green. It glitters and scintillates with the transitory gems of the frost. Here and there are disappearing ridges of the snow from the storm of Monday, and in the hollows of the grove the bronze leaves of the oaks are piled high, to be dispersed by the next gale, like the ruined gold of a spendthrift, or the vanishing hopes of men."

It is with something akin to loving reverence that the stranger must look into the home life of this man. To the pub-

lic he was austere; to his enemies, he was caustic—"as vinegar to the teeth"; to the student of humanity, he was an enigma; but in the home in which he was husband and father, he was the idol—the genial, loving, refined, thoughtful man, companionable, delightful. To have known him here, to have comprehended him in this phase of life where his virtues showed serenest, is to appreciate the rare possession of the memory that holds

"The touch of a vanished hand,  
And the sound of a voice that is still"



## CHAPTER V.

Senator Ingalls was not universally popular. Men believed him cold; but they admired him, gloried in him, took intense satisfaction in the word-battles wherein he was victor, felt a proud sense of proprietorship in him when he brought fame and honor to his State, cared not to question whether Ingalls meant Kansas or Kansas meant Ingalls when he engrossed the attention of the Nation. He "never wore his heart on his sleeve for daws to peck at," and the populace never felt sure but that somehow in his impenetrability he could dispense with it altogether. Such a man could not, in the very nature of things, float always with the tide, nor fall in readily with mediocrity, nor adapt himself easily to the endless contradictions ever manifest in human nature as seen in popular outcry and the froth of public sentiment. It was imperative that Ingalls should be Ingalls—that he should be himself and true to himself. Whether the public understands or misapprehends a man is never the question of great import; the vital thing is that he shall understand himself and have the courage to plant himself on the rock of truth.

But, leaving public affairs to their own tortuous turnings, we seek a location where he was known, loved, honored, understood, appreciated. Even his relations with his parents and brothers and sisters were, in their own proper degree, as delightful as those which charmed and brightened his own home. Especially was his respectful and confidential attitude towards his father an admirable trait. "Honor thy father" was accep-

ted by him as being the sum of human wisdom in this relation, and he acted upon it from conviction and inclination. No perfunctory performance here. There was something in his nature and mentality a woman could discern and understand and confide in. This trait manifested itself in him at an early age and made him seek the silent society and companionship of his mother in his moods. This strong but indescribable characteristic had its appreciation in those friends who saw beyond the surface the true and inner man. At the time of his death, one of the leading daily papers of the West said editorially:

"Mr. Ingalls was in temperament and habit gentle and kind. Whether he was conversing with a solemn thinker, a woman, or a ten-year old boy, he always adapted himself to circumstances."

It was not granted to many people to know Senator Ingalls intimately; but to those in possession of this prized privilege, the passing out of his life made a void never to be filled. For forty years his home was in Atchison. When one of his fellow-townsmen heard of his death, he said:

"The death of Mr. Ingalls is a great loss to the State; it is a great loss to the nation; but it is a greater loss than all to the town of Atchison. By his death the light in the windows of Atchison has gone out."

Senator Ingalls never sought friendships, and, inasmuch as few people knew him as he was in very fact, he was generally misunderstood. Of the many newspaper estimates, we give three quotations from the *Topeka Daily Capital*, as just and fair:

"Who can say, in truth and honesty, that he really knew—comprehended, understood—Ingalls? He gave so sparingly of his intimacies that small opportunity was afforded those who were so minded to gain an insight into his character; to Kansans generally he was an enigma. I refer to the man; not the orator, the politician, the student of history, literature, and the elegant arts; not the legislator, the advocate, or the poet, but the personality."

"I believe there is but one person in all the world who knew the real man, and that person is his widow; and he was surely remarkable, even great, for he was ever a hero to her

"A man may misunderstand himself, but his wife understands him; he may deceive himself, but he cannot practice deception upon his wife; he can hide himself from the world, but it is his wife who finds him out; he may be all things to all men, but his wife sees him as he is; and the man who is great in the eyes of his wife is truly great."

"Kansas was not just to Ingalls when he was alive; let her see to it that this is not followed by cold neglect of his memory. He was an honor to Kansas, and Kansas should do honor to his name; he shared his well-won laurels with her, and she accepted them gladly enough; she basked in the sunlight of his success and partook of the fruits of his victories; she was first in his thoughts in his hours of triumph, and the beneficiary in a hundred ways of his generosity. What he had to give her, he gave without stint or condition, for he loved Kansas; she was the object of his young manhood's virgin affection."

"It was really in his home life," testifies his son Sheffield, "that the noble qualities of his heart and mind were shown. He was devoted, kind, patient, and indulgent." After all, what testimony could be stronger? Few friendships, and those few sincere, to a man of an intense, concentrated mind and retiring, reflective disposition, more than compensate for the babbling crowd and the "hail-fellow-well-met" shallowness gained in commingling with the unthoughtful.

## CHAPTER VI.

"And there he stands in memory to this day, erect, self-poised,  
A witness to the ages as they pass,  
That simple duty hath no place for fear."

—*Whittier.*

In the sum of national history John James Ingalls is a unit. A pronounced personality he was, who impressed himself upon his time in his own individual way; and his imprint upon state and national affairs is fadeless. To rank him with the colossal figures in public life would be unfair. To put him among the commonplace would be unjust. He could not be commonplace. No one who ever knew him even slightly would accuse him of mediocrity.

Mr. Ingalls was essentially a public man, a man of large affairs, because he was a representative man. He stood for Kansas, for the whole State, because he was a scholarly thinker and an orator. He may not have represented specifically and distinctly the man who likes social fellowship, nor the mild-tempered, peace-loving citizen, nor the dull, unthinking plodder, nor the intense partisan of an opposite political faith; but he stood for the thought of the whole. In this capacity he was peerless.

For twenty-five years he was before the footlights of public life, and for the whole decade after his retirement he was scarcely less conspicuous than when he was actively engaged in public affairs. Not long before Mr. Ingalls' death, a brilliant young Kansan, casting about for the calling in which he could be most useful, was asked, "What subject interests you

most? When you pick up a newspaper or magazine, to what theme do you instinctively turn?" His reply was: "I always look for something from John J. Ingalls' pen. If I find anything of his writing, I read it first." This young man was only a typical Kansan in this instance. It was "the power of Thor" (the original significance of the old "Ingiald" name), asserting itself still. How could such a nature be other than dominant? or, as we term it in a republic, representative?

Kansas is a peculiar commonwealth, and even when her fifes and drums are still and her swords are in their scabbards, the gates of the temple of Janus stand open, and a warfare of factions, a bloodless contention, keeps her records full of interest.

That was a tragic chapter in the peaceful annals of the State which records Mr. Ingalls' first senatorial accession. It was one of those strange stampedes of Fate, unforeseen and unconquerable.

Eighteen years later another stampede, unfortunate for Kansas and the Nation, made fortune change front for Mr. Ingalls.

For nearly two decades Mr. Ingalls was one of the most illustrious figures in Washington. During this time he served the Senate in its most responsible requirements. He was chairman of the Committee on Pensions of the District of Columbia, and of the special Committee on Bankrupt Law; he was a member of the Judiciary, of Indian Affairs, of Education and Labor, of Privileges and Elections, and of many other special committees.

He was a frequent debater, and made many elaborate speeches. But to recount his public life in these words gives no idea of the Senator from Kansas in the days when all Wash-

ington hastened to the great Capitol on announcement that Ingalls was to speak. He was a force that once felt was never to be forgotten. It was said of him:

"He knew language as the devout Moslem knew his Koran. All the deeps and shallows of the sea of words have been sounded and surveyed by him and duly marked upon the chart of his great mentality. In the presence of an audience he was a magician like those of Egypt; under the power of his magic, syllables became scorpions—an inflection became an indictment; and with words he builded temples of thought that excited at first the wonder and at all times the admiration of the world of literature and statesmanship. He was emperor in the realm of expression. The English-speaking people will listen long before again they hear the harmony born of that perfect fitting of phrase to thought that marked the utterances of John J. Ingalls."

As President of the Senate, he was superb. His graceful bearing, his dignity of manner, his alert apprehension, his quick wit, his parliamentary diplomacy, all combined to make him master of the situation. Above all these qualities was confidence in himself. When others were excited, he was cool; when others were uncertain, he was firm. His very calmness gave him strength. Very rarely has that great and responsible office been filled by a man of the superior ability, ripe experience, and perfect self-possession possessed by Mr. Ingalls.

Something of the old Viking spirit reappears to-day under modified social conditions, and enters into the mental make-up of certain characters as a mark of strong personality. Had Ingalls lived in the days of Norse supremacy, what a terrible force he would have been! But coming down to a life running parallel with the last two-thirds of the nineteenth century, he was a Viking in the realm of words; his weapons could strike deep, and his wounds were next to mortal.

Illustrative of his quick wit, oratorical power, and telling



sarcasm, the following story of the bout between Senator Salisbury, of Delaware, and Senator Ingalls will serve as an example:

Salisbury had invested in some Kansas bonds that were repudiated, and he naturally did not think well of the State. He arose one day, and took half an hour to express his opinion of Kansas. When he had finished, he denounced the people, the climate, the coal, and about everything else in the State. Senator Ingalls uncoiled himself from his chair, and arose. In mock humility, he commented on the rebuke Kansas had received. Then he began a panegyric that held the galleries entranced. It was one of the most eloquent speeches ever made by Ingalls. He went back to the days of the Missouri Compromise, and reviewed the history of Kansas, dwelt on the soldiers the State furnished for the Civil War, and swept down to the date on which he was talking. Then he stopped a moment, looked at Salisbury, and said: "And, Mr. President, this is the State that has been assailed in this chamber by a man who represents in part—in part, Mr. President—a State which has two counties when the tide is up and three when the tide is down." Salisbury had nothing more to say.

It has been said of Ingalls that he was "a vivisectionist with intense loves and hates," and the estimate is certainly true.

Now for the second stampede of Fate. The most noted senator Kansas ever had came to his own by accident, as it were. Politics has epochs. We observe the rise and fall of conditions, or systems, or régimes, in the progress of public affairs. One such period is limited by the term of John James Ingalls' official life. The downfall of Pomeroy, or, rather, of all that Pomeroy stood for, marked the elevation of Ingalls as representative of Kansas Republicanism in party affairs. This

Republicanism was a dominant force for nearly two decades. It ruled the State during her years of agricultural and commercial development; it attended to the upbuilding of her schools, to the establishment of her temperance laws, and her strong moral statutes protecting the property rights and advancing the civil rights of women. It held the public offices when the plague of grasshoppers came down from the Rocky Mountains and ravished up the fullness of the land. It dominated affairs while the frontier pushed slowly westward; while dugout homes and stock-corralis gave place to comfortable farm-houses and capacious barns and granaries. It was in power when the plague of the boom came in from the East and built imaginary towns of impossible values; and its last days saw the collapse of inflation and the confusion of financial tongues—forerunners of depression and money panic. It reached its culminating point when Kansas cast 180,000 ballots for James G. Blaine in 1884. Think of 180,000 Republican voters in a State that thirty-five years before had less than 1,000 inhabitants! There's magic in it. No wonder Senator Salisbury from Delaware had little cause to ridicule Kansas. In this year the Ingalls régime, the power of which he was the exponent, touched the zenith. After that comes the recessional.

It is probably not in place here to enter into an analysis of the rise of Populism, although the temptation to do so in justice to the memory of John James Ingalls is almost irresistible. Some day when the searchlight of history is turned on Kansas annals, when narrow partisanship and personalities are laid aside, the tide of events and the reason why individual doom should lie in their untamable current will be better understood.

Sufficient is it to say, that with the overthrow of the old Republicanism in Kansas, Ingalls, the last heroic figure of its

imperial days, went down to defeat. His political overthrow, like the physical taking-off of William McKinley, was not for anything in the man himself, but because of what he stood for. Populism was in power. He was in its way.

Perhaps no one interested in all the nation felt the effect of his defeat less keenly than Senator Ingalls himself. A self-sufficiency, the result of having remained always true to himself, and never impaired by indiscriminate friendships and idle association, was his stay. A power that he alone knows who lives sometimes near to Nature's heart, who sees the beauty of the sky and landscape, who contemplates the broad river and the far-off horizon line, who makes fellowship with words as the signs of ideas, and who looks within himself for his comfort and pleasure, a power never defeated by the ballot-box, made life altogether restful to John James Ingalls, while his friends wrung their hands in disgust and bitter disappointment, and his enemies rejoiced in an altogether vain joy.

Half the mental misery of life comes from a lack of self-adjustment. Ingalls was master of himself.

A man, to be thoroughly useful, must have enemies. They keep his nature in better poise. He may not overcome them in life, but in the perspective of time the man and his enemies both fade out, and what he did stands imperishable. In the case of the gentleman from Kansas there are certain definite effects upon national life apparent to the thoughtful mind. Each effect stands out as a power in itself. All that Ingalls ever did was positive. He was worth loving or hating, admiring or fearing. He was not a man toward whom one could be indifferent.

Ingalls taught to his generation the virtue of fearlessness. In all the future of American politics the quality of courage

will be more esteemed because of one man's unconquerable will. We say that every martyr to religion, every martyr to patriotism, every martyr to scientific discovery, uplifts the soul of mankind, and henceforth its plane is nearer to the stars. If this be true, then every man who dares take issue with public opinion, who questions not whether he shall make himself popular or unpopular, who bears a reputation for fearlessness until such reputation comes to be a badge of honor, does by one degree or by many degrees lift mankind above mental cowardice and give to it for all future years more courage and tolerance. Such a gift was the heritage of John James Ingalls to the young men of Kansas who come into the light of public affairs.

Close to this quality of Fearlessness is the virtue of originality. The man of whom this writing is a memoir carried an influence before the public. He was admired or feared; never insulted with indifference. The secret of the interest in him lay in his originality. He worked out his problem fearlessly, and in his own way. And the college which withheld his diploma until compelled to issue it felt proud to grant him a doctor's degree, and to call him to fill the place of honor on her program in her festal days. Nobody could forecast Ingalls. Nobody could surmise just how he would compass his victories, just how he would meet his defeats. Nobody could have prophesied how he could, with his pen or tongue, lay bare the deep-hidden wound of his enemy, nor that his dying words would have been the prayer of his childhood, beginning with the expression, "*Our Father, which art in heaven.*"

He lived in his own fashion. He thought and acted in his own way. He was himself, not a borrowed, assumed personality. By this phase of his character he has made life a little

easier for all statesmen. He left to the Senate an example it may do well to emulate. He impressed himself upon the Nation, and time will not efface the pattern of his making.

One more contribution, the most influential of all, was the dignity and force he gave to the use of language. Indeed it is possible that future generations will remember Senator Ingalls for this thing alone. His fine sense of the beautiful put rhythm and music into his speech. The standard of oratory in the United States Senate to-day is, consciously or unconsciously, the Ingalls standard. What of it? We call him great who can put life into the block of gleaming alabaster. We honor his skill, as that of a benefactor, who can so blend colors on canvas that they grow into an exquisite reproduction of Nature. We are enraptured with his power who can steal from the twitter of birds, the babbling of brooks, the mournful murmur of the pines, and the loud resonance of the thunder-cloud the harmony of sounds that makes the symphony of music. We call his genius sublime who can construct the great cathedral, with its grooved arches and mighty domes, its symmetry and beauty, from tessellated floor or fretted roof. But these things are commonplace when compared to the plastic force, the exquisite fineness of language. This fineness and this force was the bequest of John James Ingalls to his people.

The quality of fearlessness, or originality, and of a sense of the beautiful expressed in words, are the inheritance of the Nation from Ingalls. These great mental traits help to shape the thought and action of to-day, and through them Ingalls lives yet in the halls of Congress—the peerless Senator from Kansas.

## CHAPTER VII.

After his retirement from the Senate, a busy literary career opened for Mr. Ingalls. Newspaper syndicates and publishers of magazines offered him the highest market sums for articles from his pen. Lecture bureaus and Chautauqua Assembly managers eagerly sought to add his name to their list of attractions.

"I am not going lecturing: at least not for a vacation," he writes to Constance on June 6, 1891. "I have consented, as the shop-girls say when they are fired out of one situation and find another after much importunity, to *accept* a few invitations to deliver addresses at summer Chautauqua assemblies, as Plato and Socrates used to do at Athens and elsewhere: one near Washington; one, July 4th, in Nebraska; one, July 16th, in Iowa; one July 30th, at Madison, Wisconsin; one at Staten Island, near New York; and, possibly, one at Atlanta, Georgia, early in August, after which I shall sit under my own vine and fig-tree for awhile and commune with Nature."

This serves to show what demand there was for his literary talent, and is an example of what followed for eight years, until his health failed.

After the senatorial election of 1891, he gave up all thought of public office. For his party he had hoped to be returned to the Senate, but for himself he was glad of the opportunity to cast away forever the cares of public life. They had come to be a grievous burden; indeed, they were ever irksome to him. Never after his defeat was he an aspirant for any office whatever, and there was not one he could have been induced to accept. His desire to enjoy the peace and pleasures of home and the unbroken companionship of his loving and devoted



family, had long been an aspiration which seemed likely never to be realized. While the Nation stood disappointed at his defeat, he returned to his home and the joys it held for him, rejoicing that he was nevermore to be vexed by the cares of office and the importunities of politicians.

Once, in the prime of his vigor, he wrote to his wife:

"Life to me is so vivid, so intense, like an eager flame, that pain, disease, weakness, annihilation seem monstrous and intolerable."

Early in June of 1900 he wrote to his daughter Marion, from Las Vegas, New Mexico:

"I was sorry not to go home last Sunday with Sheffield; but we held a council of war, and decided that I had better try the air and altitude treatment here for awhile. *I am desperately tired and discouraged and homesick.* Affectionately, YOUR PAPA."

Forty days later the weariness ended; the discouragement gave place to peace; the homesickness slipped away and left him at rest. With Faith and Louisa, whom he had lost in their infancy; with Addison and Ruth, who had passed away in the innocence of childhood; and with the beloved, womanly daughter, Constance, whose death broke his heart, he too had gone to begin the new home-making in the larger life beyond life.

But the ruling passion was strong in death. Consideration for those about him marked his last hours. The day before he died he insisted that Mrs. Ingalls attend a wedding ceremony in which some friends at the hotel plighted their faith to the end of life. He had himself expected to attend. His one remaining hope and ambition was to reach home, to die there and in Kansas. His wife was his stay, his comfort, his sustaining power, in whom alone he found sweet peace in this world. She had stood in the breach fighting

death and shielding her beloved day by day and night after night. But death is inexorable, and all the ways of the world, broad though they seem, converge and lead finally to a narrow passage where there is room for but one to pass. Death stands just beyond this fateful portal. He is visible in all his hideous terrors, but the world crowds behind; there is no turning back. She to whom he believed himself joined for eternity walked with him to the very gate and would gladly have gone on to save him, but it could not be. An affectionate farewell, and he became a watcher and waiter for her who held his life in the journey through this world of tribulation and sorrow. Death came to him between midnight and day-dawn, in the late summer season of the year, and just before he had reached old age—August 16, 1900.

In the quiet gloom of the early summer morning hours, like a tired child at his mother's knees, he said over the sweet and simple prayer by which the loving Elder Brother of all mankind has taught us to come into the presence of the Father, and with an ineffable peace written on his face, he fell asleep.

Two days later his body was laid to rest in the cemetery at Atchison.

"'Life's fitful fever' for him was ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum was closed; grass healed over the scar which his descent into the bosom of the earth had made, and the carpet of the infant became the blanket of the dead."

There was mourning in the State of Kansas when the wires quivered with the message of the end of Ingalls. Then by the glow of history and reminiscence it began to dawn upon the mind of the commonwealth that a great light had gone out; that he who in the dark days of the State's adversity

had maintained her glory and power before the Nation had himself crossed the harbor bar, and never, never may we look upon his like again.

## CHAPTER VIII.

"My library was dukedom large enough."

The student of human nature would wish for a clever pen when he writes of this ablest son of Kansas, and the lover of literature finds a delightful task in the consideration of the most illustrious phases of his character. The print-shop of public opinion sets up his name only in large capitals when the mentality of the man is put into type for history.

"He was an emperor in the realm of expression."

Beyond the senator of whom we have written, is the writer; and above and beyond that is the man himself.

Ingalls had three text-books: nature, humanity, and the dictionary. The first two gave him material and the third furnished him with implement or weapon according as his work was pacific or belligerent.

Ingalls was essentially an orator and a rhetorician. His whole inclination was toward a literary life. Was he therefore a misfit in politics? There are not lacking those who mourn that he did not devote himself to literature. It is easy enough to declare that a man has been a success or a failure in any field, but to assert that he would have been successful somewhere else is an assurance born of folly. There is not an over-production of literary ability to-day; whoever possesses it in a marked degree is assured of gracious hearing and an influence, especially in the halls of Congress.

Ingalls was formidable. His power of invective was something tremendous. Before his fierce words an enemy

could do nothing but writhe. Nobody who knew him ever walked carelessly or insolently on his preserves without regretting it. Of all degrees from mild ridicule to utter annihilation he was a cunning master. And with his keenness and originality one could never fore-judge where or how he would launch his weapon.

Ingalls' mind was of the critical type. His ideal of perfection was high. His sense of irregularity and of incongruity was keen. He was a born critic. No man who has a nice discriminating power can be otherwise than critical. It is said of Ingalls that he had no tolerance for a fool, no patience with mediocrity. We resent the authority of the man who sets himself in judgment over us. Yet if his judgment be accurate, ours may be the profit, nevertheless. It is not impossible that the man from Kansas did more with his criticism than the optimist could do in smoothing whitewash over sepulchres of corruption. Another quality of this noted mind was insight. No one can be critical without insight, which is not so much the ability to discern men's motives as the appreciation of their mental methods and status. He was shrewd in knowing people. The text-book of humanity he read on sight. Ingalls was a Cassius who thought much, was a great observer, and looked quite through the deeds of men. It was in the nature of things, too, that with this critical mind he should be satirical, and that his sense of humor should have an almost abnormal development. From ridicule that seared like white-hot iron, through all grades of sarcasm and satire, down to the most delightful mirth, his hand played all the keys. Some hint of a sense of the ludicrous cropped out perpetually. In his letters to his children, however brief, a smile crept in between the lines.

Ingalls had an innate dignity of bearing, and dignity of thought. In all his mental output, whether invective, or of humor, or pathos, whether instructive discourse or day-dream fancies, there was nothing of the coarse nor of the undignified commonplace.

Ingalls' style of composition was marked by picturesqueness, originality, and magnificence. It had in it a blending of Bacon and Addison, of Carlyle and Swift, of Shakespeare and Tennyson. Yet it was, above everything else, Ingalls' own creation. He lived so much in the realm of words that he came to the mastery over them. They served him gladly, for he grasped their uses and their potency. His pen was the stylus of the cameo artist, the chisel of the sculptor, the sabre of the warrior, the arrow of the gods.

In the text-book of Nature, John James Ingalls read the story of the universe.

He loved to take long solitary rides on horseback, or to ramble alone in the woods. He delighted to sit hour after hour and watch the shifting light and shadow on the great river that stretched away below his home and lost itself in the distant tangle of the landscape. The rolling prairie, the wooded ravines, the soft hazy skies of Kansas were to him an inspiration. In them he found an uplifting sense of peace. They gave to him, as their faithful lover, the benediction of the universe and the hidden tale of that drama

"That is still unread  
In the manuscript of God."

Ingalls reveled in the beautiful. So intense was his fine appreciation that it was next to pain. The dull, unthinking crowd never dream of the struggle in the mind of the artist who undertakes to realize in clay or color, in music or in



language, the fine ideal of beauty that the brain has created. When a man sees his own intense, exclusive thought stand out in words, when listening throngs wait for their utterance, when the resonance of their tones, the ripple of their music, the beauty of their figures, and the force of their truths cling like argument to the soul that takes hold of them—that man has the power of human mastery.

And here was the realm wherein John James Ingalls found himself—his best self. Whether or not it was the only work meant for him, God knows, and the adjustment of results is with Him.

Ingalls had a prolific mind. He had the gift of poetry in moderate degree. Sometimes the measures that fell from his lips were pearls, and sometimes toads and scorpions, depending altogether on the purpose whereunto he sent them.

His magazine articles, his fragmentary bits of beauty in one or another form of the country's press, his splendid oratory, covering such a wide field of thought, all tend to reveal the compass of a mind that knew and knew how it knew. His sayings are household words. His figures are standards for all future rhetoric. His conception of beauty is a divine beneficent gift to the English-speaking people.

And now as to the man himself. Kansans do not profess to know him, but they never doubt that he knew himself. In this distance from the day of his activity certain traits are revealed.

He had the thrift of a born New Englander. With all of what might seem a drain on his resources, he lived in moderate luxury all his days, and left a competency to his family by bequest.

He had to a degree a fraternal spirit. He belonged to the Grand Army of the Republic, the Loyal Legion, and the Masonic Order. Fraternal organizations have, like other social institutions, come to be somewhat of business propositions, social ladders, and political and personal foundations to power. They may be a convenience, a benefit, or a mere source of pleasure to their members. What Mr. Ingalls' motive was in belonging can only be guessed at.

Ingalls was called cold, unsympathetic, unfeeling. Yet he was to the inner circle none of these. Is it not clear that the man who is reading Nature and humanity, and who from day to day becomes a more habitual student, cannot pour out his soul like water? He never failed those who needed him. Within the sphere of his legitimate love he moved a genial, tender, thoughtful spirit.

His intimate friends and associates were always of the aristocracy of brain and merit. With these he felt himself at home. No man in Kansas ever lived among more refined associations.

He was a critic, and he hated fraud with an uncompromising hatred. Some of his bitterest attacks were made on shams and insincerity. He was unsympathetic here, unsparing, irresistible. Perhaps this is why the public thought him cold and indifferent.

His was an intensely sensitive nature. He must have suffered deeply when pain and grief came to him. As deep, too, was his joy in the sunshine of existence. In January of 1883 he wrote to his wife:

"I have a little funeral oration to deliver this A. M. on Ben Hill, and am in terror, as usual, although it lies written out on my desk."

But when the listening Senate heard that funeral oration, it never dreamed of terror in the gifted speaker. When the press of the Nation copied it far and wide, neither editor nor reader guessed of the terror in the sensitive spirit of the author. Only the loving wife at home knew that he had gained another victory, and the price with which it was bought. We do rarely

"Think when the strain is sung  
Till a thousand hearts are stirred,  
What life-drops from the minstrel wrung  
Have gushed with every word."

John James Ingalls was not a Church-man, and not a creed-man. Must the world offer excuse for that? Must the Church and creed sit in judgment on him and condemn him to where the fire is not quenched and the worm does not die? An irreligious man, whose best friends were the noted ministers of the gospel! A doubter, who depended on truth for the power that made him strong! Fortunately, the thinking mind has at last reached the resting-ground of belief, that each man's problem he alone can solve. The magnificent, vindictive Ingalls, who laughed at the foibles of the man-made Church, found the unseen in his own fashion, trusted and questioned for himself, and at last, when his life-drama ended, he could say in the faith: "Thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen."

Where, after all, is the real man? Is it in him who has the gift "the applause of listening senates to command"? Is it in him whose business bent can put him on pleasant and profitable footing with the kings of commerce? Does it lie in the man who figures before the crowd? who is at home on the stump, in the prayer-meeting, at the club, on the

street corner? A man may be any or all of these and pass for one of Nature's successes, and yet to those who know him best, who must meet him daily and hourly at his meals, in his dressing-room, in his study—morning, noon, and night, must see him—he may be a rasping, wearing curse, a contemptible snob, a selfish, heartless wretch. And that may be the real man.

There was a Kansan once, the real man, whose fine mind was habitually studious, whose sensitive nature was tinged with sweetness, yet with a humor all-redeeming, whose wonderful ability to express himself "after the use of English in straight-flung words and few" puts him into classic literature forever, who dwelt near to the great heart of Nature, and loved almost to worship her delicate sweetness and her superb magnificence; whose heart was kind and gentle; who lived in the lives of his home and made them radiant with sunshine; who was modest in prosperity, and patient in adversity; who studied God and His universe after the means the God of that universe had given to him; who grew weary one day, folded his tired hands, and was not, for God took him.

Then the real man who was king of his own household was mourned for with a heart-breaking sorrow. Then and now for all the future, the commonwealth of Kansas bows reverently to his memory, and with pardonable pride her people designate him,

JOHN JAMES INGALLS,  
WRITER, ORATOR, STATESMAN,  
THE IDEAL KANSAN.

WILLIAM ELSEY CONNELLEY.

## ALBERT DEAN RICHARDSON.

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The tragic death of Mr. Richardson two years ago, familiarized the Nation with the chief incidents of his remarkable career: his humble birth in a farming town in Massachusetts in October, 1833; his early experiences as a journalist in Pittsburgh and Cincinnati; his brief residence in Kansas and Colorado; his eventful wanderings through the Southwest as a correspondent of the Eastern press; his connection with the *Tribune* during the war; his restless journeyings across the continent to regain health hopelessly shattered by exposure in rebel prisons; his final ventures in the field of literature; and that fatal passion, in obedience to whose most inexplicable but potential sway he resolutely went to his lamented grave.

I delivered letters of introduction to him in October, 1858, at the city of Sumner, of which he was one of the founders, and where he was then living with his estimable wife and their attractive children. His residence was one of the conventional structures of the period: a cottonwood cabin of two rooms, with a door between two windows in the end, which was converted into a front by the strange architectural device of a flimsy square of weather-boards intended to conceal the gables. It was situated near the climax of the vertical "Avenue" that led, in fancy, from the imaginary levee, thronged with an ideal commerce, to the supposititious palaces of her

merchant princes, reaching in pictorial splendor far toward the western horizon.

Those who remember the audacious "Views" of their fungous cities with which the Pilgrim Fathers of Kansas, in that epoch of scrupulous honesty, were accustomed to beguile the dazzled vision of the emigrating public, can readily appreciate the mingled doubt and consternation with which I gazed on that picture and then on this reality. That chromatic triumph of lithographed mendacity, supplemented by the loquacious embellishments of a lively adventurer who has been laying out townsites and staking off corner lots for some years past in Tophet, exhibited a scene in which the attractions of art, Nature, science, commerce, and religion were artistically blended. Innumerable drays were transporting from a fleet of gorgeous steamboats, vast cargoes of foreign and domestic merchandise over Russ pavements to colossal warehouses of brick and stone. Dense wide streets of elegant residences rose with gentle ascent from the shores of the tranquil stream. Numerous parks, decorated with rare trees, shrubbery, and fountains, were surrounded with the mansions of the great and the temples of their devotion. The adjacent eminences were crowned with costly piles which wealth, directed by intelligence and controlled by taste, had erected for the education of the rising generation of Sumnerites. The only shadow upon the enchanting landscape fell from the clouds of smoke that poured from the towering shafts of her acres of manufactories, while the whole circumference of the undulating prairie was white with endless sinuous trains of wagons, slowly moving toward the mysterious regions of the farther West.



The squalid reality from which the magician had evoked this marvelous vision, displayed a sordid river, with crumbling shores, upon which the boats derisively tolled funeral bells as they steamed insolently past the deserted landing. An eruption of wretched hovels seemed to have broken out incoherently among the scrubby, rocky ravines and inaccessible defiles that would have defied the daring of a chamois-hunter of the Alps. An indescribable air of poverty and dejection pervaded the waning population, and produced in a stranger a profound impression of discrepancy and incongruousness which even the pensive splendor of Indian summer could not redeem from desolation and despair.

Richardson appreciated the situation. He read the descending scale of the spiritual thermometer, and listened to the unsophisticated criticisms of the occasion, with a grave, quiet sense of the humorous aspect of the imposture, which immediately resulted in an intimacy, interrupted only with his life.

It happened to be an election day, and Richardson was a candidate for the Territorial Legislature. His success was prevented by certain local jealousies, and he never afterwards solicited the suffrages of his fellow-citizens. The following winter he was a clerk in the Lower House, participating with zest in the temporary removal of the capital from LeCompton to Lawrence, and the diversified scenes of the session which closed with the repeal of the "Bogus Statutes" of 1855. He reported with great vivacity the final act of the drama, in which one copy of the obnoxious volume was burned at night in front of the old Eldridge House, and another forwarded by express to the Governor of Missouri with the

compliments of the Legislature, and the message that Kansas had no further use for the book.

At that time Richardson was about twenty-five years of age, and in the prime of health and strength. Rather beneath the ordinary stature, his frame was stalwart and strongly moulded. In movement, speech, and gesture, he exhibited something of lethargy and sluggishness which seemed at variance with his intellectual activity. His complexion was light; his eyes blue and somewhat evasive in expression; his hair and close-cropped beard of yellow hue. In dress he was plain and neat, but indifferent to color and texture. His bearing towards strangers was tinged by a certain reserve, which arose partly from natural diffidence and partly from an acquired distrust of his power to please. Among friends and familiar acquaintances his manners were dictated by kindly impulses, but lacked the polish of social attrition. To his intimates he admitted an embarrassment in society which he was unable to conquer, although anxious to belong to the guild of finished gentlemen. His tastes were frugal and abstemious. He preferred ease to ostentation, and desired wealth for comfort rather than for display. His circumstances were moderate. He earned a comfortable livelihood by his correspondence with Eastern journals, and had been considerably active in politics. He yielded to the contagion of town lots and wild lands in different parts of the Territory, and pre-empted a quarter-section about ten miles west of Atchison, upon which he erected the customary improvements, which he was accustomed to describe with extreme animation.

His literary habits were characterized by great industry. He always carried a blank-book into which he immediately copied any striking line or couplet of poetry, bright expres-

sion, witty anecdote, or happy illustration, to use in his own labors. In a scrap-book he preserved copies of all his letters to different newspapers, and also every personal notice of himself and his productions. This material was first employed in his correspondence, subsequently appeared in the composition of lectures, and was finally incorporated into his published volumes.

"Garnered Sheaves," consisting of his later contributions to the magazines of the day, has been published by his widow since his death, and met with extensive sale. His earlier works, being upon popular topics popularly treated, had extraordinary success, the circulation of his "Field, Dungeon, and Escape" reaching above one hundred thousand. "Beyond the Mississippi" was almost equally successful. There are probably more copies of it in Kansas than of any other book except the Bible, and it is recognized as the most faithful delineation of Western life and manners that has ever been written. Without system, order, or coherence, it is as fascinating as a romance, and stimulates like a poem. It possesses the charm of a dictionary or cyclopedia in enabling the reader to begin, skip, and close at will. And yet it would be unjust to deny that its merits are of the highest order. The future historian, dramatist, romancer, and poet of Western life will find it an inexhaustible mine of the most valuable material. Time will enhance its worth. Had the colonists of Virginia and Massachusetts Bay been favored with such a graphic observer of the men, the manners, and the happenings of their infant empire, what a boon it would have been to their descendants and to the civilized world! If old Miles Standish, Governor Winthrop, Captain John Smith, and Powhatan had passed before the retina of Richardson, history

would have been illustrated with photographs. Its dry skeleton of facts and dates would have been draped with the habiliments of life. Such chronicles show us men and things as they are in those aspects that interest us most. Had there been a daily newspaper printed at Athens in the days of Pericles, or at Rome during the reign of Cæsar, a single copy would give us a clearer insight into the real life of the people, their manners and customs, their habits, their culture, their purposes, than all the acres of scholarly history that have ever been written from Josephus down. But this book of Richardson's has an added charm in the free, fresh life of which it preserves the fast-fading features. In another generation there will be no "West," no wilderness, no frontier, to stir the young blood of that era with its profound and subtle intoxication; no new States to beget; no deserts to traverse; no fascinating areas where men can escape from the revolting trammels of civilization and congregate with savage delight. The enchantment of the "Plains" has vanished already. The exultation of those solemn solitudes, with the silent journeys by day and the lonely camp by night, can never again be known by the traveler, whether he looks from the train as it resistlessly bears him onward, or sees it as it rolls roaring by on its track from the Great River to the Pacific Sea. The aroma, the flavor of this lost life, Richardson has measurably preserved. Much of its power is doubtless due to the magician of memory in summoning up from "Time's dark backward abyss" the phantoms of buried things; but with due allowance for all that the reader contributes, it remains and will probably continue to be the most faithful transcript of one of the most important and interesting epochs in modern American history.

The impartial and vivid observer and chronicler of impressions and events must be absolutely devoid of genius. He must be without inspiration. He should have no convictions. It is not his mission either to convince or persuade. He bears the same relation to the highest intellectual development that Brady, the photographer, bears to Church, the painter.

This was eminently true of Richardson. He is one of the finest modern illustrations of the day-laborer in literature. He was a true journeyman. Letters were to him a trade. He wrote because he could, and not because he must. He carefully ascertained what the people were interested to know; then learned all he could upon the subjects, and told it in the most interesting manner at his command. He judged the value of his books by the number of copies sold, and pursued literature because it was a profitable vocation. He believed that mind was a certain force that could be successfully exerted in any direction its proprietor desired. In an eminent degree he possessed the New England qualities of thrift, shrewdness, foresight, and calculation. Purchasing land in five counties at an early day, he studied the map so well that every acre is now within sound of the whistle of the locomotive. He exercised the same characteristics in literature. *The War*, *The West*, *The Watch*, whatever subject he discovered to be near the head, the heart, or the pocket of man, he carefully investigated, note-book in hand, with a view to writing something that would sell.

In morals he was governed by similar motives. He had no unprofitable vices. His ideas were those of a man of the world. His friendships, though not mercenary, were largely controlled by interest, and his companions frequently found

their good things said in conversation subsequently reappearing in type as his own. He used his friends upon all occasions unhesitatingly. Without being strictly candid or sincere, he was eminently truthful, and believed that in a worldly way virtue was its own reward.

He was ambitious of success, and to a man so organized success was absolutely certain. His earliest aspiration was to be on the staff of the *New York Tribune*, which he accomplished when its attainment seemed almost impossible. Had he lived, he would have achieved his highest desires.

He probably contributed as largely as any journalist of the period to that unparalleled advertisement which for so many years has made Kansas the focus of the eyes of all readers on the globe. His pen and tongue were never weary of eulogy. Absorbed in the vortex of New York, his thoughts, hopes, and aspirations reverted hither with a constant, fervid devotion. But a few weeks before his death he was here, making arrangements for an estate to which he might ultimately come and spend the autumn of his years. Had he lived, he would have openly resumed the allegiance which he never relinquished save in name.

Kansas exercised the same fascination over him that she does over all who have ever yielded to her spell. There are some women whom to have once loved renders it impossible ever to love again. As the "gray and melancholy main" to the sailor, the desert to the Bedouin, the Alps to the mountaineer, so is Kansas to all her children.

No one ever felt any enthusiasm about Wisconsin, or Indiana, or Michigan. The idea is preposterous. It is impossible. They are great, prosperous communities, but their inhabitants can remove and never desire to return. They hunger



for the horizon. They make new homes without the *maladie du pays*. But no genuine Kansan can emigrate. He may wander. He may roam. He may travel. He may go elsewhere, but no other State can claim him as a citizen. Once naturalized, the allegiance can never be forsworn.

Of the causes, the reasons, the occasion of his death, what can be said? It is the old insoluble sexual problem which does so confound and tangle our noblest relations here that nothing less than the final conflagration can purge the race of the dross it brings; but out of which we seem to be rising by gradual steps into a purer atmosphere. Man slowly ascends from gregariousness to monogamy. The fidelity of one man to one woman, absolute, in spite of temptation or death, is the ultimate ideal. Constancy is yet a splendid dream, but the very power to entertain it is an irresistible prophecy of its ultimate realization. It is the tendency of the highest and purest teachings of every religion, and its accomplishment would be the perfection of the race. The nearer it is attained the happier the individual, the better society. Its violation, whether in accordance with law or against law, is uniformly visited with punishment; and to human judgment it seems clear that had Richardson followed the promptings of his best instincts, he might have avoided his sombre destiny. But he has passed to that tribunal from whose verdict there is no appeal. If there were an error, there has also been solemn expiation.

“Wild words wander here and there:  
God’s great gift of speech abused  
Makes thy memory confused.  
But let them rave!  
The balm cricket carols clear  
In the green that folds thy grave  
Let them rave!”

## JOHN BROWN'S PLACE IN HISTORY.

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In the November number of the *Review* the Rev. David N. Utter moves to reverse the judgment heretofore rendered in favor of John Brown of Osawatomie, alleging that Ralph Waldo Emerson, Henry Thoreau, Theodore Parker, and other radical Abolitionists, the makers of our history and literature, the trusted leaders of the North in the war for the Union, "a company of men and women whose peers did not exist in America," conspired to impose a false verdict upon mankind, which has passed into the encyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, and been accepted as true by the civilized world.

In support of this motion, two averments are made.

*First.* That on May 24, 1856, in the night-time, John Brown slew, or caused to be slain, in cold blood and without provocation, five inoffensive citizens living in the valley of Pottawatomie Creek.

*Second.* That on August 30, 1856, at the battle of Osawatomie, John Brown ran away to save his life.

Whereupon, David N. Utter demands that instead of being adjudged a hero, patriot, and martyr, John Brown shall hereafter be held and declared to have been a felonious poltroon, an impostor, and an assassin.

The equity of history, if not its justice, requires that every man should be tried by the standard of his own time, in the

light of all the circumstances that surrounded him, and judged by the avowed purposes and final results of his whole career. Tested by this canon, it is difficult to treat this performance of David N. Utter either with patience or respect. The vague and puerile generalizations about hero-worship and the causes of the war; the mild ecclesiastical sneer at New England and the higher law; the justification of slave-stealing; the utter ignorance of the fundamental facts of Kansas history; the approval of the acts of the Missourians in killing Frederick Brown and burning the cabins and stealing the stock of the other sons; the perversion of morals in declaring that the Pottawatomie massacre could be sustained if its results had been good, and so foreseen and foretold; the inconsistency of affirming in one sentence that John Brown was a hero in 1859, and in another that his entire public career is to be utterly condemned—all these produce a sensation of bewilderment, and were it not for the faint flavor of the conventicle that pervades the paper, would create the impression that it was intended as a burlesque, like Archbishop Whately's "Historic Doubts Relative to Napoleon Bonaparte," rather than as a serious contribution to modern history. When he concludes by declaring that the principles of John Brown were those of the Russian Nihilists—"First make a clean sweep of the present civilization, and let the future build what it can"—wonder becomes mingled with compassion; for there is probably no other intelligent student of public affairs who does not know that the Russian Nihilists demand nothing of the Czar but a liberal constitutional government. However detestable their methods, they do not aim at anarchy. It is seldom that an author reaches the felicity of being misinformed upon all subjects of which he treats.

John Brown was born at Torrington, Conn., May 9, 1800. He was descended in the sixth generation from Peter Brown, an English carpenter, who signed the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, and died in 1633. When five years old, John Brown was taken to Ohio. His youth was uneventful and obscure. At the age of eighteen he went to Massachusetts with the design of obtaining a collegiate education and entering the ministry; but, being attacked with a disorder of the eyes, was compelled to abandon this purpose and return to Ohio. In early manhood he was a surveyor, and traversed the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Later, he was for ten years engaged in business in Pennsylvania, and subsequently in Ohio as a tanner, a cattle-dealer, and speculator in real estate. In 1846 he removed with his family to Springfield, Mass., and dealt in wool as a commission merchant, without success. In 1849 he went to North Elba, New York, where he toiled upon a sterile, rocky farm among the Adirondacks, and where his body now lies moldering in the grave. As early as 1839 he had formed the great life-purpose, which he never relinquished, for the destruction of African slavery. Thenceforward there was no divergence in his career. He was not distracted by ambition, nor wealth, nor ease, nor fame. He never hesitated. Delay did not baffle nor disconcert him, nor discomfiture render him despondent. His tenacity of purpose was inexorable. Those relations, possessions, and pursuits which to most men are the chief objects of existence—home, friends, fortune, estate, power—to him were the most insignificant incidents. He regarded them as trivial, unimportant, and wholly subsidiary to the accomplishment of the great mission for which he had been sent upon earth. His love of justice was an irresistible

passion, and slavery the accident that summoned all his powers into dauntless and strenuous activity.

In the autumn of 1854 four sons and a son-in-law of John Brown joined the column of emigrants that marched to Kansas. They were farmers. They were peaceable, God-fearing men. They had no means of subsistence except the labor of their hands. They were unarmed, but they hated slavery, and believed that Kansas should be free. They settled near Pottawatomie Creek, built humble cabins, and began to cultivate the soil. They were harassed, insulted, raided, and plundered by gangs of marauders, and finally notified to leave the Territory under penalty of death. They associated for defense, and, unable longer to continue the unequal contest, in the summer of 1855 they wrote their father to procure and to bring to Kansas arms, to enable them to protect their lives and property. He arrived, after a tedious journey, through Illinois and Iowa, on the 6th of October, 1855.

David N. Utter declares that John Brown was a "disturbing influence in Kansas from the first," and that he went to the Territory "not as a settler, but to fight." He designates him as an extremist and revolutionist who belonged to an insignificant party that was led by newspaper correspondents and stipendiaries, who really had no right to be in the Territory at all. He attempts to convey the impression that, prior to the arrival of John Brown, there were no other "disturbing influences" at work; that although there had been some casual differences of opinion as to the course that should be pursued with regard to the slave code adopted by the "Bogus Legislature" of 1855, a wise and moderate policy of submission prevailed. The days were halcyon. It was like the garden of Eden, where, in pastoral tranquillity, the

Adams and Eves were naming the beasts and cultivating the fig-tree whose foliage was so soon to be unfortunately more important than its fruit. Even the destruction of Lawrence is dismissed with a flippant paragraph as scarcely worthy of notice. "There was no resistance, and nobody was killed except by accident," murmurs the placid historian. He probably considers that the drunken mob of eight hundred border ruffians who had assembled on their own account, as he says, to wipe out the Abolition town, went to the Territory as "settlers," and not, like John Brown, "to fight."

They were not, like John Brown, "a disturbing influence." They went to Kansas "to make homes and build a State," and so, unlike John Brown, their voice was not "for war." Like the gentleman described by Tacitus, they wanted peace.

There was no trouble till John Brown came with his pernicious revolutionary doctrines. "The pillage and the burning were in consequence of his crimes, and for the whole he deserves censure rather than praise," concludes David N. Utter, who calls this process the "revaluation of our war heroes," and "getting at the exact facts in every case, let them be what they may," for the benefit of the younger generation, who do not love truth more, but need heroes less, than the men of twenty years ago, in the language of this evangelical iconoclast. It may interest the younger generation to hear a brief account of what occurred in the interval between July 2, 1855, and May 21, 1856, over which this revaluer of heroes skips with such airy levity.

The Legislature was elected March 30th by Missourians who entered the Territory in armed bands for that purpose. Nearly eight hundred attended the polls at Lawrence, with pistols, rifles, Bowie-knives, and two cannons, loaded with



musket-balls. Both branches of the Legislature were unanimously Pro-slavery after July 23d. They devised a scheme by which the people were deprived for two years of all control over the executive, legislative, and judicial departments of the Territorial government. They filled all the offices with Pro-slavery men, and adopted an act to punish offenses against slave property which is probably the most infamous statute that ever blackened the code of any civilized people. It affixed the penalty of death to the crime of carrying or assisting slaves out of the Territory with the intent to procure their freedom, and punished the denial of the right to hold slaves with imprisonment at hard labor for two years with ball and chain.

They adjourned August 30th, and the laws were published in October. The Free State party met at Big Springs, September 5th, and adopted, among other resolutions, the following:

"That we will endure and submit to these laws no longer than the best interests of the Territory require, as the least of two evils, and will resist them to a bloody issue as soon as we ascertain that peaceable remedies shall fail and forcible resistance shall furnish any reasonable prospect of success; and that in the meantime we recommend to our friends throughout the Territory the organization and discipline of volunteer companies and the procurement and preparation of arms."

This convention was followed by another at Topeka on the 19th, to take preliminary steps for the formation of a constitution. Delegates were chosen October 9th, assembled on the 23d, and adjourned November 11th. On the 14th the "Law and Order" party was organized at Leavenworth, and the blood of Free State men began to flow. As early as May these friends of freedom had shaved, tarred and feathered, ridden on a rail, and sold by a negro auctioneer for one dollar, William Phillips, who had ventured to pro-

test against the validity of an election in Leavenworth. In August they subjected Rev. Pardee Butler to great personal indignity at Atchison, and set him adrift down the Missouri on a log raft, because he refused to sign some resolutions adopted at a Pro-slavery meeting held in that town. But these mild remedies were now abandoned. On November 21st Dow was killed. Branson was arrested for taking part in a meeting held to denounce the murder. He was rescued, and the sheriff summoned a *posse*. The Governor called upon all good citizens to aid in Branson's recapture. The excitement was intense. Armed bands crossed the Missouri and hastened to their *rendezvous* at Franklin, under the command of Atchison, a United States senator. The roads were patrolled and wagons robbed. On the 6th of December Barber was shot while traveling homeward. Companies of Free State soldiers marched to the defense of the beleaguered town of Lawrence. Among them were old John Brown and his four sons, equipped for battle. A spectator says:

"They drove up in front of the Free State Hotel, standing in a small lumber-wagon. To each of their persons was strapped a short, heavy broadsword. Each was supplied with fire-arms and revolvers, and poles were standing endwise around the wagon-box with fixed bayonets, pointing upward."

A gaunt, grim, gray, formidable figure! Evidently he was there "not as a settler, but to fight"! But there was no fight. Both sides regarded discretion as the better part of valor. The forces were disbanded, and John Brown and his sons drove their lumber-wagon, with their broadswords, guns, pistols, and pikes to their cabins on the Pottawatomie.

The election under the Topeka constitution was held January 17, 1856. The next morning three Free State men, go-

ing home from Easton, were assailed by a horde of ruffians. Captain R. P. Brown, a member-elect of the Legislature, went to their relief and routed the assailants. The three men, with Captain Brown, continued on their way toward Leavenworth, and were again attacked and overpowered. At night they were all released but Brown, who was dragged out, hacked and gashed with hatchets and knives, thrown into a wagon, exhausted, bleeding, benumbed with cold, and soon expired.

Other murders followed. Governor Shannon said that "the roads were literally strewn with dead bodies." The Missouri River, the chief highway to the territory, was closed, and steamers were searched for ammunition and supplies. In April, Major Buford arrived with large reinforcements from Georgia, Alabama, and South Carolina. Efforts to arrest Free State men were continued and were resisted. United States troops were sent to Lawrence to aid the civil authorities. A complacent and obsequious grand jury was assembled that found indictments against Governor Robinson, Reeder, and others for high treason, because they had participated in the Free State movement. The Governor fled from the Territory in disguise; Robinson was arrested while *en route* to the East, and brought back under guard for trial. The district court conceived and promulgated the extraordinary doctrine of "constructive treason." Anarchy prevailed, and on the morning of May 21, 1856, a deputy United States marshal, with an immense *posse*, entered Lawrence and arrested a large number of citizens for constructive treason and for bearing arms against the "Government." Later in the day, Sheriff Jones appeared with an armed force and an order of court to destroy as nuisances, two newspaper offices and the Free State Hotel. A demand for the surrender of arms was complied

with; a blood-red banner with a single star and the legend, "South Carolina," was unfurled. The printing offices were destroyed and the material thrown in the river. Four cannon were trained on the hotel, and it was demolished. The day closed with the pillage of stores and houses. The dwelling of Governor Robinson was burned, and night was hideous with the frenzied orgy of the drunken and triumphant marauders. The total value of the property destroyed was about two hundred thousand dollars.

The subjugation of Kansas by the slave power now appeared to be accomplished. The Free State leaders were in prison; the principal towns of the Territory were in the hands of the enemy. This was the result of the "wiser and more moderate policy of submitting," which David N. Utter says had "all along the support of the very best citizens, even the most earnest Abolitionists."

It is not necessary now to discuss the wisdom or unwisdom of the policy of non-resistance which had prevailed to this juncture among the friends of freedom in Kansas. Their situation was difficult and delicate. The National Administration was the ally of their insolent and brutal foes in Missouri and the South. Rival ambitions distracted their councils. Many of the colonists from Indiana, Illinois, and other States along the border, although opposed to slavery, were equally hostile to free negroes, and insisted that they should be excluded from the State. Some favored immediate emancipation; others thought slavery should not be disturbed where it existed. Diplomacy was required to avoid dissension. Passion, violence, and retaliation might have invoked more irreparable disasters, though nothing could have much retarded the crisis which we now see had been long impending.

John Brown regarded the policy as nerveless and emasculated. It became soon apparent that he was in earnest. His impatient criticisms upon the political leaders were caustic and intolerable. He was not a politician, and wanted no office. He had no sympathy with the demand that Kansas should be a free white State. He believed in the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

The effect of the destruction of Lawrence was instantaneous. Emboldened by their long immunity, the Pro-slavery leaders openly avowed the policy of extermination, and called upon their followers, in the chastely picturesque language of the Squatter Sovereign newspaper, to "tar and feather, drown, lynch, and hang every white-livered Abolitionist who dares to pollute our soil."

The company to which John Brown and his sons belonged had marched to the relief of Lawrence on the 21st, but, learning of its destruction, had camped in the valley of Ottawa Creek, several miles south. The next day Major Williams, a neighbor and friend of the Browns, rode into camp and told them that trouble was anticipated on the Pottawatomie. 'Squire Morse had been notified to leave the Territory within three days. John Grant, Mr. Winer, and several others in the neighborhood had received similar notices from George Wilson, the probate judge of the county. Judge Hanway, of Lane, who lived near, and whose death occurred recently, says the conspiracy was formed to "drive out, burn, and kill; and that Pottawatomie Creek was to be cleared of every man, woman, and child who was for Kansas being a free State."

Among the most active and resolute of these "Law and Order" partisans were the Doyles, father and sons; the brothers William and Henry Sherman, Allen Wilkinson, and

George Wilson. Wilkinson, a native of Tennessee, was postmaster and had been a member of the "Bogus Legislature." He was a violent ruffian, and his widow remarked to Dr. Gilpatrick, the first person who called on the morning after his death, that she had often urged him to be more quiet and moderate in his language, but that he would not heed her advice. When the news of the fall of Lawrence arrived, Henry Sherman raised a red flag over his cabin, and announced that the war had begun. Henry was an amiable person. In a previous judicial proceeding he declared, under oath, that he "would rather kill that old man who wore spectacles and lived on the hill than to kill a rattlesnake." The object of his animadversion was the Rev. David Baldwin, long afterward resident at Garnett, in an adjoining county.

The story of the death of these men has been circumstantially told by James Townsley, who accompanied the expedition, and, barring some tawdry rhetoric, is fairly repeated by David N. Utter; but he omits to add what Townsley says in his statement on the 3d of August, 1882, as to the effect of the killing. His words are:

"I became and am satisfied that it resulted in good to the Free State cause, and was especially beneficial to the Free State settlers on Pottawatomie Creek. The Pro-slavery men were dreadfully terrified, and large numbers of them left the Territory. It was afterward said that one Free State man could scare a company of them."

Judge Hanway, before quoted, says:

"I did not know of a settler of '56 but what regarded it as amongst the most fortunate events in the history of Kansas. It saved the lives of the Free State men on the Creek, and those who did the act were looked upon as deliverers."

One of the most eminent of the Free State leaders, who is still living, writes:



"He was the only man who comprehended the situation, and saw the absolute necessity for some such blow, and had the nerve to strike it."

Another prominent actor writes:

"I wish to say right here about the Pottawatomie Creek massacre, which has been the theme of so much magazine literature, that at the time it occurred it was approved by myself and hundreds of others, including the most prominent of the leaders among the Free State men.

"It was one of the stern, merciless necessities of the times. The night it was done I was but a few miles away on guard, to protect from destruction the homes of Free State men and their families, who had been notified by these men and their allies to leave within a limited time or forfeit their lives and property. The women and children dared not sleep in the houses, and were hid away in the thickets. Something had to be done, and the avenger appeared, and the doomed men perished—they who had doomed others."

It was the "blood-and-iron" prescription of Bismarck. The Pro-slavery butchers of Kansas and their Missouri confederates learned that it was no longer safe to kill. They discovered, at last, that nothing is so unprofitable as injustice. They started from their guilty dream to find before them, silent and tardy, but inexorable and relentless, with uplifted blade, the awful apparition of vengeance and retribution.

When John Brown, Jr., learned of the massacre, we were informed that he resigned his command and went home, where he was soon after arrested. So great was his abhorrence of his father's crime that he became insane, and during his ravings denounced his father as an atrocious criminal and unmitigated coward. These statements are made upon the testimony of G. W. Brown, in the *Herald of Freedom* in 1859. The witness may be competent, but he is not disinterested. He sustains the same relation to the anti-slavery men of '56 that Judas Iscariot did to the disciples, and is as well qualified to write their history as Judas Iscariot would be to revise the New Testament. John Brown, Jr., instead of being "ar-

rested," was captured by Captain Pate, manacled with ox-chains, and driven under a hot sun till he became delirious from heat, fatigue, and hunger. He wrote many letters to his father while in captivity. The following extracts from one, dated September 8, 1856, will show the relations that existed between them, and the opinion he entertained of his father:

*"Dear Father and Brother:*

"\* \* \* \* Having before heard of Frederick's death, and that you were missing, my anxiety on your account has been most intense. Though my dear brother I shall never see again here, yet I thank God you and Jason still live. Poor Frederick has perished in a good cause, the success of which cause I trust will yet bring joy to millions. \* \* \* \*

"I can, I have no doubt, succeed in making my escape to you from here. \* \* \* \* I am anxious to see you both, in order to perfect some plan of escape, in case it should appear best. Come up if you consistently can. The battle of Osawatomie is considered here as the great fight so far, and, considering the enemy's loss, it is certainly a great victory for us—certainly a very dear burning of the town for them. \* \* \* \* Everyone I hear speaking of you are loud in your praise. The Missourians in this region show signs of great fear. \* \* \* \*

"Hoping to see you soon, I am, as ever,

"YOUR AFFECTIONATE SON AND BROTHER."

The effect of the transaction upon Kansas, according to David N. Utter, was "only evil," and upon the career of John Brown was "pervasive, decisive, overwhelming," whatever that may mean. He could not live in Kansas, continues the veracious chronicler, nor anywhere else safely, so he disguised himself by cutting off his beard and fled to New England, where he won the confidence of some of her greatest and noblest men; after which he hovered on the border of two States, waiting for a signal from some unknown person to come over to Kansas and massacre a constitutional convention. There were so many in those days that one could have been killed without being missed; but for some reason the plot

failed, and after awhile he ventured into Kansas again, made a raid into Missouri, captured some slaves, and escorted them to Canada.

This reaches the true dignity of history. As a matter of fact, John Brown did live many months in Kansas after the Pottawatomie slaughter. He participated in the battles at Franklin, Battle Mound, Sugar Creek, Osawatomie, and Black Jack. He was present at the siege of Lawrence in September, and soon after went East for funds and arms. He lay ill several weeks in Iowa, but reached Chicago in November. Early in 1857 he reached Boston, and appeared in "disguise" before the Legislature, asking an appropriation of ten thousand dollars to defend Northern men in Kansas. Later in the season he returned to the Territory, where he remained with brief intervals of absence until January, 1859, organizing his forces for the final crusade against slavery, in accordance with plans long entertained and definitely embodied in his "Provisional Constitution," framed at Chatham, Canada West, in May, 1858.

In December, 1858, a negro from Missouri came to his cabin on the Osage, and informed him that he was about to be sold, with his family, and begged for aid to escape. John Brown immediately organized two companies, invaded Missouri, liberated eleven slaves, and returned with the supplies necessary for their support. The Governor of the State offered three thousand dollars reward for the arrest of John Brown, which the President of the United States supplemented with an offer of two hundred and fifty more. John Brown retorted by a printed proclamation, offering two dollars and fifty cents for the delivery of James Buchanan to him in camp. He moved slowly northward with his four families of emigrants, colonized

them near Windsor in Canada in March, 1859, and returned to Kansas no more.

His subsequent career belongs to the history of the Nation. Out of the portentous and menacing cloud of anti-slavery sentiment that had long brooded with sullen discontent, a baleful meteor above the North, he sprang like a terrific thunderbolt, whose lurid glare illuminated the continent with its devastating flame, and whose reverberations among the splintered crags of Harper's Ferry were repeated on a thousand battle-fields from Gettysburg to the Gulf. From the instant that shot was fired the discussion and debate of centuries was at an end. He who was not for slavery was against it. The North became vertebrated, and the age of cartilage and compromise was at an end. The Nation seized the standard of universal emancipation which dropped from his dying hand on the scaffold at Charlestown, and bore it in triumph to Appomattox.

He died as he had lived, a Puritan of the Puritans. There was no perturbation in his serene and steadfast soul. Few productions in literature are more remarkable than his letters written in prison, while he was under sentence of death. He said:

"I can trust God with both the time and the manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony for God and humanity with my blood will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote than all I have done in my life before."

"As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer will be lost to the cause of God or humanity; and before I began my work at Harper's Ferry I felt assured that, in the worst event, it would certainly pay."

"I am quite cheerful. I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, chain, nor hang the soul! \* \* \* I am endeavoring to get ready for another field of action, where no defeat befalls the truly brave."

"It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of Nature, which all must. I feel myself to be most unworthy of so great distinction."

"I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth, and for suffering humanity, on the scaffold as in any other way."

"I think I cannot now better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it; and in my death I may do more than in my life."

"I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and I should if I denied my principles against slavery."

What immortal and dauntless courage breathes in this procession of stately sentences; what fortitude; what patience; what faith; what radiant and eternal hope! No pagan philosopher, no Hebrew prophet, no Christian martyr, ever spoke in loftier and more heroic strains than this "coward and murderer," who declared from the near brink of an ignominious grave that there was no acquisition so splendid as moral purity; no inheritance so desirable as personal liberty; nothing on this earth nor in the world to come so valuable as the soul, whatever the hue of its habitation; no impulse so noble as an unconquerable purpose to love truth, and an invincible determination to obey God.

Carlyle says that when any great change in human society is to be wrought, God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as the one thing needful and absolutely indispensable. Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists play their parts, but the crisis comes at last through some one who is stigmatized as a fanatic by his contemporaries, and whom the supporters of the systems he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon. The man who is not afraid to die for an idea is its most potential and convincing advocate.

Already the great intellectual leaders of the movement for the abolition of slavery are dead. The student of the future

will exhume their orations, arguments, and state papers as a part of the subterranean history of the epoch. The antiquarian will dig up their remains from the alluvial drift of the period, and construe their relations to the great events in which they were actors; but the three men of this era who will loom forever against the remotest horizon of time, as the Pyramids above the voiceless deserts, or mountain peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, Ulysses S. Grant, and Old John Brown of Osawatomie.



## EULOGY.

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR HENRY B. ANTHONY, OF  
RHODE ISLAND.

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The service of Senator Anthony in this body exceeded the entire period of the Republican ascendancy, from Lincoln to Garfield—a momentous interval, characterized by unprecedented activity of the material, intellectual, and moral energies of the Nation, and resulting in structural changes in government and society.

It was an epoch of tremendous passions; of vague and indefinite morality; of frenzied debate; of anomalous statesmanship. There were giants in those days, and when the Macaulay of another age shall turn to rehearse their history, he shall find little in our recorded annals to explain the remarkable and long-continued prominence of Senator Anthony in his State and the country, or the extraordinary influence he exercised upon all his contemporaries.

Without the learning and eloquence of Sumner, the logic of Fessenden, the restless industry of Wilson, or the intense and relentless energy of Chandler and Morton, he was the trusted counselor and companion of all, and was accorded the highest positions of confidence and honor to which a senator can aspire.

For twenty-five years Senator Anthony uttered no word in debate in this chamber that is not recorded, but how faint

and unsatisfactory is the portrait that this will present to posterity. Those who recall the melody of his diction and the dignity of his delivery will always wonder with regret that he so seldom spoke who spoke so well; but no printed page could record the gentle and benignant courtesy which shone in his demeanor and lent a nameless but irresistible charm to his deportment and bearing; the confident courage that despised the paltry arts and hollow clamors of the demagogue; the stainless honor that knew no taint of perfidy or guile.

He was a minister of grace. He never made an enemy and never lost a friend. The envy that might have been aroused by his early success was averted by the sensitive delicacy of his nature; and the jealousy that might have been excited by his long supremacy was disarmed by his loyalty to his friends, by his fidelity to his convictions, by his unsullied integrity, by the temperate restraint of his spirit, which no heat of controversy could disturb, nor any rancor of partisanship provoke to retaliation unworthy of a Christian and a gentleman.

The entire career of Senator Anthony was one of unique and singular felicity. For him fate spared its irony. Nemesis was propitiated. Fortune favored him. Time denied him none of those possessions that are regarded as the chief requisites of human happiness. He escaped calumny, and detraction passed him by. There was no winter in his years. He had length of days without infirmity. His ambition was satisfied. Honor, health, love, friendship, affluence, which so often with capricious disdain elude the most strenuous pursuit, attended him as courtiers surround a monarch. His life was not fragmentary and unfinished, but full-orbed and complete. Death was not an interruption, but a climax.

His sun was neither obscured nor eclipsed, but followed its appointed path to the western horizon. So he departed, and above his spirit and fame abides the enduring covenant of peace;

“His memory, like a cloudless sky;  
His conscience, like a sea at rest.”

## HAPPINESS.

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Happiness is an endowment, and not an acquisition. It depends more upon temperament and disposition than environment. It is a state or condition of mind, and not a commodity to be bought or sold in the market. A beggar may be happier in his rags than a king in his purple. Poverty is no more incompatible with happiness than wealth, and the inquiry, How to be happy though poor? implies a want of understanding of the conditions upon which happiness depends. Dives was not happy because he was a millionaire, nor Lazarus wretched because he was a pauper. There is a quality in the soul of man that is superior to circumstances and that defies calamity and misfortune. The man who is unhappy when he is poor would be unhappy if he were rich, and he who is happy in a palace in Paris would be happy in a dug-out on the frontier of Dakota. There are as many unhappy rich men as there are unhappy poor men. Every heart knows its own bitterness and its own joy. Not that wealth and what it brings is not desirable—books, travel, leisure, comfort, the best food and raiment, agreeable companionship—but all these do not necessarily bring happiness and may coëxist with the deepest wretchedness, while adversity and penury, exile and privation are not incompatible with the loftiest exaltation of the soul.

"More true joy Marcellus exiled feels,  
Than Cæsar with a Senate at his heels."

## OPPORTUNITY.

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*Master of human destinies am I!  
Fame, love and fortune on my footsteps wait.  
Cities and fields I walk; I penetrate  
Deserts and seas remote, and passing by  
Hovel and mart and palace, soon or late  
I knock unbidden once at every gate!  
If sleeping, wake; if feasting, rise before  
I turn away. It is the hour of fate,  
And they who follow me reach every state  
Mortals desire, and conquer every foe  
Save death; but those who doubt or hesitate,  
Condemned to failure, penury and woe,  
Seek me in vain and uselessly implore.  
I answer not, and I return no more!*

## MY SPRING RESIDENCE.

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(Published in *The Williams (College) Quarterly*, June, 1855.)

Build me a pillared Castle in the Air  
Within some mountain's purple hollow, scooped  
Upon its western slope, mid forests where  
The clouds are anchored and the pines are looped  
With braided gold and gloom.

Drowse it with murmured hum of droning bees  
And sleepy din of fountains spouting wine  
Whose spray shall drown the sense in ecstasies  
And wrap the air, as incense from a shrine,  
In faint and rare perfume.

Story its walls with pictures seen in dream:  
The loves of gods and wreathing groups of maids  
With slender throats and hair in golden stream;  
The palpitating hues and woven shades  
From sunset's cloudy loom.

Carve fluted columns zenith-high; a dome  
Of Grecian harmony, and capitals  
Remote in air above the eagle's home.  
Set statues upon sculptured pedestals  
Round the majestic room.

Let mild-eyed Shakspeare sit upon the throne,  
With wild, impetuous Shelley at his side;  
Then he, by Gorgon critics turned to stone,  
Who felt, long summer days before he died,  
White daises on his tomb.

Thrill the dumb air with distant music poured  
Through silver tubes, or shaken from the strings  
Of melancholy harps to the accord  
Of cataracts, whose water leaps and sings  
Swift through a rocky flume.



Strew me a couch knee-deep with flowers and grass,  
 With cool and oozy mosses for my head,  
 And curtain it with vines whose buds are stars,  
 With trailing arbute and primroses red  
 Just bursting into bloom.

Gird my enchanted valley with a zone  
 Of snowy summits fading to the sea,  
 Lit by a sun which like an opal-stone  
 Glows with a mild, fantastic brilliancy  
 To burn but not consume.

Through the blue landscape, leagues remote and deep,  
 A glimmering river smiles along its way  
 As a bright dream flows through the lands of sleep  
 And wastes in the oblivious sea of day  
 Which alien skies illumine.

Here will I dwell in delicatest rest,  
 And watch the clouds that paint the evening sky,  
 Or slope their walls of gray along the west  
 And march afar in rainy rhythm by  
 With flame and sea-like boom;

Untwine the music of the leaves and brooks  
 And let the world neglected thunder on:  
 What reckes the clutch of gold, the greed of books,  
 The scholar's laurel or the poet's crown,  
 The victor's sword and plume?

A life of calm repose and liberal ease  
 Orbed by the limits of impassioned sense;  
 A life of summer days on singing seas,  
 A voyage without cause or consequence,  
 Be this my Godlike doom!

Golden Hill, 1855.

## BLUE GRASS.

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Attracted by the bland softness of an afternoon in my primeval winter in Kansas, I rode southward through the dense forest that then covered the bluffs of the North Fork of Wildcat. The ground was sodden with the ooze of melting snow. The dripping trees were as motionless as granite. The last year's leaves, tenacious lingerers, loath to leave the scene of their brief bravery, adhered to the gray boughs like fragile bronze. There were no visible indications of life, but the broad, wintry landscape was flooded with that indescribable splendor that never was on sea or shore—a purple and silken softness, that half veiled, half disclosed the alien horizon, the vast curves of the remote river, the transient architecture of the clouds, and filled the responsive soul with a vague tumult of emotions, pensive and pathetic, in which regret and hope contended for the mastery. The dead and silent globe, with all its hidden kingdoms, seemed swimming like a bubble, suspended in an ethereal solution of amethyst and silver, compounded of the exhaling whiteness of the snow, the descending glory of the sky. A tropical atmosphere brooded upon an arctic scene, creating the strange spectacle of summer in winter, June in January, peculiar to Kansas, which unseen cannot be imagined, but once seen can never [be forgotten. A sudden descent into the sheltered valley revealed an unexpected crescent of dazzling verdure,

glittering like a meadow in early spring, unreal as an incantation, surprising as the sea to the soldiers of Xenophon as they stood upon the shore and shouted, "*Thalatta!*" It was Blue Grass, unknown in Eden, the final triumph of Nature, reserved to compensate her favorite offspring in the new paradise of Kansas for the loss of the old upon the banks of the Tigris and Euphrates.

Next in importance to the divine profusion of water, light, and air, those three great physical facts which render existence possible, may be reckoned the universal beneficence of grass. Exaggerated by tropical heats and vapors to the gigantic cane congested with its saccharine secretion, or dwarfed by polar rigors to the fibrous hair of northern solitudes, embracing between these extremes the maize with its resolute pennons, the rice plant of Southern swamps, the wheat, rye, barley, oats, and other cereals, no less than the humbler verdure of hillside, pasture, and prairie in the temperate zone, grass is the most widely distributed of all vegetable beings, and is at once the type of our life and the emblem of our mortality. Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass heals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead.

As he reflected upon the brevity of human life, grass has been the favorite symbol of the moralist, the chosen theme of the philosopher. "All flesh is grass," said the prophet; "My days are as the grass," sighed the troubled patriarch;

and the pensive Nebuchadnezzar, in his penitential mood, exceeded even these, and, as the sacred historian informs us, did eat grass like an ox.

Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it withdraws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibres hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character, and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient, it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it abides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

One grass differs from another grass in glory. One is vulgar and another patrician. There are grades in its veg-

etable nobility. Some varieties are useful. Some are beautiful. Others combine utility and ornament. The sour, reedy herbage of swamps is base-born. Timothy is a valuable servant. Redtop and clover are a degree higher in the social scale. But the king of them all, with genuine blood royal, is Blue Grass. Why it is called blue, save that it is most vividly and intensely green, is inexplicable; but had its unknown priest baptized it with all the hues of the prism, he would not have changed its hereditary title to imperial superiority over all its humbler kin.

Taine, in his incomparable history of English literature, has well said that the body of man in every country is deeply rooted in the soil of Nature. He might properly have declared that men were wholly rooted in the soil, and the character of nations, like that of forests, tubers, and grains, is entirely determined by the climate and soil in which they germinate. Dogmas grow like potatoes. Creeds and carrots, catechisms and cabbages, tenets and turnips, religion and rutabagas, governments and grasses, all depend upon the dew-point and the thermal range. Give the philosopher a handful of soil, the mean annual temperature and rainfall, and his analysis would enable him to predict with absolute certainty the characteristics of the nation.

Calvinism transplanted to the plains of the Ganges would perish of inanition. Webster is as much an indigenous product of New England as its granite and its pines. Napoleon was possible only in France; Cromwell in England; Christ, and the splendid invention of immortality, alone in Palestine. Moral causes and qualities exert influences far beyond their nativity, and ideas are transplanted and exported to meet the temporary requirements of the tastes or necessities

of man; as we see exotic palms in the conservatories of Chatsworth, russet apples at Surinam, and oranges in Atchison. But there is no growth; nothing but change of location. The phenomena of politics exhibit the operations of the same law. Contrast the enduring fabric of our federal liberties with the abortive struggles of Mexico and the Central American republics. The tropics are inconsistent with democracy. Tyranny is alien to the temperate zone.

The direct agency upon which all these conditions depend, and through which these forces operate, is food. Temperature, humidity, soil, sunlight, electricity, vital force, express themselves primarily in vegetable existence that furnishes the basis of that animal life which yields sustenance to the human race. What a man, a community, a nation can do, think, suffer, imagine, or achieve depends upon what it eats. Bran-eaters and vegetarians are not the kings of men. Rice and potatoes are the diet of slaves. The races that live on beef have ruled the world; and the better the beef the greater the deeds they have done. Mediæval Europe, the Vandals and Huns and Goths, ate the wild hog, whose brutal ferocity was repeated in their truculent valor, and whose loathsome protoplasm bore the same relation to that barbarous epoch that a rosy steak from a short-horned Durham does to the civilization of the nineteenth century. A dim consciousness of the intimate connection between regimen and religion seems to have dawned upon the intellectual horizon of those savage tribes who eat the missionaries which a misguided philanthropy has sent to save their souls from perdition. A wiser charity would avail itself of the suggestions of modern science, and forward potted apostles, desiccated saints, and canned evangelists directly to the scene of their labors



among these hungering pagans. Some clerical Liebig has here an opportunity for immediate distinction.

The primary form of food is grass. Grass feeds the ox: the ox nourishes man: man dies and goes to grass again; and so the tide of life, with everlasting repetition, in continuous circles, moves endlessly on and upward, and in more senses than one, all flesh is grass. But all flesh is not blue grass. If it were, the devil's occupation would be gone.

There is a portion of Kentucky known as the "Blue Grass Region," and it is safe to say that it has been the arena of the most magnificent intellectual and physical development that has been witnessed among men or animals upon the American continent, or perhaps upon the whole face of the world. In corroboration of this belief, it is necessary only to mention Henry Clay, the orator, and the horse Lexington, both peerless, electric, immortal. The ennobling love of the horse has extended to all other races of animals. Incomparable herds of high-bred cattle graze the tranquil pastures; their elevating protoplasm supplying a finer force to human passion, brain, and will. Hog artists devote their genius to shortening the snouts and swelling the hams of their grunting brethren. The reflex of this solicitude appears in the muscular, athletic vigor of the men, and the voluptuous beauty of the women who inhabit this favored land. Palaces, temples, forests, peaceful institutions, social order, spring like exhalations from the congenial soil.

All these marvels are attributable as directly to the potential influence of blue grass as day and night to the revolution of the earth. Eradicate it, substitute for it the scrawny herbage of impoverished barrens, and in a single generation man and beast would alike degenerate into a common decay. And herein lies the fundamental error of those social and

moral economists who attempt to ameliorate the condition of the degraded orders by commencing with the Bible, the didactic essay, the impassioned appeal. These are results, not causes. Education, religion, and culture are conditions which must be developed, not formulas to be memorized. The Decalogue has no significance to a Comanche, and the attempt to civilize him by preaching is as senseless as would be the effort to change a Texas steer into a Durham by reading Alexander's Herd-book in the cattle-pens at Wichita. The creature to be civilized must be elevated to a condition that renders civilization possible. To secure flavor in the grape, color in the rose, we do not go to the apothecary for his essences, or to the painter for his hues, but to the soul for its subtle chemistry. And thus the wise philanthropist will work from within outward, and employ those agencies which render necessities less exacting, appetites less urgent, the nerves more sensitive, the brain more receptive, and the senses and the muscles more ready ministers of an enlightened will. Man cannot become learned, refined, and tolerant while every energy of body and soul is consumed in the task of wresting a bare sustenance from a penurious soil; neither can woman become elegant and accomplished when every hour of every day in every year is spent over the wash-tub and the frying-pan. There must be leisure, competence, and repose, and these can only be attained where the results of labor are abundant and secure.

A more uninviting field for the utilitarian cannot be imagined than one of the benighted border counties of Missouri, where climate, products, labor, and tradition have conspired to develop a race of hard-visaged and forbidding ruffians, exhibiting a grotesque medley of all the vices of civilization.

unaccompanied even by the negative virtues of barbarism. To these fallen angels villainy is an amusement, crime a recreation, murder a pastime. They pursue from purpose every object that should be shunned by instinct. To the ignorance of the Indian they add the ferocity of the wolf, the venom of the adder, the cowardice of the slave. The contemplation of their deeds would convince the optimist that any system of morals would be imperfect that did not include a hell of the largest dimensions. Their continued existence is a standing reproach to the New Testament, to the doctrines of every apostle, to the creed of every church.

But even this degradation, unspeakable as it is, arises largely from material causes, and is susceptible of relief. In the moral pharmacy there is an antidote.

The salutary panacea is Blue Grass.

This is the healing catholicon, the strengthening plaster, the verdant cataplasm, efficient alike in the *Materia Medica* of Nature and of morals.

Seed the country down to blue grass and the reformation would begin. Such a change must be gradual. One generation would not witness it, but three would see it accomplished. The first symptom would be an undefined uneasiness along the creeks, in the rotten eruption of cottonwood hovels near the grist-mill and the blacksmith's shop at the fork of the roads, followed by a "toting" of plunder into the "bow-dark" wagon and an exodus for "out West." A sore-backed mule geared to a spavined sorrel, or a dwarfish yoke of stunted steers, drag the creaking wain along the muddy roads, accelerated by the long-drawn "Whoo-hoop-a-Haw-aw-aw!" of "Dad" in butternut-colored homespun, as he walks beside, cracking a black-snake with a detonation like a Der-

ringer. "Mam" and half a score of rat-faced children peer from the chaos within. A rough coop of chickens, a split-bottom "cheer," and a rusty joint of pipe depend from the rear, as the dismal procession moves westward, and is lost in the confused obscurity of the extreme frontier. Some, too poor or too timid to emigrate, would remain behind, contenting themselves with a sullen revolt against the census, the alphabet, the multiplication table, and the penitentiary. Dwelling upon the memory of past felonies, which the hangman prevents them from repeating, they clasp hands across the bloody chasm. But the aspect of Nature and society would gradually change—fields widen, forests increase; fences are straightened, dwellings painted, schools established. It is no longer disreputable to know how to read in words of one syllable, and to spell one's name. The knowledge of the use of soap imperceptibly extends. The hair, which was wont to hang upon the shoulders, is shorn as high as the ears. The women no longer ride the old roan "mar," smoking a cob-pipe, with a blue cotton sun-bonnet cocked over the left eye, but assume the garb of the milliner, and come to the store with their eggs and butter in a Jackson wagon. Pistols are laid aside. Oaths and quarrels are less frequent. Drunkenness is not so general, and the indiscriminate use of illicit whisky partially yields to the peaceful lager and the cheering wine, although in his festive hours the true son of the soil cannot forbear to occasionally kill a teacher, burn a school-house, or flay a negro, by way of facetious recreation. The second generation would probably discard butternut and buttermilk, and adopt the diet and habit of the lower classes in New England. The third might not be

distinguishable, without close inspection, from the average American gentleman.

Kansas has no such moral obstacles to surmount, no such degradation to overcome. Her career commenced upon a high grade, and her course has been constantly upward; but it cannot be indefinitely continued on prairie grass. This will nourish mustangs, antelope, Texas cattle, but not thoroughbreds. It is the product of an uncultured soil, alternately burned with drought, drenched with sudden showers, and frozen with the rigors of savage winters. Already it is deteriorating under influences that should be favorable to its improvement. Armies of rank weeds have invaded its domain in the neighborhood of our chief cities, and are encroaching upon its solitudes. If we would have prosperity commensurate with our opportunities, we must look to Blue Grass. It will raise the temperature, increase the rainfall, improve the climate, develop a higher fauna and flora, and consequently a loftier attendant civilization.

Every portion of our country possesses its own characteristics, as specific as those of different nations. The thrift and industry of New England, the haughty indolence of the South, the volcanic energy of the West, the wild life of the mining regions of the Rocky Mountains and California—these are not only ideas that are recognized, but they have their types and representatives in literature and art. Boston and New York are not more unlike than Chicago and St. Louis, and Denver and San Francisco resemble Paris as much as any of their American sister cities. They are all illustrations of the law that human character and conduct depend upon physical and material conditions.

The typical Kansan has not yet appeared. Our population is composed of more alien and conflicting elements than were ever assembled under one political organization, each mature, each stimulated to abnormal activity. It is not yet fused and welded into a homogeneous mass, and we must therefore consult the oracles of analogy to ascertain in what garb our coming man will arrive. His lineaments and outline will be controlled by the abode we fashion and the food we prepare for him when he comes.

Though our State is embryonic and foetal at present, it is not difficult to perceive certain distinctive features indigenous to our limits. The social order is anomalous. Our politics have been exceptional, violent, personal, convulsive. The appetite of the community demands the stimulus of revolution. It is not content with average results in morals. It hungers for excitement. Its favorite apostles and prophets have been the howling dervishes of statesmanship and religion. Every new theory seeks Kansas as its tentative point, sure of partisans and disciples. Our life is intense in every expression. We pass instantaneously from tremendous energy to the most inert and sluggish torpor. There is no golden mean. We act first and think afterwards. These idiosyncrasies are rapidly becoming typical, and unless modified by the general introduction of Blue Grass, may be rendered permanent. Nature is inconstant and moulds us to her varying moods.

Kansas is all antithesis. It is the land of extremes. It is the hottest, coldest, dryest, wettest, thickest, thinnest country of the world. The stranger who crossed our borders for the first time at Wyandotte and traveled by rail to White Cloud would with consternation contrast that uninterrupted



Sierra of rugose and oak-clad crags with the placid prairies of his imagination. Let him ride along the spine of any of those lateral "divides" or water-sheds whose

"Level leagues forsaken lie,  
A grassy waste, extending to the sky,"

and he would be oppressed by the same melancholy monotony which broods over those who pursue the receding horizon over the fluctuating plains of the sea. And let his discur-sion be whither it would, if he listened to the voice of experi-ence, he would not start upon his pilgrimage at any season of the year without an overcoat, a fan, a lightning-rod, and an umbrella.

The new-comer, alarmed by the traditions of "the drought of '60," when, in the language of one of the varnished rhet-oricians of that epoch, "acorns were used for food, and the bark of trees for clothing," views with terror the long suc-cession of dazzling early summer days; days without clouds and nights without dew; days when the effulgent sun floods the dome with fierce and blinding radiance; days of glittering leaves and burnished blades of serried ranks of corn; days when the transparent air, purged of all earthly exhalation and alloy, seems like a pure powerful lens, revealing a remoter horizon and a profounder sky.

But his apprehensions are relieved by the unheralded appearance of a cloud no bigger than a man's hand, in the northwest. A huge bulk of purple and ebony vapor, pre-ceded by a surging wave of pallid smoke, blots out the sky. Birds and insects disappear, and cattle abruptly stand agazed. An appalling silence, an ominous darkness, fill the atmos-phere. A continuous roll of muffled thunder, increasing in vol-

ume, shakes the solid earth. The air suddenly grows chill and smells like an unused cellar. A fume of yellow dust conceals the base of the meteor. The jagged scimitar of the lightning, drawn from its cloudy scabbard, is brandished for a terrible instant in the abyss, and thrust into the affrighted city, with a crash as if the rafters of the world had fallen. The wind, hitherto concealed, leaps from its ambush and lashes the earth with scourges of rain. The broken cisterns of the clouds can hold no water, and rivers run in the atmosphere. Dry ravines become turbid torrents, bearing cargoes of drift and rubbish on their swift descent. Confusion and chaos hold undisputed sway. In a moment the turmoil ceases. A gray veil of rain stands like a wall of granite in the eastern sky. The trailing banners of the storm hang from the frail bastions. The routed squadrons of mist, gray on violet, terrified fugitives, precipitately fly beneath the triumphal arch of a rainbow whose airy and insubstantial glory dies with the dying sun.

For days the phenomenon is repeated. Water oozes from the air. The strands of rain are woven with the inconstant sunbeam. Reeds and sedges grow in the fields, and all nature tends to fins, web-feet, and amphibiousness.

Oppressed by the sedate monotony of the horizon, and tortured by the alternating hopes and fears which such a climate excites, the prairie-dweller becomes sombre and grave in his conversation and demeanor. Upon that illimitable expanse, and beneath that silent and cloudless sky, mirth and levity are impossible. Meditation becomes habitual. Fortitude and persistence succumb under the careless husbandry induced by the generous soil. The forests, ledges, and elevations which serve to identify other localities and

make them conspicuous are wanting here. Nature furnishes farms ready-made, like clothing in a slop-shop, and, as we relinquish without pain what we acquire without toil, the denizen has no local attachments, and daunted by slight obstacles, or discontented by trivial discomforts, becomes migratory and follows the coyote and the bison. The pure stimulus of the air brings his nerves into unnatural sensitiveness and activity. His few diseases are brief and fatal. Rapid evaporation absorbs the juices of his body, and he grows cachectic. Hospitality is formal. Life assumes its most serious aspect. In religion he is austere; in debauchery, violent and excessive, but irregular.

The thoughtful observer cannot fail to conclude that Kansas is to be the theatre of some extraordinary development in the future. Our history, soil, climate, and population have all been exceptional, and they all point to an anomalous destiny. Our position is focal. Energy accumulates here. Our material advancement indicates a concentration of force, such as no State in its infancy has ever witnessed. Every citizen is impressed with the belief that he has a special mission to perform. Every immigrant immediately catches the contagion and sleeps no more. He rushes to the frontier, stakes out a town without an inhabitant, builds a hotel without a guest, starts a newspaper without a subscriber, organizes railroad companies for direct connections with New York, San Francisco, Hudson's Bay, and the Gulf of Mexico. When two or three are gathered together, they vote a million dollars of 10 per cent bonds, payable in London, and before the prairie-dogs have had time to secure a new location, the bonds are sold, locomotives are heard screaming in the distance, a strange population assembles from the four quarters of the globe, and an impas-

sioned orator rises in the next State convention and demands the nomination of the Honorable Ajax Agamemnon of Marathon, to represent that ancient constituency in the halls of the national Congress. In a year, or a month it may be, the excitement subsides, corner lots can be bought for less than the price of quarter-sections, jimson-weeds start up in the streets, second-hand clothing men purchase the improvements for a tenth of their cost, and the volcano breaks out in some other part of the State.

The names of dead Kansas newspapers outnumber the living; her acts of incorporation for forgotten cities, towns, railroads, ferries, colleges, cemeteries, banks, fill ponderous volumes; the money that has been squandered in these chimerical schemes would build the Capitol of polished marble and cover its dome with beaten gold.

But, notwithstanding this random and spasmodic activity, our solid progress has been without parallel. No community in the world can show a corresponding advancement in the same time and under similar circumstances. Guided by reflection, directed by prudence, controlled by calm reason, upon what higher eminence these intense forces might have placed us can hardly be conjectured. But such a career, however fortunate it might have been, our physical surroundings have rendered impossible. The sudden release of the accumulated energy so long imprisoned in the useless soil, the prodigious store of electricity in the atmosphere, and the resentment which Nature [always exhibits at the invasion of her solitudes, all contributed to induce a social disorder as intemperate as their own. But an improvement in our physical conditions is already perceptible. The introduction of the metals in domestic and agricultural implements, jewelry, rail-

roads, and telegraphs has, to a great extent, restored the equilibrium, and, by constantly conducting electricity to the earth, prevents local congestion and a recurrence of the tempests and tornadoes of the early days. The rains which were wont to run from the trampled pavement of the sod suddenly into the streams, are now absorbed into the cultivated soil, and gradually restored to the air by solar evaporation, making the alternation of the seasons less violent, and continued droughts less probable. Under these benign influences, prairie grass is disappearing. The various breeds of cattle, hogs, and horses are improving. The culture of orchards and vineyards yields more certain returns. A richer, healthier, and more varied diet is replacing the side-meat and corn-pone of antiquity. Blue grass is marching into the bowels of the land without impediment. Its perennial verdure already clothes the bluffs and uplands along the streams, its spongy sward retaining the moisture of the earth, preventing the annual scarifications by fire, promoting the growth of forests, and elevating the nature of man.

Supplementing this material improvement is an evident advance in manners and morals. The little log school-house is replaced by magnificent structures furnished with every educational appliance. Churches multiply. The commercial element has disappeared from politics. The intellectual standard of the press has advanced, and with the general diffusion of blue grass, we may reasonably anticipate a career of unexampled and enduring prosperity.

The drama has opened with a stately procession of historic events. No ancient issues confuse the theme. No buried nations sleep in the untainted soil, vexing the present with their phantoms, retarding progress with the burden

of their outworn creeds, depressing' enthusiasm by the silent reproof of their mighty achievements. Heirs of the greatest results of time, we are emancipated from all allegiance to the past. Unencumbered by precedents, we stand in the vestibule of a future which is destined to disclose upon this arena time's noblest offspring—the perfected flower of American manhood.



## CATFISH ARISTOCRACY.

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To the physical geographer, Kansas presents an elevated, treeless plateau, rising with imperceptible gradation westward toward the base of the Rocky Mountains. Its area is quadrangular, with regular outlines, except upon that portion of its eastern boundary which conforms to the sinuosities of the Missouri.

The withdrawal of the ocean beneath which this territory was originally submerged, and the drainage of the rains and melting snows that subsequently fell upon its surface, practically bisected this parallelogram with a central water-course known to cheap politicians as the "Valley of the Kaw," which, with its numerous affluents from either side, resembles the spinal cord of the vertebrate, with its lateral nerves branching from the cervix at Wyandotte to the coccyx or os sacrum in Colorado.

Commencing at the general level of the upland, these tributaries wear deeper and wider channels through the friable and incoherent soil. Their gathered volume, with sluggish momentum, crawls reluctantly eastward, forming the Kansas River, one of the most important affluents of the Missouri. These streams may be properly characterized as amphibious, or composed equally of land and water. They constitute an anomaly in Nature, being too shallow for navigation, too dense for a constant beverage, and too fluid for culture. If the catfish

were permanently expelled, and proper attention given to sub-soil plowing and irrigation in dry seasons, they would eventually become the garden-spots of the world. This is an appropriate field for legislative action, and Congress should be immediately memorialized upon the subject.

During our Territorial history, a company was incorporated to render the Kaw navigable, by cutting a conduit from the Platte to the headwaters of the Republican, and thus uniting the two rivers. The resolute opposition of the farmers of Nebraska, who would have been deprived of stock-water by the success of the scheme, prevented the consummation of this great enterprise, which would only have been equalled by the Suez Canal in its effects upon the commerce of the world. But the present Legislature is so much occupied in discussing the one-term principle, in discovering who received the most money for his vote at the election of the last senator, and in passing resolutions to adjourn, that nothing can be expected upon the irrigation proposition before another session.

The outer limits of these valleys are the bluffs, whose summits were the original shores of the rivers, when their broad, shallow currents had a scarcely perceptible motion toward the Gulf of Mexico. As the attrition has worn deeper and deeper channels, the lateral drainage has cut narrow and precipitous defiles through the bluffs, giving them an apparent isolation, and sculpturing them into rugged and picturesque outlines, waiting only to be crowned with castles to become as romantic as the banks of the Rhine. The increased moisture of soil and atmosphere preventing the annual devastation by fire, forests of oak, hickory, and other deciduous trees have gradually clothed the slopes and ravines of the hills with their graceful garniture, and extended a short distance into the interior.

The length of time required for the accomplishment of these results is matter of surmise and conjecture. Inasmuch as the waters of the Missouri now flow in a bed at least one hundred and fifty feet lower than the adjacent level of the prairie, and have cut through a stratum of solid limestone not less than fifteen feet thick in their descent, it is probable that the process must have commenced previous to the passage of the Nebraska Bill in 1854, and possibly prior to the affair in the Garden of Eden.

The degradation of the hills and the detritus washed down from the higher regions is suspended in the sordid wave, and deposited along the margins of the streams at the base of the bluffs, in greater or lesser crescents of muddy sand, wheresoever the capricious current permits a momentary delay. Born of a snag, a wreck, an adverse gale, a sunken floater, anything that can afford brief lodgement for accumulation, these accretions may dissolve and vanish with the next "rise," or they may mysteriously elevate themselves above the level of the water, give root to wind-sown willows, cottonwoods, elms, and sycamores, an anonymous growth of feculent herbage and festering, crawling weeds, but never a bright blade of wholesome grass, a lovely bud or flower.

Malarious brakes and jungles suddenly exhale from the black soil, in whose loathsome recesses the pools of pure rain change by some horrible alchemy into green ooze and bubbly slime, breeding reptiles and vermin that creep and fly, infecting earth and air with their venom, fatal alike to action and repose. Gigantic parasites smother and strangle the huge trunks they embrace, turning them into massive columns of verdure, changing into a crimson like that of blood when smitten by the frosts of October. Pendulous, leafless

vines dismally sway from the loftiest trees like gallows without their tenants. Deadly vapors, and snaky, revolting odors, begotten of decay, brood in the perpetual gloom.

If not too soon undermined by the insidious clute gnawing at its foundation of quaking quicksands, this foul alluvion becomes subject to local government, and, under a mistaken idea that it is a component part of this sure and firm-set earth, is surveyed and taxed. Its useless forests are deadened, and the ruined boles stand like grizzly phantoms in the waste. A zig-zag pen of rotten rails creeps round a hovel of decayed logs with mud-daubed interstices that seems to spring like a congenial exhalation from the ground. In the uncouth but appropriate phraseology of its denizens, it is "cleared bottom," and has become the abode of the catfish aristocrat. It was amid such surroundings that I first met Shang, the Grand Duke of this order of nobility. Thus he had always lived; thus his ancestors, if he had any; and thus he and his successors, heirs, and assigns will continue to live till education, religion, and development shall render him and his congeners as impossible as the monsters that tore each other in the period of the Jurassic group.

The foes of Darwin are accustomed to assail the deductions of that impolite philosopher by the assertion that beings are nowhere found in transit from type to type, either among the higher or lower orders of existence. In their efforts to escape the irresistible conclusion that their own immediate ancestors were monkeys or donkeys, they affirm with suspicious plausibility that if this process of evolution were constantly proceeding, we should somewhere find a fish with feathers, a bird with fins, a horse with horns, or a man with unpaired claws and a prehensile tail.

These high-prairie logicians who thus attempt to salve their wounded vanity are possibly honest, but their horizon is narrow. They illustrate the errors that arise from imperfect generalization, based upon insufficient data. Reflection should convince them that they had seen hogs on the bench, asses in the pulpit, and bores in every relation in life; and if they would descend from their altitudes to the dwellers along the creeks and upon the bottoms, we should hear no more of this sophistical argument. In Shang they would find that long-lost brother, "the connecting link between man and the gorilla."

They would also discover additional proof of another significant fact, interesting not less in physics than in morals, but indisputable in both, that vice, degradation, infamy, ignorance—all the conditions that tend to corrupt and debase mankind—by some inexorable law of their being, do most luxuriantly thrive and flourish on low and level lands, the shores of rivers, and the margins of gulfs and lakes and bays. Sin gravitates downward, not spiritually alone, but materially also. Nature abhors it. She throws the harlot and the drunkard in the gutter. She moves her human trash, like her other garbage, constantly lower and lower, till it is consumed in central fires or purged in purifying seas.

Whatever is virtuous and lofty in thought, sentiment, and purpose, we irresistibly associate with elevated regions: mountain summits cleaving the zenith, high table-lands, with clear streams and glittering atmosphere.

"What pleasure dwells in height, the shepherd sang,  
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills!"

The patriotism of mountaineers, their love of home, integrity, religion, fortitude, are proverbial. The history of Switz-

erland and the national characteristics of its inhabitants, the hardy virtues of the farmers of New England and the peasantry of Northern Europe, are in vivid contrast with the nameless degradation of the emasculated myriads that swarm upon the alluvions of the Ganges, the Missouri, and the Nile.

The same distinction is perceptible within the narrow range of isolated communities. Business, traffic, manufactures, whatever enslaves man and drags him down to the level of his most clamorous necessities, seek low grades; while the church, the school, the home, crown the eminences that rise above the dust and smoke of this dim spot which men call earth.

The hell of theology is in a bottomless pit, a profound abyss; while the evangelical heaven is depicted to the popular fancy as a walled and castellated city, leaning over whose comfortable battlements the celestial burghers contemplate, with complacent security, the elaborate contortions of their less-favored brethren in fuliginous realms below.

The Esquimaux could not exist at the equator, nor the Hindoo at the pole. No man of genius or power in letters, arts, or arms has ever been born outside of a narrow zone of mean annual temperature. Whether soil, climate, and diet produce their own peculiar species of the human animal, or whether, being created, he seeks the conditions to which he is specially adapted, is a matter of doubt, but the fact admits of no question. The most cursory observer cannot fail to notice the difference, even in the same township, county, or State, between the farmers who live in bottoms and those who cultivate the prairie; between communities that congregate under the bluffs and those that dwell upon high and airy sites; between the catfish aristocrat and the Yankee. Perhaps the most marked and ineradicable outward distinction is the man-



ner in which they respond to a question imperfectly understood. The one, squirting a gourdful of tobacco juice into the jimson-weeds, with a prolonged, rising inflection, drawls out, "Whi-i-i-ich?" The other stops whittling, or lays down *The Kansas Magazine*, and jerks out, "*Haoww?*"

Beware of the creature that says "Which?" and shun the vicinage wherein he dwells! He builds no school-house. He erects no church. To his morals the Sabbath is unknown. To his intellect the alphabet is superfluous. His premises have neither barn, nor cellar, nor well. His crop of corn stands ungathered in the field. He "packs" water half a mile from the nearest branch or spring. His perennial diet is hog, smoked and salted in the summer, and fresh at "killin' time." He delights in cracklins and spare-ribs. Gnashing his tusks upon the impenetrable mail of his corn-dodger, he sighs for the time of "roas'n-eers." He has a weakness for "cowcumbers" and "watermel'ns"; but when he soars above the gross needs of his common nature and strives to prepare a feast that shall rival the banquets of Lucullus, he spreads his festive cottonwood with catfish and pawpaws.

From such a protoplasm, or physical basis of life, proceeds an animal, bifid, long-haired, unaccustomed to the use of soap, without conscience or right reason, gregarious upon bottom lands, where they swarm with unimaginable fecundity. In time of peace they unanimously vote the Democratic ticket. During the war they became guerrillas and bushwhackers under Price, Anderson, and Quantrell; assassins; thugs; poisoners of wells; murderers of captive women and children; sackers of defenseless towns; house-burners; horse-thieves; perpetrators of atrocities that would make the blood of Sepoys run cold.

The catfish aristocrat is pre-eminently the saloon-builder. Past generations and perished races of men have defied oblivion by the enduring structures which pride, sorrow, or religion have reared to perpetuate the virtues of the living or the memory of the dead. Ghizeh has its pyramids; Petra its temples; the Middle Ages their cathedrals; Central America its ruins; but Pike and Posey have their saloons, where the patrician of the bottom assembles with his peers. Gathered around a rusty stove choked with soggy driftwood, he drinks sod-corn from a tin cup, plays "old sledge" upon the head of an empty keg, and reels home at nightfall, yelling through the timber, to his squalid cabin.

A score of lean, hungry curs pour in a canine cataract over the worm-fence by the horse-block as their master approaches, baying deep-mouthed welcome, filling the chambers of the forests with hoarse reverberations, mingled with an explosion of oaths and frantic imprecations. Snoring the night away in drunken slumber under a heap of gray blankets, he crawls into his muddy jeans at sun-up, takes a gurgling drink from a flat black bottle stoppered with a cob, goes to the log-pile by the front door, and with a dull ax slabs off an armful of green cottonwood to make a fire for breakfast, which consists of the inevitable "meat and bread" and a decoction of coffee burned to charcoal and drank without milk or sugar. Another pull at the bottle, a few grains of quinine if it is "ager" day, a "chaw" of navy, and the repast is finished. The sweet delights of home have been enjoyed, and the spiritual creature goes forth, invigorated for the struggle of life, to repeat the exploits of every yesterday of his existence.

I have heretofore alluded to Shang as the typical grandee of this ichthyological peerage. Whence he derived the appel-

lation by which he was uniformly known, I could never satisfactorily ascertain. Whether it was his ancestral title, or merely a playful pseudonym bestowed upon him by some familiar friend in affection's most endearing hour, was never disclosed. Of his birth, his parentage, his antecedents, it were equally vain to inquire. He was unintentionally begotten in a concupiscence as idle and thoughtless as that of dogs or flies or swine. It has been surmised that he was evolved from the minor consciousness of his own squalor, but this must always remain a matter of conjecture.

To the most minute observer, his age was a question of the gravest doubt. He might have been thirty, he might have been a century, with no violation of the probabilities. His hair was a sandy sorrel, something like a Rembrandt interior, and strayed around his freckled scalp like the top-layer of a hayrick in a tornado. His eyes were two ulcers half filled with pale-blue starch. A thin, sharp nose projected above a lipless mouth that seemed always upon the point of breaking into the most grievous lamentations, and never opened save to take whisky and tobacco in and let oaths and saliva out. A long, slender neck, yellow and wrinkled after the manner of a lizard's belly, bore this dome of thought upon its summit, itself projecting from a miscellaneous assortment of gents' furnishing goods, which covered a frame of unearthly longitude and unspeakable emaciation. Thorns and thongs supplied the place of buttons upon the costume of this Brummel of the bottom, coarsely patched beyond recognition of the original fabric. The coat had been constructed for a giant, the pants for a pigmy. They were too long in the waist and too short in the leg, and flapped loosely around his shrunk shanks high above the point where his fearful feet were par-

tially concealed by mismated shoes that permitted his great toes to peer from their gaping integuments, like the heads of two snakes of a novel species and uncommon feter. This princely phenomenon was topped with a hat that had neither band nor brim nor crown;

"If that could shape be called which shape had none."

His voice was high, shrill, and querulous, and his manner an odd mixture of fawning servility and apprehensive effrontery at the sight of a "damned Yankee Abolitionist," whom he hated and feared next to a negro who was not a slave.

He was a private in that noble army of chivalry which marched to Kansas to fight the Puritan idea, and the ebbing tide left him stranded upon the Missouri bottom. He found a community with no inheritance of transmitted force from which to rear the institutions of her new society. The liberal climate and generous soil had nurtured a luxuriant vegetation, pastured by untamed herds, that were pursued by men more savage than the beasts they slew. These were her only heritage, except the traditions of religion, education, and freedom that animated the hearts of her pioneers. The useless magnificence of the prairie was unvexed by a furrow. Spring knew no seedtime, autumn no harvest, save of the wild store that Nature garners for beast and bird.

It is appalling to reflect what the condition of Kansas would have been to-day had its destiny been left in the hands of Shang and those of his associates who first did its voting and attempted to frame its institutions. A few hundred mush-eating chawbacons, her only population, would still have been chasing their razor-backed hogs through the thickets of black-jack, and jugging for catfish in the chutes of the Missouri and the Kaw. How great the change has been is attested by her

five hundred thousand people living in Christian homes and pursuing the arts of peace; by her two thousand miles of railroad in successful operation; by her granaries that would feed the world; by the general prevalence of law and order amid great temptations to violence and crime.

Much of this prosperity is due to the favorable conditions in which we are placed, but vastly more to the moral causes which underlie our social and moral structure. Kansas is the child of Plymouth Rock. It was once fashionable to sneer at this historic boulder, but it is the most impressive spot on the face of the earth, save the summit of Calvary. The Puritan idea rules the world. Like Aaron's rod, when it appears it swallows up all others. Shang and his friends would have starved to death the first season on the sterile hills of New England; but the Puritan manured the stingy soil with ideas, and it has produced a crop that is better than corn, or oil, or wine. Ideas are more profitable than hogs or bees. Rich Virginia grows poor, and poor Massachusetts rich, because the Cavalier thought for the one, and the Roundhead for the other. The Puritan idea is aggressive. It has an unconquerable vitality. Wheresoever it is planted it becomes a majority. A little of its leaven leavens the whole lump. Assailed, it grows strong; wounded, it revives; buried, it becomes the angel of its own resurrection.

To the invincible potency of this idea much of the marvelous growth of Kansas is attributable. It is, on the whole, doubtful whether there is or has ever been, in this country, any idea but the Puritan. Shang never thinks. He vegetates; he exists. He toils on horseback through the mud with his sack of meal from grist-mill to grocery. The Puritan builds a railroad, and meditates new projects as he trav-

els in his palace car from ocean to ocean. Wheresoever he pauses in his triumphal career, the telegraph, the printing-press, the sewing-machine, and the innumerable achievements of his genius signalize his beneficent presence, render the burdens of life less degrading, and ennoble the soul by the consciousness of its powers to bless the race.



## REGIS LOISEL.

1799—1804.

Block Seventeen, South Atchison, had merely a potential existence in those ancient days. That oblong rectangle, fronting upon a postliminous Third Street, was unapparent among the hazels and chincapin oaks which feathered the rounded summit of the bold projecting headland, visible to the keen eyes of Regis Loisel for leagues along the broad, deep, solitary valley; dimly descried through autumn's melancholy haze and the azure mist of April, southward from the porphyry bluffs, whose receding vistas converge to the horizon above the columnar cottonwoods of Cow Island Bottom, and northward from Blacksnake's barren tumuli of tawny sand.

S Street was not. White Clay crawled sluggishly on its useless errand through muddy ooze, and idly emptied its turbid urn. Sumner, Port William, and Leavenworth had not disturbed the wilderness with the decline and fall of their ineffectual dreams of fortune and empire. The great railroad center was an ovum in the unimpregnated womb of the future when Regis Loisel first moored his bateaux and lighted his camp-fire beneath a rugged elm at the foot of Block Seventeen, in 1799; the central point in the arc of the "Grand Détour," or "Great Western Bend of the Missouri."

George the Third was King of England, France was a republic. Paul the First was Emperor of Russia. Selim the

Third was Sultan of the Eastern Empire. John Adams was the imperious President of a Federal Union, comprising sixteen States, Kentucky and Tennessee being the outposts and extreme western frontier. The first Territorial Legislature of Ohio had just met at the huddle of log huts called Cincinnati. Kansas was a Spanish province under the dominion of Charles the Fourth and Manuel Godoy, Duke of Alcudia and Prince of the Peace.

The haughty hidalgo with sable drooping plume and subtle rapier was the predecessor of the border ruffian, the Jayhawker, and the bullwhacker, upon the banks of the Missouri. To his successors he bequeathed an unsubstantial heritage, and laid deep in the soil the substructure and underpinning of that fragile architecture which has given to every creek, cross-roads, and slabtown its airy *chateaux en Espagne*. The Spanish sway in Kansas was brief and barren of results. The Castilian emigrants lingered by the shores of the Gulf and seldom penetrated far inland. They were a race of buccaneers and pirates, sensual, selfish, avaricious, haunting the coral groups and tranquil lagoons of the tropics, alternating between frenzied raids for silver in the mines of Zacatecas, and aimless wanderings in search of the Fountain of Youth in the land of perpetual flowers.

France was the owner in fee-simple of Block Seventeen till 1762, though the muniments of title will be sought in vain among the records of the Atchison County registry of deeds. The real-estate abstracts of Rust & Co. contain no reference to this proprietorship, nor the conveyance in 1762 to Spain, by which nation it was held till 1800, when Napoleon Bonaparte acquired the fee in trust for France, and sold it in 1803 to the United States.

Napoleon was not a fortunate speculator in real estate. He had no use for Western lands and town lots. He did not participate in that sublime and universal faith which believes that property will be higher in the spring. He closed out his entire interest in the Atchison town-site, together with all the adjacent land lying west of the Mississippi and south of the British Possessions, for three million dollars, which is at the rate of more than a hundred acres for a cent. Real estate in Atchison was cheap at the close of the eighteenth century. The Hannibal and St. Joseph extension had not been completed. The bridge had not been definitely located. Forty-eight trains were not arriving and departing daily. The new hotel slept in the clay-pits at the foot of the bluffs. And yet it may be that Bonaparte was right. He had, perchance, a premonition of the twenty-one different kinds of taxes and assessments that would be annually levied on Block Seventeen, and concluded that he had better sell out before Baker was elected treasurer—in 1872.

For there were no taxes in that halcyon time. Larceny had not been legalized. Confiscation by statute, in time of peace, had not been invented. Ten per cent penalty and fifty per cent interest was the hope of the thieves in their most daring dreams of speculation. The avarice and cupidity of that primitive epoch did not demand the sanction of law, but were content to evade its penalties. Strange as it may appear, no pompous official emerged from the thickets of elders and pawpaws to collect wharfage of Regis Loisel as he tied up his fleet at the steep levee, and his motley crew of *voyageurs* and *coureurs de bois* scrambled up the crumbling bank, weary with rowing, cordelling, and poling against the yellow current of the capricious and turbid stream.

Contrasted with Jamestown and Plymouth, this was not many years ago; but all antiquity is comparative. The day before we were born is older than Adam. To manhood the recollections of infancy recede into a past as remote as Noah. To those whose memories reflect the ruined images of Quindaro and Lecompton, earth has no profounder solitudes, time no more ancient epoch, than the Kansas of Regis Loisel in seventeen hundred and ninety-nine. And yet successive emigrations had even then overflowed and subsided from these tranquil plains, leaving no memorials that time has not obliterated. The Aztec, the Mound-Buildèr, the savage, with their mysterious industries, their unknown avocations, their rude commerce, the trepidations of their wars, the awful sacrifices of their religions, the inexorable sanctions of their laws, have vanished like the smoke of their altars and the blood of their victims. The temple, the devotee, and the god have sunk into common oblivion. Day was as night save for the alternations of sun and clouds. The earth grew green and turned white again, with nothing to mark the succession of the unchanging years.

History does not record whether such meditations occurred to Regis Loisel. Thoughts of Hélène Chauvin may have floated in his ambitious and scheming brain as he recalled the desolate wastes of cottonwood and sand that intervened between the "Grand Détour" and the little French hamlet where she dwelt, or the weary voyage of months to the northward before he could return. But he was no idle dreamer on a sentimental journey, in search of objects over which his sensibilities could expand. The past had no charm for him. He felt the sublime agitations of youth. Its prophecies of the future stirred him like a passion.

The sullen gray bars of the river were vocal with sonorous flocks of brant, halting for a night on their prodigious emigrations from the icebergs to the palms. Triangles of wild geese harrowed the blue fields of the sky. Regiments of pelicans performed their mysterious evolutions high in air—now white, now black, as their wings or their breasts were turned to the setting sun. The sandhill crane, trailing the ridiculous longitude of his thin stilts behind him, dropped his gurgling croak from aerial elevations, at which his outspread pinions seemed but a black mote in the ocean of the atmosphere. In all the circumference of the waste wilderness beneath him, he saw no tower or roof or spire upon the hills of Atchison, no cabin on the prairie, no hollow square cleared in the forests of Buchanan and Platte; heard no vibration of bells, no scream of glittering engine, no thunder of rolling trains, no roar of wheels, no noise of masses of men like distant surf tumbling on a rocky shore; no human trace along the curves of the winding river, save the thin blue fume that curled upward through the trees at the base of the bluff from the camp-fire of Regis Loisel.

The geographies and atlases of twenty years ago presented this favored region to the wondering eyes of the ingenious youth of that period as a dotted area of irregular outline, labeled, "*Great American Desert*," in which groups of Holes-in-the-Day, conical lodges of pelts, epizoötic buffalo, and wild gazelles with silvery feet were scattered in reckless and illogical profusion. So profound has been the ignorance upon this topic that it is even now the general belief that the pioneers of '54 and '55 entered upon an untried and trackless solitude. To such it may be necessary to explain the presence of this intruding explorer with his flotilla at the

Atchison levee in 1799, in company with Antoine Tibeau and his brother Pierre.

The connection appears remote, but it is historically accurate to say that he was here because that eminent navigator, Jacques Cartier, sailed from St. Malo in 1534, and entered the river St. Lawrence, taking possession of the country in the name of Francis I., King of France. The early settlers of Canada, in 1535, immediately learned the immense value of the furs of the animals that swarmed in the pure, cold lakes and streams and the lonely forests of those vast territories. Collecting them in great quantities, they found an increasing demand with every new arrival from the mother country, and the fabulous profits of the traffic, combined with the wild romance of the chase, stimulated enterprise and capital to the inauguration of gigantic schemes. Beads, liquors, and gaudy apparel were shipped from French seaports to Quebec, and thence distributed among the Indian tribes to induce them to pursue their congenial occupation. The Frenchmen, naturally adventurous and flexible, readily assimilated to the Indian habits, and became hunters and explorers. Hardy and courageous, yet mild and peaceable, they penetrated remote regions with safety, and conciliated savage tribes by their superior address. Accompanied by the priests of their religion, they planted the standard of the cross by the flag of their country upon the forts which they established in the trackless solitudes of the St. Lawrence and the Lakes. Gradually extending the area of their explorations, they crossed the continent southwesterly during the century following their first settlement, penetrating the region since known as Wisconsin, Michigan, and Illinois, descending the Mississippi to the Gulf of Mexico in 1682, and



founding, in 1718, the city of New Orleans, which became thenceforward the southern seaport of their commerce, outranking in importance both Mackinaw and Montreal in the north.

The vast region bordering the Missouri and its great tributaries was a boundless and unexplored field for the fur-traders. It is now occupied by the States of Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, western Minnesota, Nebraska, Kansas, and the Indian Territory. The fur-bearing animals had gradually receded westward before that daring and mysterious emigration which subsequently vanished, leaving its history written in the nomenclature of the streams, peaks, passes, and plains, from the Yellowstone to the Gulf, from the Missouri to the Pacific.

In 1762 the Director-General of Louisiana, Monsieur D'Abadie, granted to a company of New Orleans merchants the exclusive right to trade for furs with the Indians upon the Missouri River, under the title of "Pierre Ligueste Laclede, Antoine Maxan & Company."

Laclede, the projector of the enterprise, was a mercantile adventurer of noble descent from Bordeaux, long domiciled in New Orleans, where he had fallen a victim to the voluptuous charms of Madame Chouteau, the wife of a baker of bread and pies for the hungry, and a vendor of ale and wine for the thirsty villagers. Monsieur Chouteau, the baker, was presumably a crusty fellow, neither well bread nor in the flour of his youth; a dough-faced loaf-er and a pie-biter of the deepest dye. Be this as it may, Madame preferred the plume and sword of her dashing lover to the paper cap and rolling-pin of her liege lord, and "lit out" in the summer of 1763 with the expedition for Ste. Genevieve, arriving on November 3d, where they went into winter quarters. After

a careful examination of the topography of the surrounding country, Laclède selected the present site of St. Louis, and established a trading-post February 15, 1764, erecting a large house and four stores on the levee. In due time he died, bequeathing his name to a street and a hotel in the city he founded. Madame Chouteau long survived him, residing in St. Louis till her death, leaving a numerous progeny of Chouteaus, and a name that smells sweet and blossoms in the dust. She was a woman of great strength of character and marvelous personal beauty, and ruled St. Louis with despotic sovereignty.

In 1770 the village comprised forty families, protected from savage incursions by a small garrison. On August 11, 1768, Captain Rion, with a detachment of troops, took possession of the town in the name of the King of Spain, under whose dominion it nominally remained till transferred to the United States in 1803; at which time it continued to be merely a trading-post with a few hundred inhabitants, its annual traffic in furs amounting to about \$200,000. The first brick house was erected in 1813. The first boat left its wharf in 1819, and as late as in 1822 it contained only about 5,000 inhabitants.

Here, in 1798, landed Regis Loisel, a youth of twenty, born near Montreal, a soldier of fortune, who conceived the idea of extending the fur trade to the head-waters of the Missouri and its tributaries in the extreme northern fastnesses of the Rocky Mountains. It was a bold and audacious scheme, and implied the possession of extraordinary powers of body and mind. The distance alone was appalling. Months were consumed in the transportation of stores and supplies by rude boats, driven against the turbulent current

by favoring gales, or drawn by men walking along the shore, toiling at a rope attached to the mast-head. The navigation was inconceivably slow and dangerous. Tribes of implacable savages resented the invasion of their domains, adding to the labors of the voyage the terrors of ambush from the impenetrable forests that darkened the shores.

Associated with him in the daring enterprise was Pierre Chouteau and Jacques Clamorgan, under the mercantile name of "Clamorgan, Loisel & Company." Chouteau was a descendant of the beautiful bakeress of New Orleans. Clamorgan was a French creole from Guadaloupe, educated at Paris, whose dusky amours have given to St. Louis a race of laundresses and barbers like Shakespeare's "cuckoo-buds of yellow hue."

In the promotion of the purposes of their commercial venture, Loisel ascended the river in 1799, and established a trading-post on an island in the Upper Missouri, where he subsequently made a field and garden, and built a four-bastioned fort of cedar logs. This locality is in the present territory of Dakota, and directly in the route of the Northern Pacific Railroad.

Returning to St. Louis in the development of his plans, the partnership being dissolved, he anticipated the policy of the Government by promptly applying for a land-grant in the following terms:

*"To Mr. Charles Dehault Delassus, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Stationary Regiment of Louisiana, and Lieutenant-Governor of Upper Louisiana, &c.:*

"SIR: Regis Loisel has the honor to submit that having made considerable sacrifices in the Upper Missouri Company in aiding to the discoveries of Indian nations in that quarter in order to increase commerce hereafter, as also to inculcate to these different nations favorable sentiments towards the Government and have them devoted to the service of his Majesty, so as to be able to put a stop to the contraband trade of foreigners who, scattering themselves among those Indians, employ all imaginable means to make

them adopt principles contrary to the attachment they owe to the Government. The petitioner has also furnished with zeal, presents, in order to gain the friendship of those different nations for the purpose to disabuse them of the errors insinuated to them, and to obtain a free passage through their lands and a durable peace. The petitioner, intending to continue on his own account the commerce which his partners have abandoned in that quarter, hopes that you will be pleased to grant to him, for the convenience of his trade, permission to form an establishment in Upper Missouri, distant about four hundred leagues from this town, and which shall be situated on the said Missouri between the river known under the name of Rivière du vieux Anglais, which empties itself in the said Missouri on the right side of it, descending the stream, and lower down than Cedar Island, and the river known under the name of Rivière de la Côte de Médecine, which is on the left side, descending the stream, and higher up than Cedar Island, which island is at equal distance from the two rivers above named. That place being the most convenient for his operations, as well in the Upper as in the Lower Missouri, and it being indispensable to secure to himself the timber in an indisputable manner, he is obliged to have recourse to your goodness, praying that you will be pleased to grant to him a concession in full property for him, his heirs or assigns, for the extent of land situated along the banks of the said Missouri, and comprised between the river called the Old Englishman's and the one called the Medicine Bluff, here above mentioned, by the depth of one league in the interior on each side the Missouri, and including the island known by the name of Cedar Island, as also other small timbered islands. In granting his demand, he shall never cease to render thanks to your goodness.

“REGIS LOISEL.

“St. Louis of Illinois, March 20, 1800.”

To which ingenious petition the Governor was pleased to respond by his concession, in manner following, that is say:

“ST. LOUIS OF ILLINOIS, March 25, 1800.

“Whereas, It is notorious that the petitioner has made great losses when in the company he mentions, and as he continues his voyages of discoveries conformably to the desires of the Government, which are the cause of great expense to him, and it being for the commerce of peltries with the Indians necessary that forts should be constructed among these remote nations, as much to impress them with respect as to have places of deposit for the goods and other articles which merchants carry to them, and particularly for those of the petitioner, for these reasons I do grant to him and to his successors the land which he solicits in the same place where he asks, provided it is not to the prejudice of anybody; and the said land being

very far from this post, he is not obliged to have it surveyed at present; but however, he must apply to the Intendant-General in order to obtain the title in form from said Intendant, because to him belongs, by order of his Majesty, the granting of all classes of lands belonging to the royal domain.

"CARLOS DEHAULT DELASSUS."

The tract thus secured was about fifteen miles long by five miles in width, with special advantages for trade, and as a military post to which the trappers could resort for protection in winter, a depot where supplies were distributed and furs collected for shipment by canoes and mackinaws to St. Louis, on the "rise" from the melting of the mountain snows.

Loisel prosecuted his venture with varying fortunes till 1804, making several voyages, and opening a farm to furnish his garrison with vegetables and grain. In the autumn of this year he descended the Mississippi from St. Louis to New Orleans, for the purpose of engaging the assistance of capitalists in a scheme to penetrate the Rocky Mountains and establish the fur trade in the extreme northwest upon the Pacific Ocean. Falling ill upon his journey, he went immediately to the house of Monsieur Joseph Perillat, where he became rapidly worse, and on the first of October made his will before a notary, who gave the following copy, which was filed in the succeeding February in the probate court of St. Louis, before Judge Marie P. Leduc:

"This day, first October, eighteen hundred and four, and the twenty-ninth year of the Independence of America, we, Narcisse Brontin, Notary Public of the United States of America, resident of the town of New Orleans, transported ourselves at the demand of Monsieur Regis Loisel in his domicile, (house of Monsieur Perillat,) situated at about one-half league from the town of New Orleans, where being we have found the said Mr. Loisel sick abed, but in his full judgment, memory, and natural understanding, and in presence of the witnesses hereinafter named, he told us that fearing death, which is natural to all creatures, its hour uncertain, he

wished to put his affairs in order and makes his testament, which he dictated to us in the form following:

*"Firstly:* He has declared himself C. A. R., native of Assumption, in Lower Canada, legitimate son of Registre Loisel and Manette Massin, both defunct.

*"Item:* He has declared to us that he was married with Miss Hélène Chauvin, resident of St. Louis of Illinois, of which marriage he has two daughters, named Manette, aged three years, and Clementine, aged sixteen months, and that his spouse is at present pregnant.

*"Item:* He declared to us that he owed several persons, as will be established by his notes, obligations, and accounts, and that there were due him amounts according as they shall be established by bills, accounts, and obligations which shall be found in his possession. He orders his testamentary executors to pay his debts and to receive what is due to him.

*"Item:* He declared to us that his property consisted of a mulatto and a farm at St. Louis of Illinois, in a house and lot, the title papers of which are at Mr. Clarmorgan's; in horned cattle, &c.

*"Item:* He declared to us, naming for his sole and universal heirs his above named two daughters, Manette and Clementine, and also the child of which his spouse is pregnant, in case he live, shall inherit an equal portion with the children before named.

*"Item:* He has declared to us, naming for tutrix and curatrix of his children his said spouse, relieving her from all legal responsibility.

*"Item:* He declared to us, naming for testamentary executors of his estate the Sieurs Auguste Chouteau and Jacques Clarmorgan, merchants of St. Louis of Illinois, to whom he gives power to make inventory sale and subdivision of his estate between his heirs, without the intervention of law under any pretext. He supplicates them also to have the kindness to have three masses said for the repose of his soul.

*"Item:* He declared to us that he had here in town, in his trunk, a bundle of law-papers concerning Mr. Peignoux and Mr. Lafourcade, which said papers, in case any accident should happen him, he desires that Mr. Manuel Lisa should take charge of and remit them to Mr. Clarmorgan.

*"Item:* He declared to us having merchandise on the Upper Missouri, in the care of Mr. Pierre Tabeau. He prays his testamentary executors to cause the whole to be brought to St. Louis of Illinois. He declared to us also having here in town forty buffalo-robcs, which he prays Mr. Eugène Dorcier to have the kindness to sell them, and to pay with the proceeds the debts which might be occasioned by his sickness, and to remit the balance, if perchance any be left, to his executors testamentary.

*"Item:* He declared to us to have an account current with Mr. Clarmorgan, extending many years back; that he had signed an account of forty thousand and some hundred livres, but that since that time he had



paid the said Clamorgan, at divers times, a greater amount than the said sum.

*"Item:* He declared to us that the said House of Clamorgan, Loisel & Company owed him five thousand livres at least.

*"Item:* In case that the goods in possession of the testator in the Upper Missouri are not sufficient to pay that which he owes Mr. Chouteau, he prays him to have a kind regard for his family.

*"Item:* The testator declared to us that he annulled all other testaments, codicils, powers or dispositions which he has made before this one, declaring null and of no effect, or effect all such except this.

"Which having read to him, he signed in presence of Manuel Lisa, Antoine Fromentin, and Joseph Perillat, witnesses domiciled in this town.

"In testimony whereof, we said notary have affixed our hand and the seal of our office the day and year before written.

[L. S.]

(Signed) "REG. LOISEL.

"ANTOINE FROMENTIN.

"MANUEL LISA.

NARCISSE BRONTIN,

"JOSEPH PERILLAT.

*Notary Public.*

"I certify that the present copy conforms to the original which rests in my hands.

NARCISSE BRONTIN, *Notary Public.*

"New Orleans, this fourth of October, 1804."

Having executed this testament, Monsieur Brontin took his ink-horn and departed. The sick man became impatient at the restraints of his illness and anxious to join his family before approaching winter had closed the river above with ice. Borne to his boat upon a couch of buffalo-robcs, he started on the long journey to St. Louis. His strength was not equal to the fatigue and exposure of the voyage. Near the mouth of the Arkansas he died and was buried, and his grave no man knoweth. Death baffled his ambitious dreams at the early age of twenty-six, but the three masses for which he supplicated could not give repose to his soul. The child with which his wife was pregnant was born, became a priest, and died. Hélène, his widow, married again, bore other children, and died full of years. His two daughters became mothers, and died, and their children

followed them to the cathedral graveyard, and still he was not at rest.

In the Treaty of Cession the Government recognized the validity of the land-grants made by the Spanish and French governors, and appointed boards of commissioners to report those that were genuine to Congress for confirmation. After the death of Loisel, the concession of Delassus at Cedar Island was ostensibly sold to his executors for ten dollars, payable in shaved deer-skins at forty cents per pound. The different boards refused to recognize the claim, and it slept until 1858, when Congress passed an act confirming the title, and authorizing the issue of a patent for 38,111 10-00's acres of land to the legal representative of Regis Loisel, to be located upon any vacant lands of the United States. In 1859 the lands were entered in the counties of Nemaha, Marshall, Jackson, and Pottawatomie, Kansas, and remained vacant ten years longer under an accumulated burden of unliquidated taxes.

Meanwhile legislatures enacted laws, courts adjudged and decreed, and generations of lawyers wrangled in fruitless effort to determine who was entitled to this imperial inheritance—whether the title descended to the lineal posterity of the testator, or whether it passed in 1805 to the executor, Jacques Clamorgan, by the alleged sale for twenty-five pounds of shaved deer-skins, that did not appear to have been paid.

And thus at last, in the strange vicissitude and mutation that accompanies human affairs, it chanced that the protracted strife finally closed in the courts of Nemaha, and it was there determined who were the "heirs of Regis Loisel."

Had the bandage been removed from the eyes of the Goddess of Justice upon that wintry day, she would have dropped the idle scales and brandished the avenging sword.

They have built her a stately temple since, whose harmonious and symmetrical mass is the poem of a landscape that was enchanted before a cheap railway had spanned the Nemaha with its skeleton truss, and dumped its black grade diagonally across the great military road that trailed westward through the village and over the level prairie toward Salt Lake and the Pacific Ocean. But upon the day aforesaid, the goddess dwelt like the apostle in her own hired house, a chosen sanctuary of cottonwood that stood four-square to all the winds that blew. Here were the ægis, the palladium, the forum, the ermine, the immortal twelve, and all the paraphernalia inseparable from the administration of law even in its most primitive form—essential to its sanctions, the staple of its orators; without which, we are assured by its ministers, the proud edifice of our liberties would incontinently topple and fall headlong from turret to foundation-stone.

The two windows rattling in their rude casements were curtained with frost of the thickness and consistency of tripe. Between them, with his head dangerously near the rough mortar of the ceiling, sat his honor the judge, surveying the scene from an inverted packing-box, his boots interrupting his vision, and his chair inclined against the wall. The harangues of the advocates were enlivened by the musical clinking of glasses, the festal notes of the rustic Cremona, and boisterous bursts of inebriated laughter from the doggery beneath. Planks of splintered pine, sustained by a beggarly account of empty boxes, soap and cracker, spice and candle, from adjacent groceries, afforded repose to a group of dilapidated loafers who crouched and shivered around the smoking stove. As they masticated their "flat tobacker," they

meditatively expectorated in the three-ply saw-dust that carpeted the floor, and listened to the will of Regis Loisel.

The subtle potency of the soul of the bold adventurer spoke imperiously from the abyss of a forgotten past. His voice emanated from an unknown grave, across the interval of three-quarters of a century. His restless and uneasy ghost animated the mysterious syllables at whose utterance arose the phantom of Law, which irresistibly forbade intrusion upon sixty square miles of Kansas prairie, in the name and by the will of Regis Loisel.

And so the drama ended. Three generations had passed away. The squalid hamlet had expanded into an opulent metropolis, of which his descendants are eminent and honored citizens. States had sprung like an exhalation from the wilderness. An intense civilization pervaded the profoundest solitudes. Nothing remained unchanged in the wild world of his brief life save the impassive and desolate river which wears as then, and will forever wear, the impervious mask of its sullen mystery; which bears as then, and will forever bear, the burden of its secret unrevealed, yielding no response to the living who tempt its inconstant wave, nor the dead who sleep by its complaining shore.

May his soul rest in peace!

## THE LAST OF THE JAYHAWKERS.

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The Audubon of the twentieth century, as he compiles the history of the birds of Kansas, will vainly search the "Ornithological Biographies" of his illustrious predecessor for any allusion to the "jayhawk." Investigation will disclose the jay (*Cyanurus cristatus*), and the hawk (*Accipiter fuscus*): the former a mischievous, quarrelsome egg-sucker, a blue-coated cousin of the crow and an epicure of carrion; the latter a cloud-haunting pirate, the assassin of the atmosphere, whose flattened skull, rapacious beak, and insatiable appetite for blood impel it to an agency of destruction, and place it among the repulsive ranks of the living ministers of death. Were it not that Nature forbids the adulterous confusion of her types, he might surmise that the jayhawk was a mule among birds, the illicit offspring of some sudden *liason* or aerial intrigue, endowed with the most malign attributes of its progenitors. But as this conclusion would be unerringly rejected by the deductions of his science, he would be compelled to look elsewhere for the origin of this obscure tenant of the air, whose notable exploits caused it to be accepted as the symbol of the infant State, giving to a famous regiment its title, and to the inhabitants their novel appellation of "Jayhawkers," by that happy nomenclature which would induce the unsophisticated chronicler to suppose that the population of Illinois was composed entirely of infants at the breast, and that the chief vegetable productions of Missouri were ipecac and lobelia.

Convinced by his researches that the jayhawk no longer existed, he would naturally inquire whether it had once lived and became extinct, or whether it was merely a fabulous myth, the creation of vagrant fancy, flying only in a dreamer's brain.

Instances are not wanting of other celebrated birds whose origin is equally uncertain, and whose existence even has been denied. Prominent among them is the dodo, that enigma in feathers, the last of whose melancholy race was reported to have expired not earlier than two centuries ago, upon the island of Mauritius. This belief was accepted by the scientific world upon what appeared to be credible evidence; and yet its erroneousness was conclusively shown by Oliver Wendell Holmes, in a case involving the question, tried several years since before the Suffolk Common Pleas, in which the doctor introduced in testimony a bill of sale showing incontrovertibly that a dodo had been recently sold in Boston, and that consequently the species could not have been extinct. The document was as follows:

JOHN E. SMITH to ROBERT C. GREER, Dr.

1856.

Oct. 13.	To one canary-bird .....	\$2.50
Nov. 10.	To one do do .....	3.00

Rec'd pay't.

\$5.50

The lurid placards of modern insurance companies have familiarized the public mind with the phoenix, an Arabian fowl, reputed to live five hundred years, at the expiration of which patriarchal period, it erected a funeral pyre of sweet-scented woods and aromatic gums, perched upon its apex, fanned it into flame by the undulations of its tail and was suicidally consumed in the conflagration. It is related of a famous



wit who supposed he was dying that his physician felt of his extremities, found they were not cold, and told his patient that no man could die while his feet were warm; to which he responded that he had heard of one who did, and being asked to name him, replied, "John Rogers!" whereupon a heavenly smile lit up his wan features and he passed on to the higher life. The phoenix was another instance of the same fact, and its last hours were probably consoled by the thought that out of its ashes another phoenix would arise to repeat the experiment, be similarly calcined and reproduced, and subsequently alluded to by an American newspaper in connection with the great Chicago fire. As but one phoenix existed at one time, and he was his own successor, this bird has the honor of being the only known illustration in the animal kingdom of a sole corporation.

The reader of the "Arabian Nights Entertainments" will not fail to recall the roc—the roc upon which so many have split—the roc of ages gone by, one of whose eggs, suitably decomposed, would have made an omelette for the entire Liberal Republican party of Kansas.

Time would fail to tell of the auk, the emu, the harpy, the apteryx, and the ornithorhyncus, of whom the world was not worthy, that have wandered in deserts and mountains, and in dens and caves of the earth; vague, mysterious creatures, congeners of the jayhawk in its dubious origin and its wild career.

The jayhawk is a creation of mythology. Every nation has its myths, human and animal, some of which disappear as the State matures, while others continue to stand out upon its early horizon in conspicuous proportions, enlarged rather than diminished by the distance that intervenes. The infancy

and childhood of communities, as well as that of individuals, abound in legends and traditions which become crystallized by time into a mythology in which qualities become personified, and the forces and operations of Nature are symbolized as living beings, so that history, like the nursery, has its Mother Goose's Melodies whose idle rhymes were sung at the cradle of the race.

In the twilight of time the domain of fact insensibly yields to the shadowy realm of fable; the true and the false are confounded; the real is indistinguishable from the imaginary; and out of the confusion is born a brood of phantoms and chimeras, centaurs, demi-gods and goddesses, heroes and monsters, phoenixes and jayhawks, that under different names have peopled the early times of every nation since the world began. In this strange procreation, beauty becomes Venus; strength, Hercules; appetite, Bacchus; manhood, in its glory, Apollo; and the elements themselves are endowed with sentient life.

The process is not, as we are apt to imagine, peculiar to the races of antiquity, but is witnessed in the history of every community, great or small, which attempts the experiment of an independent existence. The realism of later days sometimes strips these phantasms of their insubstantial vestments and reveals their native deformity, as the traveler with his lens detects upon the distant summit which seems but a deeper stain upon the forehead of the morning sky, its ragged garb of forest and its gray scalp of rock; but generally they become more respectable with age. They are accepted as facts. Poetry decorates them with its varnish. Orators cover them with a rhetorical veneer, and they are incorporated into the general literature of the country.

Had an irreverent Athenian ventured to doubt Silenus or denounce Priapus, he would probably have been received with a stormy outcry like that which greeted Bancroft when he ventured to disclose the truth about some of the paragons of early American history. And yet it cannot be denied that the popular notion of the founders of the Government is as purely mythological as the Grecian dream of Jupiter and Minerva. With what awe in our boyhood do we contemplate the majestic name of Washington! That benign and tranquil although somewhat stolid visage looks down upon us from a serene atmosphere unstained with earthly passion. That venerable fame bears no taint of mortal frailty save in the juvenile episode of the hatchet, in which the venial error is expiated by the immortal candor of its confession. To our revering fancy, the massive form wrapped in military cloak stands forever at midnight upon the frozen banks of the Delaware, watching the patriot troops cross the icy current in the darkness before the grand morning of Trenton; or else, arrayed in black velvet small-clothes, resigning his commission to the Continental Congress at Annapolis. We learn in riper years, with grief not unmingled with incredulity, that this great man was subject to ungovernable outbreaks of rage, that he swore like a mule-driver, and that he was not only the Father of his Country, but also of Governor Posey of Indiana.

With such disheartening examples before us, it is not unreasonable to believe that the student of Kansas history a hundred years hence, as he reverts from the men and manners of that degenerate time to the first splendid lustra of his native State, will turn to Genesis vi. 4 for consolation, and say with a sigh: "There were giants in the earth

in those days." The colossal characters nurtured in the primeval convulsions of our politics will have passed into mythology. Tradition will have lent its pensive charm to the eloquence of Carney, the unquenchable fire of Crawford, Lane's impregnable virtue, Lowe's aggressive vigor, the sensitive honor of Clarke—that "tall young oak of the Kaw," whose acorns fattened the swine in Caldwell's sty—Caldwell, who proudly rose in his seat in the United States Senate in '72 and hurled back with indignation the charge that he bought his senatorial toga at a political slop-shop—ah! who could forbear to admit that there were indeed giants in the earth in those days?

This was the close of the epoch when the jayhawk flew in the troubled atmosphere. It was an early bird, and it caught many a Missouri worm. The worms did not object to the innocent amusement of the bird, but they insisted that public opinion must and should be respected.

But the bird had a mission. It could not be caught with chaff, nor would it allow salt to be put on its tail. It pursued its ministry of retribution, protection, and vengeance through many bloody years, till the worms were fain to concede the superiority of their feathered antagonist and adopt the sentiment of the popular melody, "Oh, birdie, I am tired now!"

The Border Ruffians in '56 constructed the eccaleobion in which the jayhawk was hatched, and it broke the shell upon the reedy shores of the Marais des Cygnes. Its habits were not migratory, and for many years its habitat was Southern Kansas; but eventually it extended its field of operations northward, and soon after the outbreak of the war was domiciled in the gloomy defiles and lonely forests of the bluffs whose rugged

bastions resist the assaults of the Missouri from the mouth of the Kaw to the Nebraska line.

The situation was favorable. The occasion was auspicious. The new State, itself intensely loyal, had but two lines of intercourse with its Eastern sisters—one by rail and one by river—both under the control of enemies who considered the engulfing of trains through broken bridges, and the murder of unsuspecting passengers upon steamers from ambush along the shores, as honorable warfare.

To the west and south extended unpeopled and desolate solitudes, open to sudden invasion. Hostile camp-fires burned around the fistulous lakes in the forests of Buchanan and Platte, and the insolent challenge of the sentinel was heard at nightfall upon the shores of the deserted river. The memories of brutal wrongs were fresh in the memories of implacable sufferers.

The farms and plantations of that irregular triangle known as the "Platte Purchase," whose hypotenuse is the Missouri River, abounded in horses and herds, hogs and cattle—the accumulation of years of unexampled prosperity. Its fat soil nurtured magnificent orchards. Its broad fields, cultivated by a race of negroes whose average intelligence was superior to that of their lazy lords, had returned incredible yields of wheat, hemp, and corn. Money was abundant. Granary, bin, and larder were overflowing. Spacious mansions, with airy verandas and porticos, comfortable appurtenances of barns, sheds, and out-buildings, reposed in the tranquil seclusion of pastured lawns, whose ancient trees cast a venerable shade upon the blue-grass sward below.

Indifferent roads and lack of public conveyances rendered the saddle the chief dependence for local communication, and

resulted in a breed of incomparable riding-horses, whose peculiar gait, known as "single-foot rack," is the poetry of locomotion. A generous diet, freedom from the worst cares of life, and much exercise on horseback during the greater portion of the year had gradually produced a race of ruddy and stalwart men, bold and turbulent by nature in youth, but rendered timid by wealth and toned down to inaction in riper years by too much fat bacon and "apple-jack and honey."

Slavery, as practiced among them, had few of its most repulsive features; but its existence fixed their political convictions. So they put their sons on their best horses and sent them South with plethoric saddle-bags to join the hordes of Price, while they themselves remained at home upon their plantations and avowed their unalterable devotion to the Constitution and the Union.

Amid the convulsions of the period, and with the stimulus of an unappeasable appetite for vengeance, such an inviting field could not long remain unvisited. The temptation was irresistible, and the jayhawk plumed itself for the quarry. The courts were closed. The regular armies were engaged in other directions. The authorities upon either side were too much engrossed to listen to complaints. The young men were in the brush or the camp. All the ordinary avocations of industry and the usual pursuits of life were at an end. The negroes laid down the shovel and the hoe, picked up as substitutes for the agricultural implements, mules, horses, wagons, furniture, beds, bedding, provisions, and simultaneously started for Kansas, waking the echoes as they thronged the ferries with the amazing chorus, "Oh, we're the Snolligosters, and we'll all jine de Union!" In some instances they were pursued by their former owners, assisted by their facile parti-



sans in the land of refuge, conveyed by night in skiffs across the river, and, after frightful preliminary torture, deliberately burned to death.

At this time patriotism and larceny had not entirely coalesced, and upon the debatable frontier between these contending passions appeared a race of thrifty warriors, whose souls were rent with conflicting emotions at the thought of their bleeding country's wrongs and the available assets of Missouri. Their avowed object was the protection of the border. Their real design was indiscriminate plunder. They adopted the name of "Jayhawkers."

Conspicuous among the irregular heroes who thus sprang to arms in 1861, and ostensibly their leader, was an Ohio stage-driver by the name of Charles Metz, who, having graduated with honor from the penitentiary of Missouri, assumed from prudential reasons the more euphonious and distinguished appellation of "Cleveland." He was a picturesque brigand. Had he worn a slashed doublet and trunk hose of black velvet, he would have been the ideal of an Italian bandit. Young, erect, and tall, he was sparely built, and arrayed himself like a gentleman in the costume of the day. His appearance was that of a student. His visage was thin, his complexion olive-tinted and colorless, as if "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought." Black piercing eyes, finely cut features, dark hair and beard correctly trimmed, completed a *tout ensemble* that was strangely at variance with the aspect of the score of dissolute and dirty desperadoes that formed his command. These were generally degraded ruffians of the worst type, whose highest idea of elegance, in personal appearance was to have their mustaches dyed a villainous metallic black, irrespective of the consideration whether its native hue was red or brown. It is

a noticeable fact that a dyed mustache stamps its wearer inevitably either as a pitiful snob or an irreclaimable scoundrel.

The vicinity of the fort, with its troops, rendered Leavenworth undesirable as a base of operations. St. Joseph was also heavily garrisoned, and they accordingly selected Atchison as the point from which to move on the enemy's works. Atchison at that time contained about twenty-five hundred inhabitants. Its business was transacted upon one street, and extended west about four blocks from the river. Its position upon the extreme curve of the "Grand Détour" of the Missouri affording unrivalled facilities for escape to the interior in the event of pursuit. Having been principally settled by Southerners, it still afforded much legitimate game for our bird of prey, and its loyal population having already largely enlisted, the city was incapable of organized resistance to the depredations of the marauders.

They established their headquarters at the saloon of a German named Ernest Renner, where they held their councils of war, and whence they started upon their forays. The winter was favorable to their designs, as the river closed early, enabling them to cross upon the ice. Cleveland proclaimed himself Marshal of Kansas, and announced his determination to run the country. He invited the cordial coöperation of all good citizens to assist him in sustaining the Government and punishing its foes. Ignorant of his resources and his purposes, the people at first were inclined to welcome their strange guests as a protection from the dangers to which they were exposed; but it soon became apparent that the doctors were worse than the disease. They took possession of the town, defied the municipal authorities, and committed such intolerable excesses that their expulsion was a matter of public safety. Their incursions

into Missouri were so frequent and audacious that a company of infantry was sent from Weston and stationed at Winthrop to effect their capture, but to no purpose. They soon ceased to inquire about the political views of their victims. If a man had an enemy in any part of the country whom he wished to injure, he reported him to Cleveland as a rebel, and the next night he was robbed of all he possessed and considered fortunate if he escaped without personal violence. In some cases, at the intercession of friends, the property was restored; but generally there was no redress. A small detachment of cavalry was sent from the fort to take them, but just as they had dismounted in front of the saloon and were hitching their horses, Cleveland appeared at the door with a cocked navy in each hand and told them he would shoot the first man that moved a finger. Calling two or three of his followers, he disarmed the dragoons, took their horses and equipments, and sent them back on foot to reflect upon the vicissitudes of military affairs.

Early in 1862 the condition became desperate, and the city authorities, in connection with the commander at Winthrop, concerted a scheme which brought matters to a crisis. Cleveland and about a dozen of his gang were absent in Missouri on a scout. The time of their return was known, and Marshal Holbert had his forces stationed in the shadow of an old warehouse near the bank of the river. It was a brilliant moonlight night in midwinter. The freebooters emerged from the forest and crossed upon the ice. They were freshly mounted, and each one had a spare horse. Accompanying them were two sleighs loaded with negroes, harness, and miscellaneous plunder. As they ascended the steep shore of the levee, unconscious of danger, they were all taken prisoners, except Cleve-

land, who turned suddenly, spurred his horse down the embankment, and escaped. The captives were taken to Weston, where they soon afterward enlisted in the Federal Army. The next day Cleveland rode into town, captured the City Marshal on the street, and declared his intention to hold him as a hostage for the safety of his men. He compelled the Marshal to walk by the side of his horse a short distance, when, finding a crowd gathering for his capture, he struck him a blow on the head with his pistol and fled. He continued his exploits for some months, but was finally driven to bay in one of the southern counties, and, attempting to let himself down the side of a precipitous ravine, was shot by a soldier from above, the ball entering under his arm and passing through his body. His temporary widow took his sacred clay to St. Joseph, where its place of interment is marked by a marble headstone bearing the usual memoranda, and concluding with the following:

"One hero less on earth,  
One angel more in heaven!"

The unreliable character of grave-stone literature has been the theme of frequent comment, but unless this ostensible eulogy was intended as a petrified piece of jocularly and gratuitously inscribed by the sculptor, it may, perhaps, be justly considered the most liberal application of the maxim, "*Nil de mortuis nisi bonum*," to be found in any American cemetery

## THE "GOOD-FELLOW GIRL."

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The doctrines of female suffrage and the equality of the sexes are undermining the foundations of our social structure. Their advocates call it reform. It seems more like revolution. They are substituting the hotel and the club for the home. comradeship for marriage, and Bohemianism for domestic life. With wealth, leisure, and luxury they are establishing a social code that demands fidelity only to those who are faithless and that forgives everything in a woman except old-fashioned goodness.

The recent records of the divorce courts in New York and all our great cities justify the apprehension that quite as many of the fair sex are unjustly suspected of innocence as are falsely accused of wrong-doing. It is commonly said that the world is growing better. Probably it is—in spots. There are many good people who pay tithes of anise atonement and contrition Sunday and forget the weightier matters of the law every other day in the week.

Universities, colleges, libraries, and museums are endowed by contributions to the conscience fund from the death-bed repentance of contrite pirates and extortioners who, having burned the candle to Mammon all their lives, blow the snuff in the face of the Lord. This is morally the most corrupt and greedy age since Nero played first violin at the burning of Rome.

Those who have seen the frescoes and sculptures of Pompeii can comprehend why that composite heap was buried under the cinders and ashes of Vesuvius; why the site of Sodom and Gomorrah is forgotten; why ancient Corinth was despoiled and its inhabitants extirpated. There was no other medicine for such depravity and degradation. Most travellers who know the gin-mills of London by sight and have walked the Strand after nightfall, or have visited the Moulin Rouge, or witnessed the viciousness of Berlin and Vienna and Venice, know that every capital in Europe can give odds to Pompeii and Corinth.

A fatal contagion infects our society and portends individual degeneration and national decay. No nation can long survive a loss of moral integrity or the sanctity of the home. No one can observe without alarm the invasion of our country by this foreign pestilence and the amazing changes that are going on in the social condition. A deluge of French and English sewage is polluting literature, art, and the stage. Plays glorifying infidelity, making marriage a jest, and sneering at virtue as rustic prudery are supplemented by numberless sex and problem novels that treat Nature's holiest mysteries with the brutal candor of the clinic and the dissecting-table. Eager, thronging multitudes listen to such plays as "The Degenerates," "Sapho," and "The Turtle."

It is unfortunate, from a moral standpoint, that the best of mankind are not invulnerable. There is no armor proof against temptation. It is still more discouraging that good people are generally uninteresting and that we remember with most pleasure the persons and events we ought to forget. It is a prodigious task to lift a man, a community from barbarism into enlightenment and civilization, and a still greater task to



keep him or it there. The tendency is to relapse. The gravitation is to the gutter. It requires the constant active coöperation of the conservative forces of religion, education, laws, habits, and customs to maintain even external order and decency.

Break down the barriers of modesty and shame in woman, teach the young that the distinction between right and wrong is an inversion of theology, that conscience is an impertinent interference with the natural enjoyment of life, that vice wears velvet and virtue goes in rags, and the evil is irreparable. This is the fatal process that is now going on through the decadence of art, literature, and the stage.

It is developing a type of womanhood of which Helen of Troy, and Cleopatra, and Messalina are historic representatives—the woman of the world, the up-to-date woman, the end-of-the-century woman, the jolly "good-fellow girl," who goes to the races with one man, and bets, drinks cocktails, smokes cigarettes, and goes to midnight suppers with another, and is introduced to pugilists by a third, and listens to innuendoes, *double entendres*, and unprintable stories.

Such is the extreme nineteenth-century protest against Puritanism. The home is the unit of the State, and the social law hitherto has been that woman's proper place is home—not as a slave or a drudge, but as a companion, colleague, and spiritual guardian; walking a path not of roses, but of love, faith, and duty, and supreme in that kingdom. The properly reared and educated young woman anticipates marriage and maternity as her natural destiny. The race-track, midnight revelries, high kicking, skirt-dancing, and "coon" songs are not favorable preliminaries.

Even the most sated and cynical of men in their better intervals turn reverently to the higher ideal of the

“Perfect woman, nobly planned,  
To warn, to comfort, and command;  
But yet a spirit still and bright,  
With something of an angel light.”

## THE ANNEXATION OF HAWAII.

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(Written immediately after President McKinley sent the Hawaiian Treaty to the Senate, June 16, 1897.)

Midway between the Golden Gate and Yokohama, but far outside a line drawn from the northwestern to the southwestern extremities of the Republic, lies the archipelago known on the map as the Sandwich Islands, set like a cluster of gems in the immeasurable azure of the Pacific, where one hundred years ago Captain Cook found half a million natives living in a state of feudal communism, without laws or morals or industry, their simple wants supplied by Nature beneath a sky that was cloudless, and in a year that had no winter.

Civilization bequeaths to weaker races only its vices. The Indian, the Negro, the Chinese, the Hindoo, the Polynesian, are illustrations of the blessings which Christian nations bestow upon their victims. Since 1778, the date of discovery, the native population, under the benign influences of alcohol and disease, has constantly declined till but a fraction remains. In the twenty-five years following the landing of Cook fully one-half of the original inhabitants perished from these causes, and the diminution has since steadily progressed. Their final extinction or absorption is the decree of destiny.

The fertile lands, the harbors, the political functions, meanwhile have been acquired by foreigners, who control the commerce, the agriculture, and the government of the islands, and desire to make them a colony, a territory, or a dependency

of the United States. Treaties to this end have repeatedly been considered, and the latest is now pending (June, 1897) for ratification by the Senate.

It must be conceded that our policy hitherto has been strictly continental from the beginning. We have rejected all efforts to extend our boundaries outside the North American continent. We have permitted the other great Powers to establish naval stations in the West Indies, which are a menace to every seaport upon our Atlantic coast. The hunger for the horizon seemed to have been satiated, but the instinct for conquest, which is such a powerful passion in our race, has been inactive, not because it was extinct, but because we had enough. The Louisiana and Florida Purchase, the annexation of Texas, the robbery of Mexico, satisfied from time to time the appetite of the pioneer. But at last we have abolished the frontier and subjugated the desert. The public domain is exhausted. The struggle for life is becoming more intense. Competition is more bitter and strenuous. Society is now in a hand-to-hand contest with the destructive forces which civilization itself has engendered, and it is evident that we are entering a new epoch in our history. If we do not prey upon others, we may prey upon ourselves.

The indications also are that England, France, Spain, Germany, and Russia are yielding to the time-spirit which manifests itself in the sullen discontent of the poor and the fatal satiety of the rich, and seeking new fields for adventure and new markets for trade.

We have come in the United States to the fork of the roads. Our industrial competitors and rivals have entered upon a career of stupendous rapacity. In Africa, Asia, China, the Philippines, in every abode of inferior races, they are engaged

in schemes of plunder and depredation as savage and brutal as the ravages of the Huns or the descent of the Goths and Vandals.

Directly in the pathway of our commerce with Australia, the Orientals, and the Northern Pacific, the inevitable route of the ocean cable, the *rendezvous* of fleets and navies, lies this little insular domain whose fate within the next thirty days is to be determined by the votes of ninety men behind the closed gates of the Senate of the United States. That the Sandwich Islands will belong to us or to some unfriendly power in the immediate future may be taken for granted. They can not stand alone. They have neither the population nor the wealth to hold their own in the family of nations.

The fundamental question before the American people, therefore, is not so much whether it will be to our advantage to annex them, as to whether it will be to our disadvantage to have England annex them; whether with thirty-five hundred miles of vulnerable frontier on the north, with the fortifications of Halifax and Vancouver at either end on the Atlantic and Pacific, we can afford to have this blustering ruffian of the world build another Gibraltar in mid-ocean, where her ships can assemble and menace our sea-front from the Columbia River to the Nicaragua Canal.

It needs no soothsayer to predict that the next theatre of industrial and commercial activity will be in the Eastern Hemisphere. The unprecedented energy of Japan, the extension of the Russian railroad system through the Asiatic Continent, and the subsequent development of its navy and commercial marine, the gold exodus of the valley of the Yukon, the enormous value of the forests and fisheries of the Northwest, and the new highways and centers of exchange that

will result from the completion of the Isthmus Canal, and the practical partition of China with its four hundred million inhabitants, unerringly point to a revolution that will make the twentieth century the most marvelous in the annals of mankind.

In this great theatre of action Hawaii is a focal point of transcendent importance. It is the key of the Pacific. That the treaty of annexation is opposed to the traditions of the Republic can be conceded. But we are opening a new volume in the world's history. The westward path of empire has made the circle of the globe, and it must retrace its footsteps or go on to the goal whence it started. New times demand new manners and new men. Tradition was opposed to the purchase of Louisiana by Jefferson from Napoleon; to the acquisition of Florida; to the Alaskan treaty with Russia. There was no warrant in the Constitution for either, but they were sanctioned by public opinion. Alaska is not contiguous to our territory, and the Klondike is practically more remote than Honolulu. With cable communication, which will soon be established, the question of distance will disappear, the ocean will be no barrier, and time will be annihilated.

The suggestion that the people of Hawaii are not in favor of annexation, and that the existing Government is a usurpation, is not borne out by any facts that have appeared since Mr. Cleveland's ludicrous effort to lower the American flag and restore the monarchy by diplomatic methods that would have disgraced a rural pettifogger in an attempt to secure fictitious co-respondents in a divorce case.

The constitutional difficulty of establishing some form of government not inconsistent with our institutions is more



fanciful than real. It could be made a county of the State of California, with the consent of that commonwealth. It could be attached for judicial and municipal purposes, under the same conditions, to Oregon or Washnigton. It is further out than the Isles of Shoals from New Hampshire, or Nantucket from Massachusetts, but the conditions are the same. It could be declared a military reservation, or it might be governed by commissioners under a code like the District of Columbia. It would not be indispensable for the preservation of liberty and self-government that Hawaii should be admitted into the Union as a separate and independent State.

Mr. James Bryce has written an article for *The Forum* upon "The Policy of Annexation for America," in which he expresses the opinion that we should not increase our territory nor enlarge our navy, nor incorporate populations not homogeneous and similar. He fears we might be compelled to maintain two powerful fleets, one in the Pacific and one in the Gulf of Mexico, to defend Cuba and Hawaii from foreign attack, if, as he is apprehensive we may, we should annex these islands. He deprecates the "earth hunger" which rages among European states, and hopes we will wait until the appetites are fully satiated. This eminent Englishman is the author of an exceedingly valuable and interesting work on "The American Commonwealth," and the people of the United States will greatly appreciate his solicitude for their welfare. The information he conveys as to our "mission" is also novel and instructive, and will have great weight in determining our conduct in the future. His advice concerning our duty and our policy in this crisis ought to be the subject of early consideration by the President and his Cabi-

net, lest we descend from our pedestal of "wise and pacific detachment," whatever that may be.

The Professor is wiser in his day and generation than the children of light. His attitude of lofty and patronizing superiority from any other source would seem like unwarranted and insufferable impertinence. Coming from a citizen of the nation which has habitually trampled on the rights of the feeble and helpless in the four quarters of the earth, the chartered bully of the seas, it has elements of the grotesque. He admits incautiously that the "fancy for coloring new territories British on the map" has had something to do with these recent extensions of British authority, but feels that it would be unfortunate should the United States be led into any similar courses. Quite so, Professor. But the analysis which detects in the annexation of Hawaii any any resemblance to the subjugation and plunder of India, or the Rhodes conspiracy in South Africa, is neither philosophical nor accurate. It lacks perspective. Should Professor Jones, of Harvard, or Professor Smith, of Chicago University, print in *The Nineteenth Century* such a lecture to the people of England on their mission, their duty, and their policy, it would be treated with contemptuous derision as an ill-mannered exhibition of Yankee impudence.

Of course, if we take Hawaii, we must keep it. That goes without saying. If it is attacked, we must defend it. By fleets and fortresses we must make it impregnable. All this is implied. If we get down from the pedestal on which the Professor has placed us, and enter into competition for markets for our surplus products and areas for our surplus population, we must go armed. Bibles and missionaries and missals and treaties of arbitration will not do.

We talk of Christian civilization, but when the Venezuela boundary question was up a few months ago, the passion of the people broke out into a hoarse roar for blood. General Schurz points out the danger in *Harper's Weekly*. His experience as a soldier gives his opinion great value. He never believed in taking any risks. He regards our position now as safe, and shrinks from exposure. He is courageous enough, however, to admit that Hawaii can be defended if the people are willing to pay the bills. This is the opinion also of the retail grocer and the proprietor of the ninety-nine-cent bargain-counter.

Speaker Reed says we can wait. So we can. The trouble is that the other nations will not wait. The Speaker has not in other emergencies been wanting in aggression. Patience is one of the cardinal virtues, but the Speaker has not been a companion of Job hitherto. His great fame has derived none of its lustre from patience. He says there is no need of hurry in aggrandizement, and that as we grow we will spread fast enough, which is perspicacious; as we grow older we shall increase in years. It has been said that everything comes to him who waits, but this is not true of nations. Of them it may be said, as of the Kingdom of Heaven, that the violent take it by force.

From the economic standpoint, the soil of Hawaii is fertile, the climate incomparable. To its spontaneous products have been added sugar, potatoes, indigo, coffee, and wool. It can readily support a population of a million and afford large customs and excise revenues to the Government far beyond any possible cost of maintenance. Mingling with the large patriotic and strategic considerations is the sugar tariff, which may at last be the decisive factor in

the vote on the treaty. The Dingley Bill, by increasing the duty on sugar, has stimulated the culture of the sugar beet, especially in the semi-arid and upland regions of the West, where agricultural depression has been most severe and disastrous, and political aberration most excessive. Never much enamored with high duties hitherto, these interests have now organized a formidable opposition to Hawaiian annexation on the ground that free cane sugar will interfere injuriously with the infant beet sugar industry. And it cannot be doubted that the same sentiment is supporting the Spaniards in the Cuban insurrection. That the senators from the West will be wholly insensible to these influences is not to be expected. It would not be creditable if they were. They represent their constituencies as well as the Nation. The future of parties is uncertain, and in the contests for succession they must reconcile conflicting interests and appeal to that public opinion which is the tribunal of last resort. It would be strange, but not unprecedented, if, after all, the fate of the Treaty of Annexation and the Reciprocity Treaty, under which for several years sugar has been admitted free of duty, should hinge upon matters relatively of little more consequence than the reckoning of a tapster's arithmetic.

They will do well to remember that for nations, as for men,

"Emulation has a thousand sons  
That one by one pursue. If you give way,  
Like to an entered tide, they all rush by  
And leave you hindmost."

## A NATION'S GENESIS.

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The genesis of other nations has been legendary and obscure. They have had an unrecorded infancy and childhood of fable and mythology. Their dawn has emerged from a dim twilight peopled with vague shadows and phantoms, gods and giants and heroes whose loves and wars are written in the Iliad and odes of race. But there is no Romulus and Remus business about the United States of America; none of its founders were suckled by wolves on the banks of the James or the inhospitable shores of Massachusetts Bay.

The forty thousand Englishmen who migrated to Virginia and New England in the first half of the seventeenth century are no strangers. We know their names, where they were born, why they came, the day and hour they landed, and what they did when they set foot on shore. We know, for they have told us, that Massachusetts was discovered by accident and settled by mistake.

The Pilgrims did not intend to land at Plymouth, and they would not have remained there could they have gotten away. They sailed for the Hudson, and after a tempestuous voyage of more than two months, the *Mayflower* anchored off Cape Cod.

From November 9 till December 22 they explored the sunless sea, and then, landing on Plymouth Rock, founded the famous colony without the knowledge of the corporation

that claimed the territory, and without the sanction of the Government by which it was chartered. They were neither much better nor much worse than the average American citizen to-day. No doubt they wanted the right to worship God according to the dictates of their own conscience; but six days in the week they had an incredibly keen eye for the main chance.

Those sombre exiles brought in their cargo many things that did not appear in the invoice. They unloaded from their shallop the elements of a civilization the most rapacious, the most arrogant, the most relentless ever known in the history of mankind. Those who signed their names to the compact of government in that dingy cabin released social and political ideas of inonceivable energy, self-government, liberty of conscience, universal education. The same spirit that penned that charter wrote the Declaration of Independence, the Constitution, the Proclamation of Emancipation, guided the pen of Lincoln, unsheathed the sword of Grant, trained the guns of Dewey at Manila, and created the splendor and opulence and power of the civilization of the nineteenth century.

The prescriptions of these pioneers were simple. They were neither dreamers nor doctrinaires nor philosophers. They were not perplexed with theories nor abstractions. They were tired of kings. They were fatigued with hereditary distinctions of rank and birth and station. They resolved to build a state in which all men should be politically equal. For the divine right of kings they substituted the sovereignty of the people. In the place of prerogatives and privilege for the few they put equal opportunities for all. They determined to secure the universal diffusion of



social and political rights among all citizens, accompanied by sufficient guarantees for the protection of life, the security of property, the preservation of liberty. They projected that the means of education should be co-extensive with the desire to know, and that the conditions of happiness should be commensurate with the capacity to enjoy.

Anniversaries are the exclamation points of history. The mind takes mysterious pleasure in their return. The birthday of a hero recalls him from the tomb and he lives again in the souls of millions who rehearse his triumphs and deplore his death.

Upon the dial-plate of nations centuries are the hours, and although the twentieth century does not begin until January 1, 1901, it is not inappropriate to recount the vast achievement of democratic principles in the hundred years now drawing to their close.

It is certain that in 1800 the most sanguine advocates of democracy had no premonition of the coming grandeur and glory of the Republic. Its area was then much less than one million square miles, which was more than doubled in 1803 by the sudden and unauthorized acquisition of the Louisiana Territory from Napoleon, and has since been increased by purchase and conquest to three and a half millions, exclusive of our possessions in the West Indies and the Pacific.

It is far within bounds to say that humanity has made greater progress in the last hundred years than in all the six thousand that preceded.

In everything that makes life rich and valuable and worth living for, health, comfort, beauty and happiness, the humblest artisan enjoys what kings could not purchase with their treasures a century ago.

When John I. Blair, who died a few weeks ago at ninety-seven, was born, it took longer to go from Boston to Washington than it does now to travel from New York to San Francisco, and cost half as much to make the journey. There were no railroads nor steamboats nor telegraphs nor telephones. The only means of public conveyance were stage-coaches, sailing vessels, and canal-boats. Communication by mail was equally costly and uncertain. Cincinnati and St. Louis were frontier outposts, and the name of Chicago was not written in the gazettes. There was not a friction match in the world. Fire, the indispensable minister of civilization, was preserved by being covered in the ashes at night or struck from the flint and steel into tinder. Illumination was by candles. Electricity for light, heat, and power was unknown. The awful horrors of surgery and the pangs of death had not been mitigated by chloroform. Intelligent sanitation and scientific nutrition had not been discovered. The typewriter, the sewing-machine, and agricultural machinery were phantoms of hope. Every acre of grain was sowed broadcast, reaped by the sickle, and threshed by the "dull thunder of the alternate flail."

It is difficult to conceive the conditions and incidents of existence when John I. Blair was born, and incredible that the span of a single life should include these miracles of discovery and invention by which earth has been robbed of its secrets and the skies of their mysteries.

The mind is bewildered by the contemplation of its marvelous achievements in the nineteenth century.

If time and space signified now what they did in 1800, the United States could not exist under one government. It would not be possible to maintain unity of purpose or

identity of interest between communities separated by such inseparable barriers as Oregon and Florida. But time and distance are arbitrary terms, one depending on the transmission of thought, the other on the transit of ourselves and our commodities, our manufactures and our harvests. The continent has shrunk to a span. The oceans are obliterated. London and Paris and Peking and New York are next-door neighbors.

These vast accomplishments of our race have rendered democracy possible. Steam, electricity, and machinery have emancipated millions and left them free to pursue higher ranges of effort. Labor has become more remunerative. The flood of wealth has raised myriads to comfort and many to affluence.

A. D. 2000 seems remote, but the interval will pass like a vision in the night when one awaketh. He who shall tell its story to the eager, listening multitudes that distant morning may possibly assure them that the encroachments of capital have been restrained and that labor has its just reward; that the rich are no longer afflicted with satiety nor the poor with discontent; that we have wealth without ostentation, liberty without license, taxation without oppression, the broadest education, and the least corruption of manners. Perhaps not. He can hardly record any great additional victories over Nature, unless it be aerial navigation. We have conquered the earth and the sea. Some twentieth century Edison may conquer the atmosphere.

## A DREAM OF EMPIRE.

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It is no brag nor vaunt nor empty boast to affirm that the human race since 1800 has advanced further into civilization—the sum of moral and material progress of mankind—than in the six thousand years which preceded. The American citizen of three score and ten has lived longer in everything that makes life worth living than Methuselah in all his tranquil, stagnant centuries.

When Senator Morrill, of Vermont, and Secretary Thompson, of Indiana, were born, early in the century, of all those appliances, devices, inventions, and discoveries that have annihilated space and time, made gravitation, heat, light, and electricity the slaves of man, abolished pain, revolutionized industry, and indefinitely enlarged the boundaries of human happiness, not one existed.

There was no railroad nor telegraph; no telephone, no typewriter nor sewing-machine; no chloroform nor photography. Every acre of grain was sowed broadcast; reaped with the sickle and the cradle, and threshed with the "dull thunder of the alternate flail." Friction matches were unknown. Fire, the indispensable agent of civilization, was started by striking sparks from flint and steel into tinder, and preserved by covering coals in the ashes at night. Kings, with their treasures, could not obtain the comforts and conveniences in their palaces which the most parsimonious landlord now furnishes

without question for the unpretentious cottage of the blacksmith and the carpenter. Life seems quite inconceivable under the conditions of 1800, and we reflect with incredulity that now no triumph over Nature remains to be won except the conquest of the sky.

One hundred years ago the Mississippi, from the mouth of Red River to the Lake of the Woods, was geographically the western frontier of the United States. Historically, the pioneers of Ohio and the Northwestern Territory and the unborn States of Indiana and Illinois were descending the declivity of the Appalachian Mountains and disappearing in the forests whose solitudes extended from Fort Dearborn to Natchez.

Beyond the Mississippi to the Pacific was an undiscovered country, under the dominion of France, England, Mexico, and Spain; a mysterious region of unexplored deserts, of illimitable prairies and plains; of nameless rivers and colossal mountain ranges; the land of dreams, of romance and adventure, as unknown as the interior of Africa to-day. St. Louis, New Orleans, and Pensacola were foreign towns, and the name of Chicago, now one of the chief cities of the world, was not written on the map.

The entire population of the Union was about the same as that of the State of New York in 1899. Its area was not much in excess of 800,000 square miles, and its organic law had no provisions for acquiring foreign territory, for holding colonial dependencies, nor for the incorporation of alien communities.

Then, as now, there were paleozoic statesmen, hair-splitting metaphysical politicians, costive legislators, brakemen on the express train of American destiny, phrase-mongers hurl-

ing the derisive epithet of imperialism at the irresistible column of migration, impelled by the earth-hunger which is the characteristic of our race, that was moving westward to the Rocky Mountains and the Pacific.

The foundation of the "Empire of the West" was laid by the purchase in 1803, for \$15,000,000, of the Province of Louisiana, which more than doubled the national domain, adding 1,171,931 square miles, comprising Alabama and Mississippi north of parallel 31 degrees, all of Louisiana, Arkansas, Missouri, Iowa, Minnesota west of the Mississippi, Nebraska, North and South Dakota, Kansas except the southwest corner south of the Arkansas River, Colorado, Montana, Wyoming east of the Rocky Mountains, Oklahoma and the Indian Territory. This stupendous acquisition, now the granary of the world, the inexhaustible storehouse of the base and precious metals, rich in every element of present prosperity and far richer in every element of future opulence, was denounced by Josiah Quincy, of Massachusetts, when Louisiana was admitted, as a virtual dissolution of the Union, justifying all the States in preparing for amicable or violent separation.

The annexation of Florida by treaty with Spain in 1819, of Texas by joint resolution of Congress in 1845, of Utah, Nevada, Arizona, western Colorado, and New Mexico by conquest from Mexico and by the Gadsden Purchase, which added more than a million square miles to our possessions, were due to the determination of the South to retain control of the Senate for the protection of slavery; but by the operation of economic laws, culminating in the War of the Rebellion, all except Florida have become integral parts of the Empire of the West.



Great Britain in 1846 surrendered a doubtful claim to Oregon, Idaho, and Washington, and Russia, by treaty, March 30, 1867, ceded Alaska, comprising 577,390 square miles, for \$7,200,000. So that the sun never sets on our boundaries, and when at eight his evening rays glow upon our western frontier at Behring Straits, his morning beams gild the headlands of Maine.

This enormous body politic, extending from the Ohio to the Pacific, and from Canada to the Gulf, known by the generic term of "the West," is among the most extraordinary of the phenomena of the nineteenth century.

In less than one hundred years the untrodden wilderness of 1800, ten times greater in extent than France, has become the abode of thirty million people residing in twenty-four States and three Territories, sending forty-eight senators to the National Congress, with agricultural productions that control the food markets of the whole civilized world.

Individual liberty, the practice of self government, equality of rights before equal laws, and equal opportunities in the struggle for existence have been the potential agencies that have abolished the frontier and subjugated the desert.

The race that has wrought this transformation, conscious of a destiny not yet accomplished, pauses for an instant upon the shores of the Pacific, before entering upon its final career for the moral and material conquest of the world.

## HALLUCINATIONS OF DESPAIR.

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The gentleman who said the love of money was the root of all evil either had the epigram habit, and was the unconscious dupe of his own exaggerations, or else he spoke without reflection and from insufficient data.

It was a hasty generalization which omitted from the catalogue of the generic causes of evil the love of power and glory, the hunger for fame, the passion for woman and the grape, the appetite for knowledge that is forbidden.

There was no money in Eden. Adam drew no checks. Eve ran no bills. Evil in plenty exists among those who are not disturbed by the volume or the ratio of their circulating medium. But even were the aphorism of the moralist true, which it is not, it would be no discredit to money. In a successful universe evil is quite as indispensable as good. It keeps the procession going. Without evil progress would cease.

It is the contest between the forces which would destroy, and those that would uphold which keeps the planets in their orbits and hangs the constellations in the firmament.

Without temptation virtue would expire from lack of exercise. Were evil extinct, there would no longer be any pretext for religion, nor any throne for the sovereign of the moral kingdom. Singing psalms, waving palm branches, and taking constitutionals along the golden streets of the

New Jerusalem would become monotonous if hell were abolished. To paraphrase Voltaire, were there no devil, it would be necessary for man to invent one. But this another story.

Perhaps by the love of money the polemic meant the sordid desire of wealth for its own sake, or for the purchase of guilty pleasures or the accomplishment of wicked designs.

But the utmost ingenuity of the glossarian cannot change the fact that among all sources of earthly power the most potent, palpable, and beneficent is that which accompanies the possession of money honestly acquired and honorably employed.

Some care nothing for ambition or renown, but every one must have money—manhood may forget the joys of youth and age sink into an apathy which is indifferent alike to the allurements of pleasure and the intoxication of success, but no one is so young or so old as not to want money. The necessity for cash begins with the germ and ends with the period at the end of the epitaph.

The praises of poverty have been pronounced by the rich. Seneca wrote the eulogy of poverty on a table of gold, but nobody wants to be poor. Some philosopher has said that the way to have what you want is to want what you have; and another, that it is better not to wish for a thing than to have it; but money still remains the universal object of chief desire. The reason is obvious. For the individual, money means education, travel, books, leisure, superiority to the accidents of life, comely apparel, in health the best cook, in sickness the most skillful physician, the happiness of those beloved, the luxury of doing good. For society it means libraries, museums, parks, galleries of art, hospitals, universities,

comfort for the unfortunate, splendor for the rich, everything that distinguishes civilization from barbarism.

The aggregated wealth of the United States is estimated to be about seventy-five hundred million dollars. Divided equally per capita, each person would have in the neighborhood of twelve hundred dollars, and the idea seems to be gaining ground that every man who has more than this is to that degree culpable in that he is feloniously in possession of what morally belongs to someone else.

All questions in our system, except those of theology, are political, and come at last to the ballot-box for decision. It is a government of numbers, and the majority have less than twelve hundred dollars apiece. As things are going on now, the time is not far off when the man with a hundred millions may be required to show his title, and if there is any flaw, to make restitution.

Some with much less apparently anticipate the crisis, and are already making contributions to the conscience fund of the nation, announcing that it is discreditable for any man to die rich. The millionaires are on the defensive. They are beginning to apologize. Some are expatriating, which is an involuntary tribute to public opinion. Indifferent to statutes, human or divine, they dread the daily newspaper and the verdict of the people. They belong to that class, engendered by superfluous wealth, among whom education has degenerated into flippant pedantry; religion into shallow mysticism; politics into a vague passion for aristocracy; society into a languid mob of sycophants, the parasites of English pederasts and French grisettes, with the spirit of Uriah Heep and the morals of Robert Macaire.

For whatever hatred and exasperation there are against

wealth in the United States its possessors are directly responsible. They have brought it upon themselves by their senseless greed and folly and rapacity. Great rewards for great services is the law of our race. No genuine American grudges the fortune acquired by industry, courage, enterprise, forethought, and genius in fair competition and honest rivalry, whether it be a million or a hundred million. He does not believe that any limit can be fixed for individual acquisition, nor that the wealth of the rich is the cause of the poverty of the poor, nor in taking from those who have and giving to those who have not. Least of all does he accept those vagaries of the impotent, which would deprive ambition of its incentive and labor of its reward, and instead of lifting all to the level of the highest, would drag all down to the standard of the lowest.

The Osage tribe of Indians, whose fertile reservation lies between Kansas and the Creek country, is the richest community in the world. Their per capita of wealth is more than ten times greater than that of the most opulent civilized nation.

They number about 1,500. They have in the United States Treasury nearly eight million dollars, derived mainly from the sale of superfluous lands, drawing interest at the rate of 7 per cent. They own in addition nearly one million five hundred thousand acres of woodland, farms, and pastures, worth not less than ten dollars an acre.

Each Osage Indian, man, woman, and child, is worth at least fifteen thousand dollars. Every family, upon a division, would possess on an average sixty thousand dollars. It is held and owned in common. All their industries are "nationalized." The Government takes care of their property, superintends their education and religion, provides food and cloth-

ing, protects the weak from the aggressions of the strong, and abolishes as far as it may the injustice of destiny. All have equal rights; none have special privileges. They toil not, neither do they spin. The problems of existence are solved for them. The rate of wages, the hours of labor, the unearned increment, the rapacity of the monopolist, the wrongs of the toiler, the howl of the demagogue do not disturb nor perplex them. They have ample leisure for intellectual cultivation and development, for communion with Nature and for the contemplation of art, for the joys of home, but they remain—Osage Indians.

Socialism and communism are the prescriptions of those who have failed. They are the hallucinations of despair. They have been tried and found wanting. Instead of being novelties, they are the refuse and débris of history. Civilization has been built on their ruins.



## SOCIALISM IS IMPOSSIBLE.

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The radical error of socialism is the assumption that there is some power in society above and beyond that of individuals of which society is composed.

Government and the State are described as independent political beings, entirely apart from the people.

Government ownership of railroads, nationalization of the means of production and industrial collectivism are phrases at once shallow, dishonest, and misleading. A nation is a voluntary association of individuals, and government is the agency by which its affairs are conducted.

The United States is a nation, and its Government consists of a president and the Congress, chosen by a majority of the voters, and judiciary, nominated by the executive and confirmed by the Senate.

Even the wayfaring man, though a fool, must know that it is impossible for the Government of the United States to own railroads, or the means of production, or to carry on the industries of the country. It has no power except that which is conferred by the people. The money in its treasury is contributed by the people. For its acts it is responsible to the people as a servant to his master. The power of a State is the aggregate strength of its inhabitants, as its wealth is the sum total of their possessions.

All the work of the human race since creation has been done by individuals, and progress has been greatest where

man has been most free. The inventions and improvements which have dignified humanity; the intellectual triumphs which have elevated and ennobled it; the heroism, virtue, and self-sacrifice which have consecrated it, are all the result of individual effort.

Destiny condemns the vast majority of men in every community to mediocrity. The few succeed; the many fail. The glittering rewards, emoluments, and prizes of life do not appear to be equitably distributed.

The race is to the swift; the battle to the strong. Fame, wealth, power, luxury, ease and, happiness are to the multitude a mocking dream. Ninety-seven out of every hundred American citizens die penniless.

These are the advocates and propagandists of socialism. Their programme is the forcible redistribution of the assets of society. It proposes to substitute the tyranny of the mob for the tyranny of the monarch, and to take by force from those who have and give to those who have not; to obliterate all organic distinctions among men, and to confound the moral and intellectual limitations of the race. It is an attempt by human enactment to abrogate and repeal the laws of God.

The public ownership of railroads merely means that the majority of the people, who do not own them, shall take them from the possession of the minority, who do, by purchase, or theft, or confiscation, and have them operated by the "Government" for the benefit of the "State." The railroads of the United States have cost, perhaps, ten thousand million dollars, an amount more than five times greater than the entire money circulation of the country. How the "Government," being a pauper, is to pay this sum, except

by compelling its citizens to surrender their accumulations also, or how the "Government" is to maintain and operate them, except by precisely the same agencies through which they are now carried on, does not appear. Government is worst served than any other employer of labor on earth. It pays higher wages for less service, and the waste and idleness are incredible. The sense of personal responsibility in the employee is entirely lost, and although the majority receive more money than ever in their lives before, they continually complain of the stinginess of Congress, and intrigue for higher compensation, longer vacations, and unearned promotion.

It is not exaggeration to say that any one of half a dozen great railroad managers in the country, if allowed to carry on the Government as a private business is conducted, could pay the pensions, the interest on the public debt, support the Army and Navy, construct the public buildings, pay all salaries, maintain the diplomatic service, and carry the mails for 75 per cent of what it now costs the taxpayers, and make a great fortune for himself besides, every year. If Government can hardly conduct the limited functions it now performs, what would be the result of an attempt to control the complex interests of all social life under the management of those who had failed in the successful administration of their personal affairs?

The advocates of socialism are in the habit of pointing to the Post Office Department as an illustration of their theories, and of the tendency of States toward collectivism.

On the contrary, the mail service of the United States is a typical, burdensome, and irresponsible monopoly of the most offensive description. Beyond appointing a host of officials to

collect, pouch, dispatch, receive, and distribute the letters, papers, and parcels, the Government has nothing whatever to do with their transmission. They are conveyed by railroads, steamboats, stage-coaches, and private contractors at extortionate rates, some trains getting the entire cost of maintenance and operation from their receipts from the Post Office. The Government pays an average of 8 cents the pound for an average haul of four and one-half miles, while the express companies carry merchandise from New York to Chicago, a thousand miles, for \$3.00 per hundred pounds, and some transcontinental lines will take goods from New Orleans to San Francisco for 8-10 of 1 cent the pound; while Government, by law, compels the citizens to pay for carrying their letters at the rate of \$610 the ton. As a matter of fact, it is much nearer \$1,000 the ton, for very few letters weigh the ounce which may be taken for 2 cents postage.

And not only so, but the Government renounces all liability for the safe delivery of the property which it compels the citizen to intrust to its charge, except to the extent of \$10 when it is registered. And this is the basis upon which socialism would have all the business of the country conducted.

Any merchant who treated his customers as the United States treats its citizens in the postal service would be promptly adjudged a bankrupt and sent to the penitentiary. It cannot be denied that some aspects of individualism are not altogether lovely. Unrestrained competition has engendered a herd of moral monsters with the rapacity of the shark, the greed of the wolf, the cunning of the fox, the ferocity of the tiger, and the ingenuity of the devil.

But these socialism could neither banish nor destroy. No change in the social order can extirpate selfishness or

eliminate the evil propensities of man. These are beyond statute or ordinance. They can be reached only by conscience, and the reformation of the individual must come from within.

America has been the paradise and the nineteenth century the golden age of individualism. At no other place or time has the world offered richer prizes or freer field to capacity, courage, and intelligence. There have been errors and evils. Perfection is still remote, but there has been greater progress in science, in popular education, in the means of livelihood, in sanitation, in the means of communication, in the conquest over the mysteries of the universe, than in all the centuries that preceded. We have become the richest and most powerful nation because every man has been left free to be master of himself, to improve his condition, to obtain superior reward for superior merit.

And this vast material development has been accompanied by unprecedented activity of the moral and altruistic energies of the race. Never have religion, charity, and self-sacrifice done so much to alleviate human wretchedness or wealth been consecrated to nobler use. Colleges, universities, technical schools, offer free instruction to the humblest. Parks, galleries, and museums afford the means of recreation to the poorest. Hospitals for the sick, retreats for the infirm, asylums for the unfortunate, exemplify the Golden Rule, and justify the faith that the brotherhood of man is not an empty formula or a derisive fiction. Society is a fortuitous and accidental aggregation of individuals. Societies have done nothing in this world, nor ever will. The fundamental fact of Christian civilization is the immeasurable value of the individual soul.

Socialism is the final refuge of those who have failed in the struggles for life. It is the prescription of those who are born tired. It means the survival of the unfit, and the inevitable result would be degeneration. It would deprive ambition of its incentive, industry of its stimulus, excellence of its supremacy, and character of its reward.

Individualism would lift all to the level of the highest. Socialism would drag all down to the level of the lowest. Individualism is progress and life. Socialism is stagnation and death.

## MEN ARE NOT CREATED EQUAL.

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The interest of the people in the social crisis is evinced by numerous letters from thoughtful and intelligent correspondents, who offer solutions of industrial problems and remedies for the misery and poverty which are the heritage of so large a portion of the human race.

The single tax, the abolition of rents, the reduction of profits, the prohibition of interest, free trade, free silver, sumptuary laws, socialism, communism, and anarchy all have their advocates, whose sincerity entitles their theories to respectful consideration.

Like a despondent patient, long ill, who has lost confidence in the faculty and their prescriptions, the wretched and unfortunate are patronizing political apothecaries with their patent medicines and consulting fétich doctors and voodooes with their cabalistic divinations.

Much of the prevalent discontent no doubt springs from a perverted constitution of the nature of human liberty and the meaning of human equality.

The glittering generalities of Thomas Jefferson, that all men are created equal, and that the rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are inalienable, have been the texts for many injurious instructions. They are rhetorical flourishes, meaningless to the gentleman on the scaffold and in Sing Sing who pursues the fleeting phantom of happiness with the jimmy of the burglar and the dagger of the assassin.



Men are not created equal physically, morally, or intellectually, nor in aptitude, opportunity, nor condition.

It is perhaps accurate to say that of the fifteen hundred million inhabitants of the earth no two are created equal. Nature is incapable of uniformity, and detests equality as much as she abhors a vacuum. One is made to honor, another to dishonor, as one star differeth from another star in glory.

History is a series of repetitions. Those who have failed in life blame everybody but themselves. The complaint against fate is as old as Adam. It will end only with the epitaph of humanity. The distinctions between men were established by act of God, and they cannot be abolished by act of Congress.

Were all these panaceas enacted into statutes, all barriers thrown down, all obstacles removed, all burdens lifted, and the whole constituency lined up for a fresh start, the result would be the same.

Were all wealth of the country equally distributed, there would be about \$1,200 *per capita*. Could the assets of the Nation be divided *pro rata*, share and share alike, the first day of January, 1900, by the close of the century the soul of the philanthropist would be shocked by the same spectacle of inequality existing now. Some would be in the cab, some on the foot-board, some in private cars, and others walking the ties in search of a dry culvert for the night, and in six months more the reformer of the wrongs of society would demand in the name of justice another division.

It seems trite and superfluous to affirm that the equality of man can mean nothing more than the equality of rights before just laws and equality of opportunity in the race of

life. Every man has the absolute right to the use of his faculties and opportunities to the utmost to better his condition and increase his fortune so long as he does not interfere with the free exercise of the same rights by everybody else.

It should be apparent also upon the most superficial reflection that political liberty by maintaining equality of rights must inevitably result in greater inequality of condition than any other system. All fetters are cast off. Everything goes. Life is a grand free-for-all. There is no pedigree, nor caste, nor prerogative. The sway-backed mule has the same rights on the track as Ormonde and Iroquois, the monarchs of the turf. The petted canary and the screaming jay have equal rights in the atmosphere with the condor soaring above the inaccessible peak of Chimborazo or the frigate bird that sleeps at midnight with pinions outspread upon the tempest, a thousand leagues from shore.

In the exercise of his powers and the enjoyment of freedom can laws assign any frontier beyond which a man may not pass? In the kingdom of knowledge can any bound be set to learning and wisdom? Can society say to Edison or Tesla, "You shall explore the mysteries of Nature no further, lest you infringe the equality of man"?

Can we say what reward they shall receive for the inestimable benefits they have conferred upon the world?

Can legislators, or conventions, or tribunals assess the wages that Melba shall receive for her songs, or Kipling for his stories, or Choate for his argument, or Bryan for his eloquence, or Irving for his impersonations?

The world is eager for excellence. It pays for what it wants. There has been no time when the man or woman who can do

anything better than anybody else was so sure of instant recognition and ample emolument as now. It is the essential corollary to liberty that courage, energy, sagacity, and dexterity should succeed and that brains should win the victories and secure the prizes of life. Reason rebels at the thought of the establishment of arbitrary restrictions upon the activity of our powers and the full enjoyment of their acquisitions.

The time will never come when the race will not be to the swift and the battle to the strong. Indolence will never have the same wage as thrift nor ignorance the same reward as wisdom.

Ambition will never lose its incentive nor genius its supremacy. Poverty and debt will never be abolished by edict, nor will those who have failed in life, having had equal opportunity, take charge of the affairs of those who have succeeded. The dreams of Jack Cade and his kindred reformers will never be realized.

The popular notion now seems to be that there is just so much wealth in the world; that life is a struggle to see who shall grab the most, and that the man who acquires a fortune has obtained by crime what belongs to someone else.

No mistake could be greater. The acquisition of a million by invention; by ministering to new wants; by novel applications in science to the needs of daily life; by enterprise and skill in mining, agriculture, and manufactures, is practically the creation of wealth—the development of value that but for the exertions of its possessors would have had no existence.

The prosperous do not complain. The strong can take care of themselves. It is the feeble who must be lifted up and supported, and to them the State owes its obligations. It must protect the weak from oppression, the poor from extortion,

the humble from injustices. It must secure universal diffusion of civil and political rights, with vigorous guarantees for the security of life, liberty, and property. It must provide education for the ignorant, refuge for the defective, asylum for the helpless, and give every man an equal chance to "get there" if he can. If he gets left, his name is "Dennis."

Pompey buys a brush, whitewashes a fence, and earns fifty cents.

Millet, with the same outlay, paints "The Angelus," which sells for one hundred and fifty thousand dollars.

So long as Pompey has the right to paint "The Angelus" and Millet the right to whitewash the fence, neither has just ground for complaint. They have equal opportunity and must be content.

But if a number of gentlemen combine and buy up all the brushes, and the lime, and the pigments, so that Pompey cannot whitewash nor Millet paint without their consent, both may justly claim that they have been deprived of their birth-right and are subject to degrading bondage and servitude.

It seems inequitable that Patti should receive fifteen hundred dollars for a song, while the seamstress earns fifteen cents for a day's work making shirts in a sweat-shop. But if every woman had the voice of the *prima donna*, and only one woman in the world could make shirts, the situation would be reversed. The condition of the shirt-maker cannot be ameliorated by changing political institutions, or methods of taxation, or by nationalizing manufactures. If wages are to be increased, the number of seamstresses must be diminished or people must wear more shirts.

The argument of Henry George for the abolition of private ownership of land is that value is given to land by the landless.

The same is true of everything else. The value of all property comes from those who want it and do not have it. The value of shirts is given to them by the shirtless; the value of diamonds, by the diamondless; the value of railroads, by those who want to travel.

The future will be richer than the past. Vast as has been the progress of the race, there are greater triumphs to be won by those that have eyes to see and ears to hear.

The medicine for the ills of society must be found, therefore, in individual cultivation and development, and the ultimate appeal must be to conscience and intelligence to protect liberty from the folly of its friends and the fury of its foes.

## THE POOR MAN'S CHANCE.

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One summer evening in pensive thought I wandered, fifty-odd years ago, with a schoolmate under the "buttonwoods" in Haverhill, on the shore of the moonlit Merrimac.

We talked long, as thoughtful schoolboys will, of the mysteries of the universe and the enigmas of destiny. To our defective forecast the future appeared dark, troubled, and uncertain. Time's golden age was behind. The battle for fame and fortune was more desperate.

We did not know, we could not know, no one knew, that we were standing at the portal or the threshold of the most marvelous age of the world's history; an age of such incredible achievements in science, war, wealth, luxury, and national power, growth, and glory, that by comparison the most exaggerated fables of fiction, the lamp of Aladdin, the purse of Fortunatus, the philosopher's stone, seem like the trivial commonplaces of the nursery, and the wildest hyperbole becomes tame and prosaic.

Looking backward across the years since that moonlight stroll on the banks of the enchanted river, I do not see that I have been denied any right, privilege, or opportunity enjoyed by those who have drawn the great prizes in the lottery of life—we all had the same chance. If laws were unjust, all alike were their victims. If statutes were beneficent, none were debarred their advantage. Those who climbed the highest began the lowest. None were favored by legislation or influence.

Lincoln and Grant, neither suspected of greatness, were waiting in homely indigence the summons that, ten years later, was to call them to immortal fame. Edison, the mightiest magician of the forces of Nature, was a tramping telegrapher. Carnegie was a messenger-boy in Pittsburgh. Huntington was selling picks, nails, and horseshoes in Sacramento. Jay Gould was a book agent in Delaware County. The Rockefellers and the mob of plutocrats that excite the envy and arouse the indignation of those who have failed, all began in the lowest and humblest ways of life.

I had the same chance, and every boy of that time had the same chance. The world was all before me where to choose, and Providence my guide. I had the right to build railroads, or to go into Wall Street and wreck them; to invent the telephone; to write "Uncle Tom's Cabin"; to mine for gold and silver; to concoct patent medicines; to corner petroleum; to "bull" pork and wheat, like my cotemporaries. The only thing I lacked was brains. I didn't know how; so I went West and helped lay the foundations and build the superstructure of the great empire of the Northwest, and thus missed the whole show.

And then, too, luck has much to do with success in life. He who leaves out the element of luck omits one of the most important factors in the game. The dish of some is always bottom up when it rains. The luckiest man of this generation is Admiral Dewey. He threw double sixes twice in succession at Manila.

What chance has the poor man in 1900? About the same, I should say, he had fifty years ago. In some ways rather better, if he can adapt himself to the changed conditions of society. Many avenues open then are now shut. Many opportunities, once free, no longer exist. Competition is more selfish and



strenuous, but the world was never so ready as now to pay for what it wants. There has been no time when the man or woman who can do anything better than anybody else was so sure of instant recognition and remuneration.

Paderewski and Irving have just sailed away with fortunes earned by a few months of professional exhibition. Mme. Nordica received a thousand dollars for singing two songs that occupied ten minutes, while an equally meritorious seamstress earns twenty-five cents for ten hours' repulsive toil in a sweat-shop. Kipling gets more for a stanza than Milton for the copyright of "Paradise Lost." Millet and Meissonier derived from the brush and the palette the revenues of the treasuries of kingdoms.

The poor man's chance depends very much on what the poor man has to sell. If his stock in trade consists of untrained muscle, a dull brain, and sullen discontent, he will work for wages, dine from a tin bucket when the noon whistle blows, and die dependent or a mendicant. If he have courage, industry, enterprise, foresight, luck, and the willing mind, he will gain competence or fortune. He will establish his family in comfort, educate his children and accustom them to the environment of refined habits, which, after all, is the best of life.

The real difference in men is not in want of opportunity, but in want of capacity to discern opportunity and power to take advantage of opportunity.

This, at least, is certain: that in 1950 the celebrated scholars and teachers, the learned divines, the eloquent orators and statesmen, the foremost legislators and judges, the President who will have been inaugurated the year before, the great authors and poets and philosophers, the inventors and merchants and lords of finance, will be men who are now young,

poor, and obscure, striving against obstacles that seem insuperable to enter in at the strait gate that leads to fame and fortune.

Society is reinforced from the bottom and not from the top. Families die out, fortunes are dispersed; the recruits come from the farm, the forge, and the work-shop, and not from the club and the palace. Those who will control the destinies of the twentieth century are now boys wearing homespun and "hand-me-downs," and not the gilded youth clad in purple and fine linen, and faring sumptuously every day at Sherry's and Delmonico's. This is the poor man's chance. It is open to all comers. It is not a matter of law, or statute, or politics.

Free silver, tariff, expansion, militarism, have nothing to do with it. What is needed is some legislation that will give brains to the brainless, thrift to the thriftless, industry to the irresolute, and discernment to the fool. Till this panacea is discovered, the patient must minister to himself.

The worst enemy of the poor man, except himself, is the trust, and of all forms of this odious tyranny the most intolerable is the labor trust. The money trust kills the body, the labor trust kills the soul. It destroys the independence of the laboring man, effaces his individuality, cancels excellence, and substitutes brute force for intelligence.

The right of labor to combine and to refuse to work for wages that employers are willing to pay is undeniable; but when strikers organize to prevent others from taking their places by violence and murder, destroying property and subjecting great companies to enormous inconvenience, hardship, and loss, they attack the fundamental rights of citizenship and become outlaws and criminals, who ought to be exterminated.

## THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

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When Voltaire said that if there were no God, it would be necessary for man to invent one, he formulated, unconsciously perhaps, the fundamental truth of existence.

A universe without a God is an intellectual absurdity, which reason rejects spontaneously. God is indispensable. Fate, force, and blind chance do not satisfy the mind. If all the letters in the play of "Hamlet" were shaken in a dice-box and thrown at midnight in a tempest on the Desert of Sahara, they might fall exactly as they are arranged in the drama. It may be admitted that if Destiny kept on casting long enough, they would inevitably at some time so fall, which would render the Bard of Avon superfluous and unnecessary. But this does not disturb our belief in Shakespeare.

Irrespective of creeds and theology, they are wise who would recognize God in the Constitution, because faith in a Supreme Being, in immortality and the compensations of eternity conduces powerfully to social order by enabling man to endure with composure the injustice of this world in the hope of reparation in that which is to come.

Inasmuch as both force and matter are infinite and indestructible, and can be neither added to nor subtracted from, it follows that in some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue in some form to exist forever.

Whence we came into this life no one knows nor cares. Evolution, metempsychosis, reincarnation, are not beliefs.

They are parts of speech, interesting only to the compiler of lexicons.

Our appearance here is not voluntary. We are sent to this planet on some mysterious errand without being consulted in advance. Many of us would not have come had the opportunity to decline, with thanks, been presented.

To multitudes life is an inconceivable insult and injury, an intolerable affront; torture and wretchedness indescribable from poverty, disease, grief, Fortune's slings and arrows; wrongs deliberately inflicted by some unknown malignant power, as Job was tormented by the devil, with the consent of God, just to try him, till at last the troubled patriarch cursed the day he was born.

Worst of all, we are sent here under sentence of death. The most grievous and humiliating punishment man can inflict upon the criminal is death.

Human tribunals give the malefactor a chance. His crime must be proved. He can put in his defense. He can appear by attorney and plead and take appeal. But we are all condemned to death beforehand. The accusation and the accuser are unknown. An inexorable verdict has been pronounced and recorded in the secret councils of the skies. We are neither confronted with the witness nor allowed a day in court. From the hour of birth we are beset by invulnerable and invisible enemies, the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday. Fatal germs, immortal bacilli, heaven-sent miracles, inhabit the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, poisoning where they fly and infecting where they repose.

Science continually discloses malevolent agencies, hitherto undetected, which vainly try to extirpate, or to build frail and feeble barriers against their depredations.

Theology complacently announces that for the majority of the human race this tough world is the prelude to an eternity in hell. If any trembling sinner desires comfort and consolation in these awful miseries, let him read the sermon of Jonathan Edwards from the text, "Their feet shall slide in due time."

Hell would be preferable to annihilation, it may be, but this alternative does not satisfy those who repeat the everlasting interrogatory of Job, "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Nature, like a witness in contempt, stands mute. Science returns from its remotest excursions, shakes its head, and, smiling, puts the question by. Christ contented Himself with a few vague and unsatisfactory generalities: "Whoso liveth and believeth in Me shall never die;" "In My Father's house are many mansions." Saint Paul, the greatest of the teachers of Christianity, could only respond by a misleading analogy. He knew the wheat which is reaped is not that which is sown. The harvest is a succession, not a resurrection.

The evidences of a superintending moral purpose and design in the affairs of men are faint and few. The wicked prosper, the good suffer. The problems of sin, pain, and evil are insoluble. Visiting the sins of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation, making the innocent suffer for the offenses of the guilty, is an unjust and cruel law that ought to be repealed. Civilization has long since rejected the principle from human jurisprudence. Even treason, the highest crime known to its code, no longer works corruption of blood or forfeiture of estate.

Unless man is immortal, the moral universe, so far as he is concerned, disappears altogether. If he does not survive the grave, it makes no difference to him whether there be God or devil, or heaven or hell. And it must be not only a survival, but with a continuity of consciousness as well, if the evil are to be punished and the good rewarded hereafter. To inflict the penalty of violated law upon a being who does not know that he has offended, is not punishment, but revenge. Conscious identity may not be a necessary condition of intelligence, but it is essential in morals. It is conceivable that a being may know without knowing that he knows; but he cannot sin without knowing that he sins, nor be punished unless he knows for what wrong he suffers.

Frederick W. Robertson, the eminent English divine, closes one of his discourses by saying:

“Search through tradition, history, the world within you and the world without—except in Christ, there is not the shadow of a shade of proof that man survives the grave.”

Many years ago I heard a distinguished American orator deliver a lecture upon the evidences of immortality outside the Bible. In the stress and pressure of the closing days of a short session of Congress, he held the rapt and breathless attention of an immense audience, comprising all that was most cultured, brilliant, and renowned in the social and official life of the capital.

He dwelt with remarkable effectiveness and power upon the fact that nowhere in Nature, from the highest to the lowest, was an instinct, an impulse, a desire implanted, but that ultimately were found the conditions and the opportunities for its fullest realization. He instanced the wild fowl that, moved by some mysterious impulse, start on their prodigious

migrations from the frozen fens of the Pole and reach at last the shining South and the summer seas; the fish that from tropic gulfs seek their spawning-grounds in the cool, bright rivers of the North; the bees that find in the garniture of fields and forests the treasure with which they store their cells; and even the wolf, the lion, and the tiger that are provided with their prey.

Turning to humanity, he alluded to the brevity of life; its incompleteness; its aimless, random, and fragmentary careers; its tragedies, its injustice, its sorrows and separations. Then he referred to the insatiable hunger for knowledge; the efforts of the unconquerable mind to penetrate the mysteries of the future; its capacity to comprehend infinity and eternity; its desire for the companionship of the departed; its unquenchable aspirations for immortality; and he asked, "Why should God keep faith with the beast, the bee, the fish, and the fowl, and cheat man?"



## THE CHARACTER OF GENERAL GRANT— AN ENIGMA.

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The character and destiny of Grant must always remain among the enigmas of history.

No man ever did so much of whom so little could have been predicted.

At the outbreak of the Civil War he had come nearly to middle life, having failed in every undertaking, and was sunk in hopeless poverty and obscurity.

He was destitute of those personal traits and qualities that attract and charm and make their possessor popular and beloved.

Taciturn, diffident, and out of countenance with the world, he had few acquaintances, fewer friends, and no influential associates among the civil and military leaders of his time.

There was not a county in the State of Illinois that did not contain, in 1861, some inhabitant who might have been more reasonably expected to have been commander-in-chief of the armies of the United States and twice its President, than this humble, indigent employee in the village store at Galena, Ulysses Simpson Grant.

But in four years that dejected subordinate, upon whom Fortune seemed to have exhausted its resentment, had commanded greater armies than Cæsar, had fought more battles than Napoleon, and inscribed his name among the foremost warriors of the world.

In personal intercourse he was sometimes so commonplace and prosaic that it was quite impossible to conceive of him a celebrity. He apparently placed no such estimation on himself. He betrayed no exultation over his victories. He was not stirred by any passion for glory. He seemed devoid of imagination. He was incapable of apostrophizing the "Sun of Austerlitz," like Napoleon, or personifying the forty centuries that looked down from the summit of the Pyramids. He was rather the imperturbable incarnation of plain, vigorous common sense, that would plan campaigns and fight battles as if they were the ordinary occupations of daily life.

He is popularly supposed to have been vacant and dull in conversation, but while at times irresponsible, again he was alert, vivacious, and almost inspired.

Toward the end of his second term as President there was a dinner at the White House. The Electoral Commission was sitting to decide the disputed succession between Tilden and Hayes. It was a dark and ominous time. The most threatening since Appomattox. Revolution was imminent. Henry Watterson had just issued his proclamation calling for one hundred thousand unarmed Kentuckians to assemble at Washington, January 8, to watch the count. The subsiding passions of the war, the frenzies of reconstruction, were inflamed to exasperation. The air was heavy with portents.

After dinner the guests strolled into the library for coffee and cigars. Conversation turned to the situation and its perils. Its tone was depressed. The President said nothing, exhibited no interest, but smoked with deliberate stolidity. In a pause, Burnside turned to him and said: "Well, General, what do you think—is there going to be any trouble?"

After a perceptible interval, Grant appeared to emerge

from a reverie. His features were transformed, and with a voice and manner as if he were at the head of a million men, and in a suppressed tone of indescribable intensity, he said: "No, there will be no trouble. But it has been one rule of my life to be always ready."

As uttered, it was the most immense, impressive, and pregnant sentence to which I ever listened.

The talk instantly turned to other themes, and the President became chatty, voluble, and reminiscent. He referred to the agonizing sick headache from which he suffered the night before the surrender, and how it left him on the receipt of Lee's note as suddenly as the "shutting of a jack-knife." He said he never saw General Lee but once after the close of the war. He called at the Executive Mansion as he was passing through on his way to New York on some railroad transaction for the State of Virginia. In the course of the conversation, Lee said he could hardly understand why he was sent on the mission, because he knew absolutely nothing about railroads. Grant stated that he replied jocularly that they together had considerable to do with railroads in Virginia for a number of years, but Lee never smiled; which, the President thought, evinced a lack of "the saving sense of humor."

Toward midnight some one started a discussion as to the most desirable period of life: infancy, with its helpless unconsciousness; childhood, with its innocent enjoyment; youth, with its passions; manhood, with its achievements; age, with its repose. Some preferred one and some another. Grant had relapsed into silence again. Logan appealed to him for his opinion. He pondered a moment and replied: "Well, so far as I am concerned, I should like to be born again." This seemed a very clever way of saying that he had enjoyed life all

the way through. Logan retorted that he knew of no man who stood in greater need of being born again, and then we all went home.

## WHY CHRISTIANITY HAS TRIUMPHED.

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In estimating the population of the world at fifteen hundred millions, a fraction less than one-third, including Greek and Roman Catholics, Protestants, Armenians, Jews, and Abyssinians, are catalogued as followers of Christianity. Of the thousand millions remaining, about three hundred millions, chiefly Chinese, profess Confucianism and Taoism, one hundred and forty millions are classified as devotees of Hindooism and Buddhism, one hundred and eighty millions of Mohammedanism, and fourteen millions, principally Japanese, of Shintoism; the rest are Polytheists in various degrees of barbarism.

Worship is thus instinctive, inherent, and universal in the human race. Every religion has its own God, its code, and its creed.

As nations advance in intelligence and morals, gods are dethroned, codes modified, and creeds abandoned.

The God of the Puritans, Who was a consuming fire, Who hated sinners and condemned them to eternal torment in a hell of fire and brimstone, has gone with Jove and the other mythological monsters of antiquity to the lumber-room of history. In His place we have now the paternal reign of a constitutional Monarch, a wise and benevolent Legislator, Who is subject to the limitations of the statutes which He himself has made.

Sermons that congregations heard a century ago with awe and reverence would now excite indignation and abhorrence. Doctrines once deemed indispensable to personal salvation are rejected as an insult to the Supreme Being.

The clergyman who should announce his belief in the predestination of sinners to perdition, or the eternal damnation of unbaptized infants, would be an ecclesiastical outlaw. Man has outgrown these horrible fictions and has invested God with higher and nobler attributes.

Some philosopher has said that everyone's idea of God is an indefinitely enlarged conception of himself, and that we make our heaven and hell.

In any event, the human element prevails largely in all the great religions of the earth. They are imperfect and defective. They are disappointing in their results. If of divine origin, they do not accomplish what might be expected. Revelation discloses too much and not enough. Inspiration leaves unsaid what we most desire to know.

Vice, crime, sin, and evil are rampant. Miserable multitudes everywhere are sunken in poverty, ignorance, and unspeakable degradation. To assume, therefore, as many do, that those who do not accept the social and political ideas of Christendom are pagans, and that all who reject our ethics and theology are heathen, is, perhaps, the most impressive exhibition of that intellectual arrogance which is the chief characteristic of our race.

In considering the relative rank and value of the four great religious systems, they must be judged by their effect upon society and their relations to the history of mankind. The spiritual element must be eliminated, because this concerns the individual exclusively, and is a matter where the stranger

intermeddleth not. It is a vast theme of stupendous proportions, of which the wisest must speak with diffidence.

One of the promises of the Decalogue is length of days "in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," and national longevity is evidence of the smiles of approving Providence.

The believers in Confucius have no reason to distrust their faith in his teachings.

The history of China goes back into the twilight of time. That vast empire has resisted the vicissitudes of destiny and the fatigues of the centuries. It has witnessed the birth and growth and decay of historic kingdoms, and survives in venerable grandeur to tempt the cupidity and injustice of nations that were unborn when China was in the maturity of its power.

The Hindoo has perhaps reached loftier heights of abstract metaphysical speculation; but neither Buddhism, nor Confucianism, nor Mohammedanism, nor Judaism, has set up the ideal standard for mankind to follow.

It is claimed by the followers of Christianity that no other religion has exerted such immense influence upon government, society, and civilization. Its sanction rests entirely on the life, example, teachings, and death of Jesus of Nazareth, for whom theologians claim much more than He ever claimed Himself. He was poor, ignorant, and of dubious origin. He had no learning. It is not known that He could read or write. He left no manuscripts. His life to the age of thirty was passed in manual labor as a carpenter. His associates, male and female, were illiterate and obscure. He had no home, nor any domestic relations. He lived on alms, and led a harmlessly vagrant life, sometimes in solitude, and then wandering about in the fields among the mountains and by the sea, talking familiarly to His companions, to chance acquaintances,



and delivering informal discourses to the crowds of rustics that gathered occasionally at the reports of His miracles. He healed the sick and raised the dead.

He seemed to have special hatred for shams, pretenders, and hypocrites, and denounced them with violence; but to other sinners He was gentle and lenient. His public career was less than three years, and His recorded deeds and words would not fill two pages of a newspaper. They were repeated by word of mouth, and not permanently collected till nearly a century after His death.

His life was pure and blameless, and He was crucified rather as the victim of political prejudice than as a martyr for His religious opinions.

Whatever view may be held as to His divinity, He is the central character of human destiny, the one colossal figure of human history. Cæsar and Herod and Pilate, the kings, conquerors, and philosophers of that day, are names. No one cares that they lived or died, but Christ remains the living and most potential force in modern society.

When He announced the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and the immeasurable value of the humblest human soul, He made kings and despots and tyrants impossible.

He laid the foundation of democratic self-government and the sovereignty of the people. From His teachings have come the emancipation of childhood, the elevation of woman, and our rich and splendid heritage of religious, civil, and constitutional liberty.

Indeed, without disparaging Confucius, Buddha, or Mohammed, it may be safe to assert that through Christianity alone has civilization come into the world. On the contin-

ued activity of its beneficent forces we must depend for its preservation; for the completion of man's conquest over Nature; for the realization of the dream of the universal Republic.

## GETTYSBURG ORATION.

1890.

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*Mr. President :* The Battlefield of Gettysburg! What a thronging tumult of emotions, of joy and grief, of triumph, of sadness, of defeat and final victory, rises in the heart at the repetition of that name, the Battlefield of Gettysburg! The high tide of the Rebellion broke upon these placid and fertile fields and along these reverberating and rocky steeps in a tumultuous surf of blood and flame that ebbed away to Appomattox. Three summer days changed the annals of this peaceful hamlet to an epoch never to be forgotten in the history of the human race, and gave to this locality, hitherto unknown, an immortality like that of Marathon, of Marston Moor, and Waterloo. The orator who speaks, and who shall speak upon every recurrence of this anniversary so long as time shall endure, no matter how great his fame or his name, will be dwarfed by the stupendous tragedy that was enacted here, and will stand in the presence of that mighty and colossal shadow, that greatest victim of the war, who, almost within the sound of my voice from the spot where we now stand, dedicated this field as a final resting-place for those who here died that the Nation might live; and in obedience to that impulse and that instinct, the American people have assembled to-day, under the holiest impulse of the human heart, to contemplate and consider the profoundest and most insoluble mystery of human destiny—the insoluble problem of death. Those who died that

the Nation might live—and yet why should we assemble to scatter flowers above the dust of the dead, if they are detached from us and from the interest that attaches them to us forever? We are all under sentence of death, under the sentence of an inexorable tribunal from whose verdict there is neither exculpation nor appeal. We have all been condemned to die. There is no executive clemency. It is appointed to all men once to die, and have we assembled here merely to honor with empty ceremonies these heroes of the Republic because they are dead? The insoluble mystery of death!

These have entered into the democracy of the dead. Those who lie about us are at last at peace in the republic of the grave, in the silent kingdom, in the domain of the voiceless; they are at peace and at rest; for them the injustice of life has been expiated. For more than twenty-five years they have lain beneath the snows of winter and the verdure of spring and the splendor of summer, and each year we assemble to pay reverence and homage to their silent dust.

“How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
By all their country’s wishes blest?  
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
She there shall deck a sweeter sod  
Than Fancy’s feet have ever trod.”

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

And thus it is that we have assembled twenty-five years after the last gun has been fired, twenty-five years after the hostile flag has been furled, to again pay the tribute of our reverence and our homage and our respect to the dead that sleep in the cemetery upon the battlefield of Gettysburg. It is twenty-five years, I said, since the last shot was fired; it is

twenty-five years since the great hosts of freedom came from a thousand battlefields, from Gettysburg to the Gulf, and were marshalled for the last review. They assembled within the shadow of the great dome of the Capitol that they had protected and saved. The air vibrated with the blare of bugles and with the stirring blast of trumpets. The transitory and variable splendor of a vernal sun illuminated a pageant of imposing splendor and magnificence, and in that changing sky, red as its sunset and its dawn, white as its wandering clouds, and blue as its noonday deeps, and glittering as the constellations of its midnight abyss, above them flashed and floated and flamed the splendor of the flag. It was the birthday of a redeemed and regenerated Republic; a host that no man could number, like the sands of the sea or the stars of the sky for multitude, welcomed from window and casement, from balcony and platform and cornice with tumultuous acclaim, the victorious legions of Sherman, of Grant, of Logan, and of Hancock, while above all the hearts of men, over the breasts of women; and in the hands of children, and from the dome and tower and pinnacle and roof and spire, floated and flashed and flamed the glory of the flag. And then, between living walls, from morn till night, and from morn till night again, past the Chief Magistrate and his staff, with martial tread and the roll of vanishing drums, marched the soldiers of the Republic, from the valleys of the Kennebec, the Connecticut, the Hudson, the Ohio, and the Mississippi – a peaceful army to guard the homes, enforce the laws, and defend the honor of a people determined to be free; and above those resolute squadrons with glittering bayonets and gleaming swords, and above the faded and eloquent ensigns that were inscribed with the names of the battles

in which they had been borne to victory, flashed and flamed the redeemed and regenerated glory of the flag.

Fellow-citizens, it was their flag. Had it not been for their sacrifices, for their devotion and that of their comrades that sleep the last sleep in the cemeteries of the Republic to-day, whose graves have been decorated with flowers, this flag would have been a dishonored rag. [Applause.]

#### WHAT REBEL SUCCESS WOULD HAVE MEANT.

The centennial anniversary of the establishment of the Republic would not have been celebrated. The geography of this continent would have been changed. The United States of America would have disappeared from the map, and in its place would have appeared an aggregated and incoherent mass of petty provinces, discordant and belligerent, succeeding that great nationality whose flag now waves triumphant from the Saskatchewan to the Rio Grande, and from the Atlantic to the Pacific. [Applause.] Had more than two millions of the soldiers of the Republic not offered their lives, their health, their strength for the protection of the flag, we should to-day be celebrating the twenty-ninth anniversary of the founding of the Southern Confederacy, founded on secession and disunion; the Declaration of Independence would have been an antiquarian relic; the Fourth of July would have been the jubilee of despots; the Constitution would have been like the laws of the Medes and Persians, and the glories and the traditions of our history would have been dispersed and separated like the trivial assets of an insolvent partnership; the sacrifices and the achievements of the pioneers of our civilization would have been in vain; Bunker Hill and Ticonderoga and Yorktown, the heroes of all our wars, the eloquence of all our sages, the achievements of

the fathers, the eloquence of Wirt and Henry and Clay, and Calhoun and Webster, all that is inspiring in our history, all that is resplendent in our example, would be sentences to-day in the school-books, like legends of the nations that are dead. Had these comrades whose graves we have decorated with flowers to-day not died for the flag, liberty upon this planet would have been an epithet, and popular government would have been a definition; freedom of thought, of conscience, would have been empty phrases, whose meaning would have been sought in the dictionaries, and not in the statute-books of a free people; our past would have been a catastrophe contemplated by tyrants with derision, and by their victims with despair; our present would have been an armistice, with standing armies in every capital, and garrisons and fortresses and custom-houses upon every frontier; our future would have been an abyss which no foresight could predict, and against whose dangers no safeguard could have been found.

Other wars, Mr. President, and comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, have been fought for conquest, they have been fought for ambition, they have been fought for revenge, they have been fought for dynasties and for thrones; but no such passions animated the souls of the soldiers of the Republic. They went to battle for ideas; they endured the march, the bivouac, hospitals, wounds, diseases, hardships, and death, to save our cities from sack, our homes from spoliation, our flag from dishonor, and our country from distraction, in order that all men everywhere might be free, that the States might be indestructible, that the Union might be indissoluble, and that this Nation might be perpetual. [Applause.]



## IF THE SOUTH HAD TRIUMPHED.

Ideas, comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, are immortal; they never die; they cannot be annihilated; foes do not destroy [them. It may be made inconvenient or uncomfortable to express them, but they never become extinct, and I have often thought what would have been my emotions, what would have been your emotions, had the endeavors of those who led the Rebellion in 1861 been finally and fully accomplished. Suppose the dome of the Capitol had stooped to its base, and its ruin had been mirrored in the placid wave of the Potomac that flows at the foot of its declivity; that Robert Tombs and those who followed him had fulfilled his insolent menace and called the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill; that slavery had been made the fundamental law of the Republic; that its glorious stars had set in disgrace and defeat; that the Union had been held to be a rope of sand depending upon the whim or the caprice of any member of the Confederation—what would have been our emotions? What would have been your emotions had the lost cause prevailed? I confess for myself that I should never have ceased to hope, to strive, that sometime, as the result of some desperate battle in the future, the Union, glorious and resplendent, would have been restored. [Applause.] I should not have failed to have kept in some secure but sacred repository the Stars and Stripes which were the symbol of the honor and the emblem of the glory of my country, to which I should have taught my children to return with patriotic solicitude and affectionate veneration. [Loud applause.] I said, fellow-citizens, ideas are immortal, and I am willing to concede to others the same rights, the same privileges, the same beliefs that I claim for myself; and in view of the occurrences of the last few days in the ex-

inct capital of the extinct Confederacy, I am inclined to believe that the only regret that our adversaries feel over the result of that controversy is that they failed to succeed. [Great applause.]

Robert E. Lee was one of the greatest soldiers of the age. He was a man of the loftiest personal character, of incorruptible private life, so far as I am advised. He had a lineage that dated back to the morning of patriotism in the American Republic. He was a soldier without fear and without reproach. Two days before he surrendered his commission he said, in a letter to his son:

‘I can anticipate no greater calamity for the country than the dissolution of the Union. It would be an accumulation of all the evils we complain of; I am willing to sacrifice everything but honor for its preservation. Secession is nothing but revolution. The framers of our Constitution never exhausted so much labor, wisdom, and forbearance, and surrounded it with so many guards and securities, if it was intended to be broken by every member of the Confederacy at will. It was intended for perpetual union, so expressed in the preamble, and for the establishment of a government, not a compact, which can only be dissolved by revolution, or the consent of the people in convention assembled. It is idle to talk of secession. Anarchy would have been established, and not government, by Washington, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison and the other patriots of the Revolution.’

Had Robert E. Lee adhered to those lofty and ennobling sentiments, he would to-day have been the foremost citizen of this Republic in the estimation of its people. He was offered the command of the Union armies. He had been educated at the expense and under the sanction of the Government. For twenty-five years his sword had been drawn under the flag; he had taken an oath to support and protect the Constitution of the United States against all enemies, foreign and domestic; and yet, within two days after that letter was written, he resigned his commission, he violated his oath to support the

Constitution, the Government, and the laws of the United States, and took the leadership of the most causeless rebellion that has ever occurred since the devil rebelled against the statutes of heaven. [Prolonged applause.] And yet, by a monstrous object-lesson in treason, in disloyalty, in perjury, in violation of faith, of public and private honor, upon the very day that has been, for a quarter of a century, made sacred by the common concurrence of the loyal and patriotic people of the Republic for the consecration of the graves of the Union dead, those who profess to have accepted the results of the war in good faith, who profess that they had furled the flag of treason and rebellion forever, who profess that they have come back under the Constitution and laws of the United States with honor and patriotism, choose this occasion of all other anniversaries in the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year, with every augmentation of insolence, to say to the rising generation of the South, this is an example which they should copy!

#### THE FLAG OF TREASON.

A Confederate flag is placed in the bronze hand of the statue of Washington. [Cries of "Shame!"] What wonder that the shadow and spirit of the mighty dead did not stir the unconscious and pathetic dust at Mount Vernon to cry out against the sacrilege and the blasphemy! And everywhere all over the capital of the Confederacy, from tower and dome, and from roof and pinnacle and spire, flamed the glory of the stars and the bars; and we are told that God alone knows which was right.

I have no desire upon this sacred occasion, upon this Sabbath day of our institutions, to revert to any subject, to refer to any occasion, to deal with any thought that is inconsistent

with the solemnity, the sacredness, and the consecration of the hour; but unless the ideas for which the dead who sleep around us died were right, unless the ideas of those who opposed them were wrong, then the soldier who died in defense of the Republic and the institutions of his country died in vain.

When a repentant rebel is caged as a cabinet minister and made the chief attraction of a peripatetic menagerie; called out at every railroad station and compelled to speak his little declamation like a naughty pupil by his master, telling the multitude that he has been very wicked, but means to do better, and hopes in time to be a good Yankee, the spectacle is edifying and instructive. The emotions of the captive may be imagined, and the response of the South is significantly solid. We must be reconceived. We must love each other. We must forget. Let us wash the crimson from our flag, because it is the hue of the blood shed by patriots in defense of their country; the blue from its field, because it was the color of our soldiers' uniform; and the gold from its stars, because they shone on the epaulets of our heroes!

#### THE REBEL LEADER.

I heard one of the chosen leaders of the Confederate armies, who was on this very field, say in a speech that his estimate of the war was like that contained in the epitaph upon the tombstone in Kentucky, which was reared by a mourning father above his sons who had been slain, one under the National and one under the Confederate flag. The inscription read: "They both died for what they believed to be their duty, and God only knows which was right."

Mr. President, and comrades of the Grand Army of the Republic, to make the sublime ordinances of the Constitution

of the United States the supreme organic law of a nation of freemen, to support and defend it against foreign and domestic foes, 2,300,000 citizens enlisted and marched to victory; 250,000 fell by bullets, and by diseases and marches; more were disabled for life. Six billions of treasure were spent; unnumbered wives were made widows, and unnumbered innocent children were made orphans, and homes were made desolate in resisting an effort to destroy the Constitution and substitute for the doctrine of allegiance to the Nation the revolting heresy of the sovereignty of the States; and yet one-half of the rising generation of this Republic is being instructed to-day, twenty-five years after the struggle closed, that God only knows which was right.

#### SLAVERY DESCRIBED.

Four million human beings were held in slavery, monstrous, inconceivable in its conditions of humiliation, dishonor, and degradation, unending and unrequited toil, helpless ignorance, actions nameless and unspeakable; families separated at the auction-block, and women and children tortured with the lash. Seven States seceded, or attempted to secede, from the Union to make this system of slavery the cornerstone of another social and political fabric, and carnage raged on a thousand battlefields from Gettysburg to the Gulf.

At last, thank God! the slaves are free. All men are politically equal. The sun rises in all his course upon no master, and sets upon no slave. All men, in name at least, are politically equal upon this continent. The shame of the Republic is washed out in blood. The Declaration of Independence is no longer a falsehood. There are no chains. It is no longer a crime to teach to read the Bible. Babes are no longer bought-

ten and sold like the young of beasts. Liberty is the law of the land. You fought that liberty might be universal; your adversaries fought that slavery might be perpetual; and yet the rising generation in one half of this Republic is taught to-day that God only knows which was right. [Applause and laughter.] I have my opinion which was right. [Laughter.] If we were not right, if liberty be not better than slavery, if nationality be not better than secession, then these solemn ceremonies that we now observe to-day are without significance and without consecration. If we were not right, then the war for the Union was the greatest crime of all the centuries. If we were not right, then the soldiers of the Republic, instead of being associated with the heroes of every history and the martyrs of every religion, should take rank with the successful pugilists in a slugging match for the champion belt of the world. [Cries of "Good!" and laughter.] If there was no moral quality in this contest, if the ideas and objects and principles for which we contended were not right, then the Decalogue should be repealed, and the distinction between truth and falsehood should be obliterated. If we were not right, then national morality is a fiction, loyalty is a name, observance of oath is a foolish formality, and patriotism is the fatal malady of the body politic. This insidious effort to reverse the verdict of history must be resisted, and it is for that, among other purposes, that we are here to-day.

#### A PATRIOTIC DUTY.

This is a day of instruction as well as of religion; it is a duty that we owe to the future, that we owe to those who are to come after us, that we owe to posterity, that our relations to that great conflict should not be misunderstood, and that



you should assert your convictions that those of your comrades who fell in the defense of the Union, the Constitution, and the Nation did not die in vain. [Applause.]

It is not necessary to disparage the bravery or question the sincerity of your adversaries and antagonists in that struggle. Let them, if they will, tenderly cherish the deeds of their dead and rear monuments to their memory. Let them pension the veteran survivors of their armies, and observe with appropriate solemnities the anniversaries of their victories and defeats. Let them eulogize the lost cause if they will; let them worship their heroes; let them wear the gray and carry the stars and bars, if they prefer it to the Star-spangled Banner of the Nation. These are matters of taste, of sentiment, and of propriety, which they must decide for themselves. [Laughter.] There is no other nation on which the sun shines that would permit such violations of patriotism and national obligation; but they are of the same blood and lineage as ourselves; they are Americans; they are our brethren, so they say. [Great laughter.] But when they assert that Lincoln and Davis, that Grant and Lee, that Logan and Jackson are equally entitled to the respect and the reverence of mankind, and that God only knows which was right, it is blasphemy, it is sacrilege, which deserves rebuke and condemnation. [Great applause.]

Fellow-citizens, the Union has not been ungrateful to its defenders; they have been liberally pensioned from the public treasury. More than a thousand million dollars have been paid to the disabled survivors and the dependent relatives of the dead. By some patriotic but unduly parsimonious and conservative citizens this has been characterized as wasteful and wanton extravagance; but it was a part of the contract



under which the soldiers enlisted. The agreement to pension them and their survivors if they were slain was as positive and specific as the obligation to pay the paltry wages that they were to receive. One hundred and fourteen thousand seven hundred and forty-two of your comrades now occupy unknown graves, anonymous and forgotten heroes, of whom twenty-four thousand sleep at Andersonville and Saulsbury, the victims of a barbarity which stands isolated and detached, without parallel or precedent in the annals of demoniac and stony-hearted ferocity. It is claimed by those opposed to the enlargement of the pension system that liberality has been exerted beyond measure, and that the Government has been extravagant in its recognition of the value of the services of the veterans of the late war. This class of critics is fond of declaring that the world's history affords no such example of prodigality in the payment of pensions. It might with propriety be added that modern history at least affords no such example of military service. There has been no war in modern times involving anything like the number of men engaged, the number of hostile collisions, the loss in battle, the wasteful expenditure of energy, of money, and of life in its prosecution. The Union armies in the Rebellion lost in killed and wounded mortally upon the field of battle 110,000; and death from sickness in camp, hospital, and prison swells the number to more than 400,000. The Germans in the last war with France overran and subjugated that country with a loss of less than 150,000 killed and mortally wounded on the field; the total loss in all the war was less than 200,000. The Union Army lost more men in suppressing the Rebellion than the combined armies of Europe have lost in all the wars in which they have been engaged since the campaign that closed at Waterloo. We

lost more men than Great Britain has lost on all her fields of battle in the last five hundred years. This vast host of 400,000 men lost and disabled in battle would make an army double the size of that of Great Britain to-day.

We have entered upon the second century of our national existence. When this anniversary shall dawn one hundred years hence, the grave of the last soldier of the Nation will long since have been covered with the fragrant benediction of flowers; but the ideas for whose supremacy they contended will survive, and their memory will be the object of their country's loftiest pride and its tenderest solicitude. Orators will rehearse the story of their intrepid prowess, art will portray upon canvas and in marble and bronze the lineaments of the brave and the scenes of their daring. The area of the Republic will have been extended from the Arctic regions to the warm waters of the Caribbean Sea. Great dangers and perils are to be encountered, but they will be overcome. Our institutions have cost too much to be surrendered or destroyed. They are strongly entrenched in, and too zealously supported by, the affections of the people. The race problem in the South will be solved upon the ultimate basis of exact and complete justice. Immigration will be restricted so that the vicious, the ignorant, the degraded feculence of foreign nations will not be emptied into our civilization. Nihilism and anarchy will yield to social order, education, and law. Capital will have just compensation, and labor due reward. We shall have liberty without license, taxation without oppression, wealth without ostentation, opportunities for education commensurate with the desire to know, and conditions of happiness as enlarged as the capacity to enjoy.

We are about to separate, perhaps to meet no more. Let us bear from this consecrated place and from this sacred hour the injunctions of that great orator with an allusion to whom I began: "That this Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Let us turn to the future with renewed and deeper appreciation of the blessings that we enjoy, and of the duties that we must perform in order "that this Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." Sublime and impressive aspiration—fit to be engraved above the portals of Liberty's chosen temple, worthy to be inscribed in every patriot's heart—"That this Nation under God shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth." [Loud and prolonged applause.]

## ADDRESS.

(Delivered at Osawatomie, Kansas, August 30, 1877, by John J. Ingalls upon the occasion of the dedication of a monument to the memory of John Brown and his associates.)

*Mr. President:* We have assembled to commemorate with solemn rites a sacred anniversary upon consecrated ground.

Reverent hands have summoned from the quarry and erected here this votive cenotaph, as a perpetual and enduring token and attestation of remembrance and honor for the heroic deeds of historic men. Labor has forgotten his task and Pleasure her solace, that this day may be devoted to patriotic meditation and the recollection of august events. The devotees of liberty have repaired hither, as pilgrims to their shrine, to dedicate by formal ceremony this monument as a definite assurance to all the generations of Kansas freemen who shall come after them, that upon this day they recalled with fervent gratitude the costly sacrifices of freedom's pioneers, and that upon this day they renewed and repeated their unalterable allegiance and loyalty to those ideas of truth and justice on which the State was builded, and for which these martyrs lived, and fought, and died.

Most nations have had pre-historic periods of fable and mystery. Their pregnancy and birth have been obscure. They have emerged from degraded and barbarous germination. The historian must vaguely or vainly conjecture why Rome was builded on her seven hills, or Athens on the Attic

peninsula. The origin even of the great nations of modern times is veiled in profoundest obscurity. Their annals recede through the twilight of legend and tradition, and are lost in darkness and silence. But it is not so in America. The whole fabric of our social and political system has been reared in an intense blaze of uninterrupted light. The sublime spectacle of the building of a nation has been disclosed to mankind.

In 1606 the territory in America claimed by England was divided into two parts by King James the First, called North and South Virginia, the former extending from the mouth of the Hudson to Newfoundland, and the other from the Potomac to Cape Fear. Two companies were immediately formed for the colonization of the country, and in 1607 the London company dispatched three ships laden with 105 emigrants, who, on the 13th of May, landed at Jamestown and founded the State of Virginia. Captain John Smith, who was the master spirit of the expedition and has left a history of the enterprise, says that these colonists were "unruly sparks packed off by their friends to escape worse destinies at home; poor gentlemen, broken tradesmen, footmen, and such as were much fitter to spoil and ruin a commonwealth than to help to raise or maintain one." They were mostly worthless, profligate, and dissolute adventurers, having no definite objects but to discover gold-mines or find a passage to the South Sea. They lived improvidently in idleness, squandered their substance in rioting, and fell ready victims to the implacable savages by whom they were surrounded. They were governed by harsh laws, in whose enactment they had no voice, and for one hundred years were reinforced by convicted felons who were sold as servants to the planters, who also secured their wives by purchase, the average price being one hundred pounds of tobacco, at that

time worth about seventy-five dollars. In 1671, Sir William Berkeley, in his responses to questions submitted to him by the plantation committee of the Privy Council, gives a vivid picture of the State of Virginia at that time. He estimates the population at 40,000, including 2,000 black slaves and 6,000 Christian servants, of whom about 1,500 were yearly imported, chiefly convicts from the prisons of England. There were forty-eight parishes, and the clergy were well paid. "But," adds the Governor, "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them, and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!" The aspirations of this devout and lofty soul have been realized. God has kept them from both, and the history of that portion of America is a living commentary upon the value of a system which banishes the free school and repudiates the printing-press.

In 1620 the passengers of the *Mayflower* landed at Plymouth in North Virginia.

"A grateful posterity," says Bancroft, "has marked the rock which first received their footsteps. The consequences of that day are constantly unfolding themselves as time advances. It was the origin of New England; it was the planting of the New England institutions. Inquisitive historians have loved to mark every vestige of the Pilgrims; poets of the purest minds have commemorated their virtues; the noblest genius has been called into exercise to display their merits worthily, and to trace the consequences of their daring enterprise. As they landed, their institutions were already perfected. Democratic liberty and independent Christian worship at once existed in America."

For more than two centuries the colonies of North and South Virginia had unrestricted room for their expansion and development, and the results of their antagonistic ideas can be

scrutinized and contrasted. We know the moment when the Pilgrims perilously disembarked upon the sandy hem of the unoccupied continent. Hour by hour for two hundred and fifty-seven years we can trace the path of themselves and their posterity. Inch by inch we can follow their march through the forests, across the mountains and rivers and prairies from the Atlantic to the Pacific Sea. We know, for they have told us, the ideas, the purposes, the convictions, the hopes, the fears, of the founders of this Christian commonwealth. We observe the inconceivable energy with which the principles of those exiles have been disseminated, and the results which have followed their recognition as the foundation of a system of government; innumerable cities and habitations; deserts and wildernesses reclaimed from savage solitude; harbors and beacons to warn and shelter a vast commerce from the hazards of the deep; costly highways, bridges, canals, and railroads to facilitate interior intercourse; tranquil institutions; orderly methods for the administration of justice; education universally diffused; morality everywhere prevalent, and religion assuaging the inevitable griefs of this world with the hope of eternal reparation in that which is to come.

Attracted by the inducements of a civilization which elevates every citizen into absolute freedom; which emancipates him from the chains of customs, creeds, and sects; which stimulates industry by dignifying labor and generously rewarding toil; which opens the prizes of ambition to all; multitudes of the discontented and aspiring have thronged hither from other lands only to be fused and blended by the predominant force of the American idea into the homogeneous mass of the American people.



Since the Christian era all great political movements have had their impulse in religious sentiment. The national existence of the Jews has been preserved for two thousand years by the hope of a Messiah. The destiny of Europe, Asia, and Africa has been modified by the doctrines of Mohammed. The dogmas of Luther and Calvin gave the Commonwealth to England and the Puritan to America, and resulted for the first time in history in the adoption of the Golden Rule as a maxim of government, and of the Bible as the chief corner-stone of the civil state.

As the Nation grew, two conflicting theories of the nature and objects of our political system gradually developed into increasing activity and contended for the mastery. Prudential considerations, the ambition of party leaders, the cowardice of emasculated statesmen, the cupidity of pusillanimous traders, deferred the crisis by compromises, patches, and plasters till the inevitable issue, long deferred, was precipitated upon the plains of Kansas, and that mortal duel began whose bloody deluge submerged half the continent beneath its crimson inundation.

Among those who signed the covenant in the cabin of the *Mayflower* was Peter Brown, an English carpenter, who died in 1633. Descended from him in the sixth generation was John Brown, born at Torrington, Connecticut, on the 9th of May, 1800. When five years of age, he was taken to Ohio. His youth was obscure and uneventful. He was a shepherd, a farmer, a tanner. At the age of eighteen he went to Massachusetts with the design of obtaining a collegiate education and entering the ministry, but was attacked with a disorder of the eyes, which compelled him to abandon this purpose and return to Ohio. In early manhood he was a surveyor, and

traversed the forests of Pennsylvania and Virginia. Later he was engaged in business for ten years in Pennsylvania, and afterwards in Ohio, as a tanner, as a cattle dealer, and speculator in real estate, till 1846, when he removed with his family to Springfield, Massachusetts, and dealt in wool as a commission merchant. In 1849 he went to North Elba, New York, where he lived upon a sterile rocky farm among the Adirondacks, and where his body now lies mouldering in the grave.

In 1854 four sons of John Brown joined the column of emigrants that marched to Kansas. They settled near Pottawatomie Creek, about eight miles from the spot where we now stand, and became apostles of the Puritan idea and missionaries of freedom. They were unarmed, but believed the State should be free. They were harassed, insulted, raided, and plundered by gangs of marauders, and at length wrote to their father to procure arms to enable them to protect their lives and property, and to bring them personally to Kansas.

The hour had struck. The long humble life of meditation was about to flower into immortal deeds. In the autumn of 1855, during the siege of Lawrence, the old man, with his four sons, appeared upon the field equipped for battle. A spectator says:

"They drove up in front of the Free State Hotel, standing in a small lumber wagon. To each of their persons was strapped a short, heavy broadsword. Each was supplied with a goodly number of fire-arms and revolvers, and poles were standing endwise around the wagon-box, with fixed bayonets pointing upwards. They looked really formidable, and were received with great *éclat*."

But it soon became apparent that he was too sincere, too much in earnest, to be available. He refused to do anything but fight. His criticisms upon the political leaders were caustic and intolerable. He would do nothing because it was expe-

dient, but everything because it was right. He had no sympathy with those who wanted to make Kansas a free white State. He asserted the manhood of the negro with a vehemence that agitated the political eunuchs of the period who were more anxious for place than for principle.

On the 4th of July, 1856, it seemed as if the subjugation of Kansas by the slave power was accomplished. The Missouri River, the great avenue of access to the Territory, was closed. Governor Shannon said, "The roads were literally strewn with dead bodies." The Free State citizens of Leavenworth were exiles; the principal towns of the Territory were in the hands of the enemy; and on this natal day of the Republic, at the command of a servile President, the Legislature was dispersed by United States troops, without a protest from that party which has recently stunned the public ear with denunciations of Federal interference in Louisiana and the insurgent States of the South.

Encamped in the timber that shadowed the banks of the Shunganunga, ready to attack the dragoons of Colonel Sumner upon that fatal day, lay old John Brown and his sons. Prudent counsels dissuaded him from violence, and they disappeared.

During the eventful months that succeeded the spirit of liberty revived. The insolent aggressions of the invading Missourians stimulated the Free State party to unexampled vigor. They assumed the offensive and a series of skirmishes ensued, in which John Brown and his sons were prominent participants. They were present at the engagements at Franklin, at Battle Mound, and at Sugar Creek, dispersing the marauders, killing some, and capturing many prisoners, together with supplies and munitions of war.

On the 17th of August the Missourians issued another proclamation calling upon the citizens of Lafayette County to meet at Lexington at 12 o'clock on the 20th of that month, with arms and provisions, to march into Kansas. In response to this appeal, a force of two thousand men, from the counties of Lafayette, Jackson, Johnson, Platte, Saline, Ray, Carroll, and Clay, assembled at the village of Santa Fé and invaded the Territory. This force was divided into two columns; one, under the command of Senator Atchison, marching to Bull Creek, and the other, under General Reid, advancing on Osawatomie. Reid's command numbered nearly 500 men. They were well supplied with small-arms and had several pieces of artillery. John Brown, like Cæsar, could not only plan campaigns and fight battles, but could write their history. He describes the battle of Osawatomie in the following graphic language:

"Early in the morning of the 30th of August the enemy's scouts approached to within one mile and a half of the western boundary of the town of Osawatomie. At this place my son Frederick K. (who was not attached to my force) had lodged with some four other young men from Lawrence and a young man named Carison from Middle Creek.

"The scouts, led by a Pro-slavery preacher named White, shot my son dead in the road, whilst he—as I have since ascertained—supposed them to be friendly. At the same time they butchered Mr. Garrison, and badly mangled one of the young men from Lawrence, who came with my son, leaving him for dead.

"This was not far from sunrise. I had stopped during the night about two and one-half miles from them, and nearly one mile from Osawatomie. I had no organized force, but only some twelve or fifteen new recruits, who were ordered to leave their preparations for breakfast and follow me into the town as soon as this news was brought to me.

"As I had no means of learning correctly the force of the enemy, I placed twelve of the recruits in a log house, hoping we might be able to defend the town. I then gathered some fifteen more men together, whom we armed with guns, and we started in the direction of the enemy. After going a few rods, we could see them approaching the town in line of battle, about one-half mile off, upon a hill west of the village. I then gave up all idea of doing more than to annoy, from the timber near the town into

which we were all retreated, and which was filled with a thick growth of underbrush; but had no time to recall the twelve men in the log house, and so lost their assistance in the fight.

"At the point above named I met with Captain Cline, a very active young man, who had with him some twelve or fifteen mounted men, and persuaded him to go with us into the timber, on the southern shore of the Osage, or Marais des Cygnes, a little to the northwest from the village. Here the men, numbering no more than thirty in all, were directed to scatter and secrete themselves as well as they could, and await the approach of the enemy. This was done in full view of them (who must have seen the whole movement), and had to be done in the utmost haste. I believe Captain Cline and some of his men were not even dismounted in the fight, but cannot assert positively. When the left wing of the enemy had approached to within common rifle-shot, we commenced firing, and very soon threw the northern branch of the enemy's line into disorder. This continued some fifteen or twenty minutes, which gave us an uncommon opportunity to annoy them. Captain Cline and his men soon got out of ammunition, and retired across the river.

"After the enemy rallied, we kept up our fire, until, by the leaving of one and another, we had but six or seven left. We then retired across the river.

"We had one man killed—a Mr. Powers, from Captain Cline's company—in the night. One of my men—a Mr. Partridge—was shot in crossing the river. Two or three of the party, who took part in the fight, are yet missing, and may be lost or taken prisoners. Two were wounded, viz.: Dr. Updegraff and a Mr. Collis.

"I cannot speak in too high terms of them, and of many others I have not now time to mention.

"One of my best men, together with myself, was struck with a partially spent ball from the enemy, in the commencement of the fight, but we were only bruised. The loss I refer to is one of my missing men. The loss of the enemy, as we learn by the different statements of our own as well as their people, was some thirty-one or two killed, and from forty to fifty wounded. After burning the town to ashes, and killing a Mr. Williams they had taken, whom neither party claimed, they took a hasty leave, carrying their dead and wounded with them. They did not attempt to cross the river nor to search for us, and have not since returned to look over their work.

"I give this in great haste, in the midst of constant interruptions. My second son was with me in the fight, and escaped unharmed. This I mention for the benefit of his friends.

"Old preacher White, I hear, boasts of having killed my son. Of course he is a lion.

JOHN BROWN."

The battle of Osawatomie was the most brilliant and important episode in the Kansas war. It was the high divide of the contest. Its importance cannot be exaggerated. It was our Thermopylæ, and John Brown was our Leonidas with his Spartan band. Thenceforward there was no sneer that the Abolitionists dared not fight. It was evident that somebody was in earnest. The numbers engaged were comparatively insignificant. No sonorous bulletins announced the result. There was little of the pride and pomp and circumstance of war. There were no nodding plumes, no haughty banners, no stirring blasts from the bugle calling the warriors to arms. But when Freedom recounts the sacrifices of her sons, she does not ask the number or rank of those who fell. Winkelried is as dear to her as Washington, and Osawatomie is as sacred as Bannockburn or Bunker Hill. At her behest to-day we reclaim from common dust the sacred ashes of the martyrs of Osawatomie. The sunshine of innumerable summers shall smile upon this consecrated sward. The hearts of the generations that follow us shall swell at the contemplation of their heroic self-devotion and guard with jealous care this sacred sepulchre.

“Nor shall their glory be forgot  
While Fame her record keeps,  
Or Honor points the hallowed spot  
Where Valor proudly sleeps.  
Nor wreck, nor change, nor Winter's blight,  
Nor Time's remorseless doom,  
Can dim one ray of holy light  
That gilds their glorious tomb.”

After the battle of Osawatomie, John Brown spent some time in travelling through the Territory, and about the middle of September was in Topeka. On his return home he stopped at Lawrence for the Sabbath. During the day messengers



arrived from the south with the intelligence that Reid and Atchison with twenty-seven hundred men were approaching to destroy the city, which was unprotected by any organized force. The regiments which had previously been quartered there had been scattered in different localities, leaving not more than three hundred men in Lawrence fit for military duty. Early in the morning the flag on Blue Mound, eight miles to the southeast, was displayed at half-mast as a preconcerted signal of great danger in that direction. Soon the ascending smoke of the burning dwellings at Franklin confirmed the apprehensions of the people. As soon as it was known that Captain Brown was in the city, he was unanimously chosen commander-in-chief. He immediately commenced his preparations for defense; manned the fortifications, and furnished every man who was destitute of a bayonet with a pitchfork as a substitute. Firing began about dusk and soon became general. A brass field-piece was brought to the front, but before it could be discharged, panic pervaded the ranks of pirates and they precipitately fled.

A very interesting letter from a correspondent who was the present on that day says:

"When late in the afternoon the Pro-slavery forces came marching in plain view, Brown made his appearance among the men, went from point to point where they were posted and gave them advice, prefacing what he said by very modestly remarking that he only spoke as a private person having no command, but as one having had some experience, which might warrant him in giving some advice on such an occasion. The effect of his advice was magical. It inspired all with courage and complete confidence. The spirited show of resistance checked the approach of the enemy and saved the town. I always thought the result was wholly attributable to the unassuming advice of John Brown."

Soon after the retreat of the Missourians from Lawrence, John Brown went East. He lay ill in Iowa for several weeks,



but reached Chicago in November, and early in 1857 arrived in Boston, where he endeavored to persuade the Legislature of Massachusetts to appropriate ten thousand dollars for the protection of Northern men in Kansas. He did not return till late in the year, having been unable to secure—as he pathetically said in his farewell “to the Plymouth Rocks, Bunker Hill Monuments, Charter Oaks, and Uncle Tom’s Cabins”—“amid all the wealth, luxury, and extravagance of this heaven-exalted people, even the necessary supplies of the common soldier.” For several months he remained in the Territory, organizing his forces for the final crusade against slavery, in accordance with plans long entertained, and subsequently embodied in the Provisional Constitution framed at Chatham, Canada West, in May, 1858. The news of the brutal massacre of the Marais des Cygnes recalled him again to Kansas. Expecting a renewal of strife, he built fortifications on the Little Osage and Little Sugar Creeks, and prepared for war. Having remained so long on the defensive, he determined to invade Missouri, and thus stop the forays upon which the supporters of slavery had so long depended for help. In January, 1859, he wrote a letter regarding his operations in Missouri, which has become celebrated as “John Brown’s Parallels.” He says:

“TRADING POST, KANS., January, 1859.

“*Gentlemen:* You will greatly oblige a humble friend by allowing the use of your columns while I briefly state two parallels in my poor way.

“Not one year ago, eleven quiet citizens of this neighborhood, viz.: William Robinson, William Colpetzer, Amos Hall, Austin Hall, John Campbell, Asa Snyder, Thomas Stilwell, William Hairgrove, Asa Hairgrove, Patrick Ross and B. L. Reed, were gathered up from their work and their homes by an armed force under one Hamilton, and without trial or opportunity to speak in their own defense, were formed into line and all but one shot—five killed and five wounded. One fell unharmed, pretending to be dead. All were left for dead. The only crime charged against them was that of being Free State men. Now, I inquire, what action has

ever, since the occurrence in May last, been taken by either the President of the United States, the Governor of Missouri, the Governor of Kansas, or any of their tools, or by any Pro-slavery or Administration man, to ferret out and punish the perpetrators of this crime?

"Now for the other parallel: On Sunday, December 19, a negro man called Jim came over to the Osage settlement from Missouri, and stated that he, together with his wife, two children, and another negro man, was to be sold within a day or two, and begged for help to get away. On Monday (the following) night two small companies were made up to go to Missouri and forcibly liberate the five slaves, together with other slaves. One of these companies I assumed to direct. We proceeded to the place, surrounded the buildings, liberated the slaves, and also took certain property supposed to belong to the estate.

"We, however, learned before leaving that a portion of the articles we had taken belonged to a man living on the plantation as a tenant, and who was supposed to have no interest in the estate. We promptly returned to him all we had taken. We then went to another plantation, where we found five more slaves, took some property and two white men. We moved all slowly away into the Territory for some distance, and then sent the white men back, telling them to follow us as soon as they chose to do so. The other company freed one female slave, took some property, and, as I am informed, killed one white man, the master, who fought against the liberation.

"Now for a comparison: Eleven persons are forcibly restored to their natural and inalienable rights, with but one man killed, and 'all hell is stirred from beneath.' It is currently reported that the Governor of Missouri has made a requisition upon the Governor of Kansas for the delivery of all such as were concerned in the last named 'dreadful outrage.' The Marshal of Kansas is said to be collecting a *posse* of Missouri (not Kansas) men at West Point in Missouri, a little town about ten miles distant, 'to enforce the laws.' All Pro-slavery, Conservative, Free State, and Dough-face men and Administration tools are filled with holy horror.

"Consider the two cases and the action of the Administration party.

"Respectfully yours,

JOHN BROWN."

The result of this raid was marvelous. Bates and Vernon counties were denuded instantaneously of their slaves. Some were sold South, some fled into the Territory, and others were removed into the interior of the State. The Governor of Missouri offered \$3,000 reward for the arrest of John Brown, which the President supplemented by an additional inducement of

\$250, to which Brown retorted by offering \$2.50 for the delivery of James Buchanan to him in camp. He moved slowly northward with his four families of liberated slaves along the now abandoned line of the "Underground Railroad," reaching Holton in Jackson County late in January, pursued at a safe distance by a valorous squad of thirty heroes from Lecompton. Not feeling competent to cope with John Brown and his seven companions, they sent to Atchison for reinforcements, which soon arrived to the number of twelve, making a force of forty-two men opposed to eight. They made valiant preparations to attack the little garrison, but when the old man emerged from his log-cabin fortress and offered fight, they incontinently broke for the prairie, some who were dismounted seizing upon the tails of the horses to assist them in their headlong flight. Four generals of the Atchison brigade were captured, together with several horses. The captain detained his prisoners five days in captivity. Those who came to scoff remained to pray. He read the Bible to them, and compelled them to pray night and morning, ordering them to their knees with a cocked pistol in his hand. When he was ready to resume his march, he released them with his benediction, retaining their horses and overcoats for his negroes. They walked forty miles across the snowy prairie to Atchison, and the gallant episode was always known as the "Battle of the Spurs." I have talked with several of the survivors, and they all speak of John Brown in the highest terms of respect, as a brave and honest but misguided man. He reached Canada in March following, colonized his emigrants near Windsor, and returned to Kansas no more.

His subsequent career belongs to the history of the Nation. Out of the portentous and menacing cloud of anti-slavery sen-

timent that had long brooded with sullen discontent, a baleful meteor above the North, he sprang like a terrific thunderbolt, whose lurid glare illuminated the continent with its devastating flame, and whose reverberations among the splintered crags of Harper's Ferry were repeated on a thousand battle-fields from Gettysburg to the Gulf.

He died as he had lived, a Puritan of the Puritans. There was no perturbation in his serene and steadfast soul. I know of no productions in literature more remarkable than his letters written in prison while he was under sentence of death.

The closing words of Socrates to his friends, before he drank the fatal hemlock, were these:

"It is now time that we depart, I to die, you to live; but which has the better destiny is unknown to all except the gods."

The noblest pagan of antiquity had courage, but not faith.

John Brown said:

"I can trust God with both the time and manner of my death, believing, as I now do, that for me at this time to seal my testimony for God and humanity with my blood will do vastly more toward advancing the cause I have earnestly endeavored to promote than all I have done in my life before."

"I cannot feel that God will suffer even the poorest service we may any of us render Him or His cause to be lost or in vain."

"As I believe most firmly that God reigns, I cannot believe that anything I have done, suffered, or may yet suffer will be lost to the cause of God or humanity, and before I began my work at Harper's Ferry I felt assured that in the worst event it would certainly pay."

"Tell your father that I am quite cheerful; that I do not feel myself in the least degraded by my imprisonment, my chains, or the near prospect of the gallows. Men cannot imprison, chain, nor hang the soul!"

"I am endeavoring to get ready for another field of action, where no defeat befalls the truly brave."

"It is a great comfort to feel assured that I am permitted to die for a cause, and not merely to pay the debt of Nature, which all must. I feel myself to be unworthy of so great distinction."

"John Brown writes to his children to abhor with undying hatred also that sum of all villainy—slavery."

"I feel just as content to die for God's eternal truth and for suffering humanity on the scaffold as in any other way."

"I think I cannot now better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it, and in my death, I may do more than in my life."

"I do not believe I shall deny my Lord and Master Jesus Christ, and I should if I denied my principles against slavery."

What immortal and dauntless courage breathes in this procession of stately sentences; what fortitude; what patience; what faith; what radiant and eternal hope! Over his soul hovered the covenant of peace. He felt the lofty consciousness of

"Deeds that are royal in a land beyond kings' sceptres."

He trod the scaffold with the step of a conqueror, and the man whom Virginia executed as a felon Kansas to-day canonizes as a martyr.

Nothing is more difficult to analyze and detect than the secret of any man's power and influence upon his associates, his generation, and the ultimate destinies of mankind. Who can tell why the obscure Lincoln became the great leader of Northern sentiment instead of Seward or Chase, who had long been the prominent advocates of Republican ideas? Or why Grant led the loyal millions to victory instead of his predecessors, whose attainments and experience seemed equally qualified to insure success? We cannot find the meat on which our Cæsars feed. The men who succeed greatly are not those of whom success could be predicted. After we have weighed and measured a man, learned all his habits, his attainments, his capacities for speech, pleasure, business, accumulation, there is something in him that eludes our strictest scrutiny; that indefinable attribute which makes him what he is and distinguishes him from all his kind. It is sometimes said that circumstances make men, but the reverse is true: men make their circumstances. Opportunity occurs to all, but only one

seizes it. Some say that luck or chance favored the man who wins, but in the domain of law there are no accidents. Every man ultimately goes to his own place.

In attempting to estimate and comprehend the influence which John Brown exerted upon this age, we are perplexed by much that is anomalous and inexplicable. Many of his contemporaries, even those who sympathized with him in opinion, regarded him as a fanatic and madman—crazed by the death of his sons, and inspired by the fury of revenge. Emerson says the dreams of yesterday are to-day the deliberate conclusions of public opinion, and to-morrow the charter of nations. The Abolitionists of twenty years ago invented many schemes of emancipation. Some wanted to deport and colonize the negroes in Africa or the West India Islands; others thought the Nation should buy them of their owners and gradually elevate them to citizenship; but John Brown's plan, as developed in the Chatham Constitution, was to free them in the South and keep them there. The impracticable visionary schemer was wiser than the statesmen who derided him. The dream of 1858 was the accomplished fact of 1863. The theories of the enthusiast have been imbedded in the organic law of the Nation. He builded better than he knew.

The defects and infirmities of his nature rendered him more powerful in council and more formidable in action, because his few and narrow convictions irresistibly impelled him without interruption in the inevitable direction of their accomplishment. There was no diffusion in his career. He was not distracted by ambition, the love of wealth, the desire for ease and luxury, the attractions of books or art. He was cast in the rigid mold of the Pilgrims, from whom he descended. His soul was not decorated nor embellished, but was as severe as the



gaunt, grim, gray tenement which it inhabited. He was not hampered by personal necessities. His wants were few; his habits frugal and unostentatious, so that he moved without impediments.

In any age or country, or under any system where abuses existed that needed correction, he would have been a reformer in politics and a Puritan in religion. He would have gone with John Huss to the stake or with Sir Thomas More to the scaffold.

The convictions upon which he acted were not hasty, sudden, and transient, but deliberate and inflexible. He never hesitated. Delay did not baffle nor disconcert him, nor discomfiture render him despondent. His tenacity of purpose was inexorable, and seemed like an exterior power, rather than an impulse from within. As early as 1839, twenty years before his martyrdom, he formed the purpose which he never relinquished. Thenceforward every hour was devoted to measures for the destruction of slavery, either by action, by conversation, or by reflection. Those relations and possessions and pursuits which to most men are the chief objects of existence, home, friends, fortune, estate, power, to him were the most insignificant incidents. He regarded them as trivial, unimportant, and wholly subsidiary to the accomplishment of the great mission for which he had been sent upon this globe. His love of justice was an irresistible passion, and slavery the accident that summoned all his powers into dauntless and strenuous activity.

He believed there was no acquisition so splendid as moral purity; no possession nor inheritance so desirable as personal liberty; nothing on this earth nor in the world to come so valuable as the soul, whatever be the hue of its bodily habitation;



no impulse so lofty and heroic as an unconquerable purpose to love truth, and an invincible determination to obey God.

It is a prodigious task, Mr. President, to lift a man, a community, a race out of barbarism into civilization. Nor is the labor less difficult to keep them on the plane to which they have been elevated. The disposition is to relapse. The tendency is downward. Stop the machinery of courts, schools, and churches for a single generation, and society would crumble into ruin. It requires an active coalition of all the conservative elements in every age to prevent destructive organic changes; to preserve life, liberty, and property against the assaults of the indolent and vicious. If this is true of the material interests of mankind, where so many selfish inducements conspire to stimulate to the highest efforts, how much more arduous the endeavor to elevate a nation to a higher moral grade at the sacrifice of many acquisitions that are deemed desirable!

And yet no one can doubt that the general progress of the human race, morally, intellectually, and physically, has been upward. Through the long desolate track of history, through all the seemingly aimless struggles and random gropings, amid the turbulent chaos of wrong, injustice, crime, agony, disease, want, and wretchedness, the trepidation of the oppressed, the bloody exultations and triumphs of tyrants, the tendency has been toward the light. Out of every conflict some man, or sect, or nation has emerged with more privileges, enlarged opportunities, broader liberty, greater capacity for happiness.

I believe it is Carlyle who says that when any great change in human society or institutions is to be wrought, God raises up men to whom that change is made to appear as the one thing needful and absolutely indispensable. Scholars, orators, poets, philanthropists, play their parts; but the crisis comes through

some one whom the world regards as a fanatic or impostor, and whom the supporters of the system he assails crucify between thieves or gibbet as a felon.

It required generations to arouse the conscience of the American people to the enormous iniquity of African slavery. They admitted it was wrong; but they were politicians, and wanted office; they were merchants, and wanted tranquillity; they were manufacturers, and wanted cotton; they were laborers, and wanted bread; they were capitalists, and wanted peace. Had the abolition of slavery depended alone upon the efforts of Sumner, Chase, Seward, Phillips, and their associates, we should still be engaged in a windy war of wordy debate. It does not require much courage to talk against a wrong, nor does it hurt the wrong much to be talked against. Rhetoric is cheap. Mere abstract truth harms nobody. It is easy to be radical in a great office upon a liberal salary, and with a comfortable majority upon which to recline. The classical orators, the scholarly declaimers and essayists, performed their work. They furnished the formulas for popular use and expression; but old John Brown, with his pikes, did more in one brief hour to render slavery impossible than all the speech-makers and soothsayers had done in a quarter of a century, and he will be remembered when they and their works are lost in dusty oblivion. The man who is not afraid to die for an idea is its most convincing advocate.

Already those who were considered as the great intellectual leaders of opinion in this crusade are dead. I was presiding over the Senate when Sumner left the chamber for the last time in life, and I saw his remains borne from the Capitol, which had been the scene of his labors for nearly a quarter of a century. I was with Vice-President Wilson the day before he died, and

witnessed the unparalleled display that attended the funeral cortège as it moved through New York City on its way to his last resting-place in Massachusetts. I witnessed the administration of the second oath of office to President Grant by Chief Justice Chase, then a broken and disconsolate old man just lingering on the verge of dissolution. They are almost forgotten. Their names are no longer on the tongues of men. Their speeches have died out of popular remembrance. Seward yet lives by a fortunate phrase, "the irrepressible conflict," which was not his own except as an adopted foundling.

The student of the future will exhume their orations and arguments and state papers as a part of the subterranean history of the epoch. The antiquarian will dig up their remains from the alluvial drift of the period and construe their relations to the great events in which they were actors; but the three men who will loom forever against the horizon of time as the representative, conspicuous types of this era, like pyramids above the desert, or mountain peaks over the subordinate plains, are Abraham Lincoln, U. S. Grant, and old John Brown of Osawatomie, and I am not sure that the last will not be first. He has a prodigious grip upon the public imagination. His example is bedded deep in the general conscience. There are more men in America to-day who can sing the John Brown song than any other hymn, unless it may be the long-meter "Old Hundred" Doxology. It is an immortal strain, and stirs the soul like the solemn diapason of an organ in the fretted vaults of a cathedral.

In the early days of the war I spent an autumn night in the camp of one of the most famous Kansas regiments. The tents were pitched upon the eastern slope of a grassy declivity that descended to the wooded margin of a slender stream, whose

meanderings were marked by an exhalation of blue haze that extended from horizon to horizon. The pensive splendor of a full moon illuminated the alien landscape with its melancholy glory as we sat around the glimmering embers and talked of the great problems of the tremendous conflict upon which we had entered. The murmurs of the camp had become almost inarticulate as night deepened, when suddenly a single distant voice broke upon the stillness with the inspiring words of that sublime martial psalm, "John Brown's body lies a-mouldering in the grave!" A hundred voices spontaneously swelled the repetition of the refrain, and when the chorus was reached, it ascended in a vast volume of reverential exultation to heaven, solemn as death, grand with its majestic suggestions of immortality. It was a revelation and a prophecy, and I felt that a people which could adopt such an anthem as this for their war-song must march to victory.

During the past few years it has been my fortune to often travel through Maryland and Virginia, and I have never approached Harper's Ferry by day or night when old John Brown did not become the universal topic of conversation, and the bridge, the engine-house, and the ruined arsenal the objects of the most eager interest and scrutiny. Everyone feels that it is historic ground, and that here was struck the first deadly, earnest blow at African slavery. From the moment that shot was fired, talk, discussion, debate, were at an end. He who was not for slavery was against it. Gristle was replaced by bone. The North became vertebrated. The age of compromise and cartilage was over. Sentiments and emotions crystallized suddenly into stern convictions. Fear and rage fell upon the South, and from the Potomac to the Gulf

"The universal host up sent  
A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night."

Seven years ago the mission of John Brown seemed to have been fully accomplished. The Declaration of Independence was no longer a lie. Slavery was destroyed, and its further existence inhibited by constitutional enactment. The freedmen by their sobriety, their obedience to law, their decorous demeanor, justified the temerity those who had dared to maintain that they possessed intelligence superior to beasts, and souls that were immortal. During centuries of brutal and degrading bondage, they had retained the typical characteristics of their race. Their virtues were their own; their vices were the offspring of the cruel system of which they had been the reluctant victims. Music and mirth enlivened the intervals of their unrequited toil. Loyalty and fidelity seemed the instincts of their nature. Patient of labor and obedient to law, they witnessed the prodigious accumulations derived from their unpaid industry without an effort to reclaim their own. Their local and personal attachments were intense. During the long moral combat that was the vestibule of the war they resisted the solicitations of those who believed that he who would be free himself must strike the blow, and continued faithful to the tyrants who had enslaved them. During the awful conflict that followed, when their emancipation became the integer, while their owners were doing desperate battle to rivet more firmly the fetters that bound them, they peacefully tilled the fields and served the families of their masters, waiting patiently for the hour of their deliverance to draw nigh. If they pillaged or plundered the estates that were in their charge, or insulted or wronged the helpless women and children

who were at their mercy, history has failed to record the deed. And when at last they emerged from the smoke and din and uproar upon the high plane of American citizenship, beneath the vindicated flag that is henceforth to be the symbol of the honor and the emblem of the glory of their country, they accepted the trusts and responsibilities with a tranquil and orderly dignity that has defeated the predictions and challenged the wonder of mankind.

They began to acquire homes and property. They filled savings banks with their earnings. They assumed definite domestic relations. They gathered about the schoolmaster and eagerly studied the alphabet, the primer, the Bible. Their instincts were more infallible than reason. They voted with their friends. The sudden and violent transition was accompanied by no social disturbance such as might reasonably have been anticipated. It was a terrible test of the elasticity of our political system. No such strain ever fell upon a nation before. Had the freedmen been disorderly and defiant, our institutions could not have survived the shock inflicted by the introduction of this tremendous element of uneducated suffrage.

The autonomy of the States had been restored. The pestilent heresy of State sovereignty had been recanted, and in its place appeared the true gospel of American nationality. The United States were at last a nation, and not a mere aggregation of detached and incoherent communities. The Nation existed, not at the pleasure of a State, nor of a majority of the States, nor of all the States, but by virtue of the will of a majority of all the people.

Citizenship was made a national attribute. Behind every citizen, white or black, at home or abroad, stood the Nation, a beneficent, potential energy, pledged to protect him in the full,



free, and quiet enjoyment and exercise of all the rights of citizenship. No man could be so humble, so obscure, so remote as to become an alien from its blessings. If his rights under the Constitution were infringed or abridged, and redress was refused by the local authorities, he could confidently apply to the Nation for restitution.

The war was really a great convention to amend the Constitution, and the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments were the result. The three ideas that they embody are universal freedom, national citizenship, and the indissoluble union of the States.

But all great moral movements have their oscillations. They reach a culminating point as a pendulum moves to the end of its arc, and then with constantly increasing velocity and momentum they sweep down the curve on the inevitable return from their remotest excursion. For the past seven years the path of the Nation has been downward. If either of the Amendments were submitted to the States to-day, I do not believe that one of them could receive the number of votes necessary for ratification. I doubt whether a State south of the Ohio River would vote for an Amendment declaring that the union of the States was perpetual and indissoluble. I have heard the declaration upon the floor of both houses of Congress, that the ratification of the three Amendments was procured by fraud and violence, and that they were not obligatory upon any State that chose to disregard them. It has become unpopular to speak of disloyalty and treason. The scars and uniform of the Union soldier are badges of dishonor and passports to contumely in many of the States. To rehearse their deeds and revere their valor is denounced as unprofitable sectionalism. Our exercises to-day will be char-



acterized as preaching the gospel of hate, fanning the embers of strife, and reviving the dead issues of the past. Public opinion has grown flabby. Forgetfulness is the supreme suggestion of statesmanship. Pacification is the watchword of the hour. A burglar can be pacified by delivering to him the contents of the bank vault and assuring him of immunity. A murderer can be pacified by entering a *nolle* and discharging him from prison. All criminals can be pacified by relinquishing to them the fruits of their crime. Hell would be quiet if the devil could secure the abrogation of the Moral Code and the absolute repeal of the Decalogue.

A school of political pigmies, whom Providence for some inscrutable purpose has placed in power, are endeavoring to pacify the country by debauching its convictions; by asserting that those who sought to overthrow and destroy the Government are more entitled to its favors than those who sacrificed all to uphold it; by attempting to obliterate the distinction between right and wrong and to repeal the laws of God. They are seeking to put the new wine of 1877 into the old bottles of 1860, with the probability of the ultimate loss of both receptacles and contents.

Reinforced by these perfidious allies under the delusive banners of peace, harmony, and reconciliation, the vanquished enemies of the Nation have been steadily and relentlessly pursuing their purposes to regain what they lost. They have falsified every pledge by which they secured their political restoration. They promised that education should be universal, but they refuse appropriations for the support of schools, burn school-houses, expel the teachers, and discharge the professors in their universities who believed in the preservation of the Union. They promised that suffrage should be protected,

freedom of speech and opinion maintained; equal rights enforced, and justice impartially administered. How these solemn covenants have been preserved, we know too well. Under the sheltering pretext of the sovereignty of the States, atrocious despotisms have been erected on the ruins of liberty. Popular majorities have been suppressed by the most revolting methods known to tyrants. But one political opinion is tolerated, and when the organization that entertains opposing views has been disbanded by carnage and terror, it is announced that, the causes which justified fraud and violence no longer existing, honest elections must be restored. Murder has become one of the political fine arts, and assassination a logical argument. Governors and sheriffs who conspire with mobs of felons and protect them from punishment are rewarded by renominations and recognized as leaders of the people; and while slavery is not restored by name, the freedmen are being rapidly reduced by indirect devices to a condition of servile dependence that has all the horrors of slavery with none of its alleviations. "Home rule" means the right to murder with impunity, and "local self-government" the right of a white minority to suppress a black majority by systematic violence and wholesale assassination. And when the beneficent intervention of the Nation is invoked in behalf of those whom it is bound by the most sacred obligations to protect, the appeal is denounced as an invasion of the rights of the States, because the wrongs are not affirmatively sanctioned and authorized by the constitutions and statutes of those States where it is admitted that they exist. The acts are excused upon the ground that they are committed by young, misguided, and passionate citizens, inflamed beyond endurance by the wrongs of which they have been the victims. Speechless submission to these

flagrant violations of the social compact is called pacification and harmony. Tacitus has fitly described this condition in a single sentence: "*Solitudinem faciunt et pacem appellant*"—"They make a desert and call it peace."

In a brief interval the forces which so nearly destroyed the Nation will resume its absolute control. They now have the House of Representatives, and in two years they will have the Senate by decisive majorities. Already the chieftains who led their legions with thundering menace against the Capitol sit beneath the shadow of its dome, and claim to be the sole guardians of constitutional liberty and the consistent advocates of the rights of the people. With every vestige of opposition crushed and trampled out of existence in half of the States of the Union, their ultimate success in securing the Executive seems hardly to admit of doubt. Few vestiges of our great conflict have been left, except its scars and its burdens, and if the Amendments are to be made inoperative, our Civil War will be justly stigmatized as the greatest crime of history.

For the lamentable condition of affairs in the South the inexplicable blunders of reconstruction are largely responsible. They turned society upside down. They arrayed the intelligence, the wealth, the land, the political skill, the traditions of the South against its numbers, its ignorance, and its degradation, and put the latter on top. The struggle for supremacy was inevitable, and could have but one issue. By means wholly obnoxious and detestable, brains won. By fair means or foul, they generally do. The lessons of history in this connection are monotonous, but the statesmen of 1868 had not read history, which is said to be philosophy teaching by example.

Their plan left but two courses open for those to whom they bequeathed the priceless legacy of their labors. The first was to prop up and sustain the unstable fabric which their wisdom had erected, by the continuous application of the national power. The other was to withdraw the Army and leave the whole subject to the local authorities, however inert, reluctant, or hostile they might be. In either event a contest was unavoidable. Under the first plan, the strife would be one of arms and force. Under the other, it would be a conflict of ideas, with the press, the school-book, and the pen as the weapons of the war.

The alternative has been chosen, and the selection is irrevocable. There can be no footsteps backward. It is idle to quarrel with the inevitable. What has been done we cannot undo. Statesmanship has no concern with the past except to learn its lessons. Recrimination and hostile criticism are worse than useless. We must act in the present and go forward to meet the future. However much some may regret what they conceive to be a surrender of principles, an abandonment of friends, a falsification of history, and a confession that a great office is held by successful fraud, the path of wisdom is plain. We must wait the result of the experiment. We must insist upon a rigid observance of the guaranties of freedom contained in the Constitution, and if they are violated, we must invoke that revolt of the national conscience which sooner or later is sure to come.

If there are those who believe that the issues whose discussion upon peaceful or bloody fields formed the annals of our first century are dead, I am not one of them. Our political history has always moved in periods defined by the conflict between State and national authority. The views entertained by the rival par-

ties that arose when the Constitution was framed, and that in fact existed under the old confederation, are the same views that have continued to exist, and which shall survive so long as our Government shall endure. Notwithstanding its supposed precision and its subjection to judicial interpretation—our Constitution has always been found to possess sufficient latent powers to make it progressive and adapt it to the needs and convictions of the Nation. But there is something more venerable than constitutions, more sacred than charters, and that is the rights for whose protection they are ordained; and when the provisions of our organic law ceased to express the purposes of the people, it was from time to time amended, and when its capacity for amendments by peaceful methods was exhausted, it was amended by the sword.

But no man is ever convinced by being overpowered. Force cannot extirpate ideas. They are immortal. Their vitality is inextinguishable. They cannot be annihilated. They may be for a time repressed, but they never die. War does not change the opinions of the victors nor the vanquished. It proves nothing, except which combatant has the deepest purse and the toughest muscle. Had the result of our conflict been reversed; had the Army of the Confederacy dictated the terms of peace from the Capitol; had the constitutional theory of Calhoun been forced upon the Nation; had slavery been made national, and the Georgia statesman fulfilled his threat to call the roll of his slaves in the shadow of Bunker Hill—I should never have believed that secession and slavery were right, nor that the patriot dead had died in vain; nor should I have ever ceased to aspire that all men might be free, and that a future day might dawn upon a redeemed and regenerated Republic. Many orators have declared, many papers have

stated, many conventions have resolved, that the ideas for which the South contended were settled by the war; but I have never heard the confession that they were wrong or without warrant in the Constitution. I should distrust the sincerity and suspect the ingenuousness of any intelligent Confederate who would say this.

It was not to be expected that the tremendous passions engendered by the Civil War, the trepidation of its fugitives, the thwarted ambitions of its leaders, and all the direful sequels of the most portentous tragedy of time, should instantaneously be quieted and disappear. History teaches no such lesson. The fluctuations of the storm-smitten sea do not subside till long after the violence of the tempest is spent. But it was not unreasonable to hope for a manly and vigorous effort to assuage the melancholy passions of the terrible epoch; to calm the exasperation of the thoughtless; to educate the masses of the people to obedience, order, and peace.

But as the revolted States have resumed their relations to the Government, the old leaders of opinion, the chiefs of the defeated armies, have been sent to both houses of Congress, and the sole test of political advancement is service in the Confederate Army. No Unionist, no conservative, no negro, ever has received or ever will receive the support of that party which has at last secured "a solid South." To revert once more to the supposition that the contest had resulted differently and that the North had been "reconstructed," what would have been the irresistible conclusion had men like Garrison, Phillips, Sumner, Sheridan, and Sherman been sent to the Senate and House, and elected governors and officers of State? The deduction would have been reasonable at least, that memory survived, though hope might be dead.



Therefore, Mr. President, it is not singular that we are incredulous; that we demand something more than varnished and veneered professions; that we distrust handshakings and embraces, and languishing sentimentalism, and feel inclined to say: "Methinks the lady doth protest too much!" We are prompted to penetrate beneath the surface and inspect the social methods, the political agencies, the tendencies which mark the direction of the thought of the people and define the orbit of the popular will.

No, Mr. President, let us not deceive ourselves nor be deceived. There can be no truce between right and wrong. In the conflict of ideas there can be no armistice. The gigantic revolution through which we have passed did not arise upon a point of etiquette, and it cannot be ended by a polite apology. It was a great struggle between two hostile and enduring forces, which must continue until one or the other shall become displaced and expelled from our system of Government. It must go on either till the right of one man, or class, by violence or force, to prescribe the opinions, control the acts, and define the political relations of others is freely conceded, or until the right of every individual, however humble, to think, act, or vote in accordance with the suggestions of his own judgment and conscience under the law shall be absolutely unquestioned. So long as this right is denied or abridged under any pretext, or in any locality, North, South, East, or West, in the shadow of the mountains, in the great valley, or by the shore of gulf or sea, so long the conflict must last. It will never end till the unity and supremacy of the Nation is undisputed; till life is sacred and liberty secure; till the opportunities for knowledge are as universally diffused as the desire to know, and the pursuit of happiness as unlimited as the capacity to enjoy.



In view of these considerations, our exercises to-day have a profound significance. Her Territorial pupilage educated Kansas to freedom, and she has not forgotten that bloody tuition. Twenty-one years have elapsed since Garrison and his associates died that the State might be free. I see before me many who participated with them in those early contests, and who still stand as sleepless sentinels upon the watch-towers of liberty. The siren and seductive song of peace will not delude their vigilance nor lull them into security. The passions engendered in that epoch have subsided, but its lessons remain, and this monument which we dedicate is not alone a memento of the past, but it is an admonition for the present and the future. It announces that against all the blandishments of policy, the temptations of place, or profit, or expediency, we dedicate ourselves to assert and defend those vital principles of justice and rectitude which are the foundation not alone of all individual welfare, but of true national grandeur.

There is one further act of commemoration to complete the full recognition of the debt of gratitude we owe John Brown. The old hall of the House of Representatives in the Capitol at Washington, which is consecrated by the genius, the wisdom, and the patriotism of the statesmen of the first century of American history, has been designated by Congress as a national gallery of statuary, to which each State is invited to contribute two bronze or marble statues of her citizens illustrious for their historic renown or from distinguished civic and military services. It will be long before this silent congregation is complete. With tardy footsteps they slowly ascend their pedestals; voiceless orators, whose stony eloquence will salute and inspire the generations of freemen to come; bronze warriors, whose unsheathed swords seem yet to direct the onset, and

whose command will pass from century to century, inspiring an unbroken line of heroes to guard with ceaseless care the heritage their valor won.

Kansas is yet in her youth. She has no associations that are venerable by age. All her dead have been the cotemporaries of those who yet live. The verdict of posterity can only be anticipated. But, like all communities, we have had our heroic era, and it has closed. It terminated with the war which began within our borders, and it deserves a national commemoration. I believe the concurring judgment of mankind would designate him as the conspicuous representative of this period in our history, and while his image yet exists in the memories of his cotemporaries, so that accurate portraiture is possible, I hope the people of Kansas will honor themselves by procuring his statue to be placed in this hall as a gift to the Nation. If the time has ever been when it would have been inappropriate, when it might have wounded the sensibility or moved the indignation of any of our brethren, it has passed away. We are conciliated and we have forgotten. We have found "the sweet oblivious antidote" for all our sorrows. If Kansas makes this tardy recognition of one of her noblest sons, Virginia can ill afford to remember that she hanged as a traitor the man whose cause the Nation espoused three years afterwards, and whose standard she seized from the gallows at Charlestown and bore in triumph to Appomattox Court-house.

Mr. President, my task is done. I am conscious how imperfectly and inadequately I have given expression to the suggestions of this memorable hour, but I feel that the communion of this auspicious day has not been in vain. We need to measure ourselves by heroic standards, lest we become dwarfed by inaction. We require the tonic and stimulus of great examples,

lest we become enervated by paltry considerations. We shall soon separate to meet no more. Let us bear away as we depart renewed resolves to devote ourselves to the preservation of the spirit and essence as well as the form of civil liberty. In a brief space we shall all be dispersed by death, and our homes, our fields, our possessions, our dignities, our duties will descend to our posterity. Let us bequeath to them unimpaired the priceless heritage which we have received from those who attested their faith with their lives. And if in the distant future the guarantees of constitutional liberty shall be assailed, and the patriot of another age turn for inspiration to this, he will find no grander example of heroic zeal and lofty self-devotion than "Old John Brown of Osawatomie."

"They never fail who die  
In a great cause. The block may soak their gore;  
Their heads may sodden in the sun; their limbs  
Be strung to city gates and castle walls;  
But still their spirit walks abroad. Though years  
Elapse and others share as dark a doom,  
They but augment the deep and sweeping thoughts  
Which overpower all others and conduct  
The world at last to *Freedom*."

## EULOGY.

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR JAMES B. BECK, OF KENTUCKY.

August 23, 1890.

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*Mr. President:* Rugged, robust, and indomitable, the incarnation of physical force and intellectual energy, Senator Beck seemed a part of Nature, inseparable from life and exempt from infirmity. Accustomed for many sessions to the exhibition of his prodigious activity, his indefatigable labors, his strenuous conflicts, I recall the emotion with which I saw him a few months ago stand painfully in his place and announce with strange pathos that for the first time in twenty years he found himself unable to participate in debate. It was as if a torrent had paused midway in its descent, or a tempest had ceased suddenly in its stormy progress. He lingered for awhile, as the prostrate oak, to which he has been appropriately compared by his late colleague, retains its verdure for a brief interval after its fall, or as the flame flickers when the candle is burned out; but his work was done. It was the end.

Estimated by comparison with his contemporaries, and measured by the limitations which he overcame, his career cannot be considered otherwise than as extraordinary and of singular and unusual distinction. An alien, and not favored by Fortune, he conquered the accidents of birth and the obstacles of race, scaled the formidable barriers of tradition, and rose by successive steps to the highest social and political station.

In a great State, proud of its history, of the lineage of its illustrious families, of the honor of its heroic names, of the achievements of its warriors and statesmen whose renown is the imperishable heritage of mankind, this stranger surpassed the swiftest in the race of ambition and the strongest in the strife for supremacy. His triumph was not temporary, the brilliant and casual episode of an aspiring and unscrupulous adventurer, but a steadfast and permanent conquest of the judgment and affections of an exalted constituency. Nor was the recognition of his superiority confined to Kentucky. Though he never forgot his nativity, nor the associations of his youth, he was by choice and preference, and not from necessity, an American. In his broad and generous nature patriotism was a passion and allegiance a sacred and unalterable obligation. A partisan by instinct and conviction, there was nothing ignoble in his partisanship. He transgressed the boundaries of party in his friendships, and no appeal to his sympathy or compassion was ever made in vain.

He has departed. His term had not expired, but his name has been stricken from the rolls of the Senate. His credentials remain in its archives, but an honored successor sits unchallenged in his place. He has no vote nor voice, but the consideration of great measures affecting the interests of every citizen of the Republic is interrupted, with the concurrence and approval of all, that the representatives of forty-two commonwealths may rehearse the virtues and commemorate the career of an associate who is beyond the reach of praise or censure, in the kingdom of the dead.

The right to live is, in human estimation, the most sacred, the most inviolable, the most inalienable. The joy of living in such a splendid and luminous day as this is inconceivable.

To exist is exultation. To live forever is our sublimest hope. Annihilation, extinction, and eternal death are the forebodings of despair. To know, to love, to achieve, to triumph, to confer happiness, to alleviate misery, is rapture. The greatest crime and the severest penalty known to human law is the sacrifice and forfeiture of life.

And yet we are all under sentence of death. Other events may or may not occur. Other conditions may or may not exist. We may be rich or poor; we may be learned or ignorant; we may be happy or wretched; but we all must die. The verdict has been pronounced by the inexorable decree of an omnipotent tribunal. Without trial or opportunity for defense; with no knowledge of the accuser or the nature and cause of the accusation; without being confronted with the witnesses against us—we have been summoned to the bar of life and condemned to death. There is no writ of error nor review. There is neither exculpation nor appeal. All must be relinquished. Beauty and deformity, good and evil, virtue and vice, share the same relentless fate. The tender mother cries passionately for mercy for her first-born, but there is no clemency. The craven felon sullenly prays for a moment in which to be aneled, but there is no reprieve. The soul helplessly beats its wings against the bars, shudders, and disappears.

The proscription extends alike to the individual and the type. Nations die, and races expire. Humanity itself is destined to extinction. Sooner or later, it is the instruction of science, that the energy of the earth will be expended and it will become incapable of supporting life. A group of feeble and pallid survivors in some sheltered valley in the tropics will behold the sun sink below the horizon and the pitiless stars glitter in the midnight sky. The last man will perish, and the



sun will rise upon the earth without an inhabitant. Its atmosphere, its seas, its light and heat will vanish, and the planet will be an idle cinder uselessly spinning in its orbit.

Every hour some world dies unnoticed in the firmament; some sun smolders to embers and ashes on the hearthstone of infinite space, and the mighty maze of systems sweeps ceaselessly onward in its voyage of doom to remorseless and unsparing destruction.

With the disappearance of man from the earth all traces of his existence will be lost. The palaces, towers, and temples he has reared, the institutions he has established, the cities he has builded, the books he has written, the creeds he has constructed, the philosophies he has formulated—all science, art, literature, and knowledge will be obliterated and engulfed in empty and vacant oblivion.

"The great globe itself,  
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,  
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,  
Leave not a rack behind."

There is an Intelligence so vast and enduring that the flaming interval between the birth and death of universes is no more than the flash of fireflies above the meadows of summer; a colossal Power by which these stupendous orbs are launched in the abyss, like bubbles blown by a child in the morning sun, and Whose sense of justice and reason cannot be less potential than those immutable statutes that are the law of being to the creatures He has made, and which compel them to declare that if the only object of creation is destruction, if infinity is the theatre of an uninterrupted series of irreparable calamities, is the final cause of life is death, then time is an inexplicable tragedy, and eternity an illogical and indefensible catastrophe.



This obsequy is for the quick, and not for the dead. It is not an inconsolable lamentation. It is a strain of triumph. It is an affirmation to those who survive, that as our departed associate, contemplating at the close of his life the monument of good deeds he had erected, more enduring than brass and loftier than the pyramids of kings, might exclaim with the Roman poet, "*Non omnis moriar!*" so, turning to the silent and unknown future, he could rely with just and reasonable confidence upon that most impressive and momentous assurance ever delivered to the human race: "He that believeth in Me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die."

## EULOGY.

ON THE DEATH OF SENATOR B. H. HILL, OF GEORGIA.

*January 25, 1883.*

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Ben Hill has gone to the undiscovered country.

Whether his journey thither was but one step across an imperceptible frontier, or whether an interminable ocean, black, unfluctuating, and voiceless, stretches between these earthly coasts and those invisible shores—we do not know.

Whether on that August morning after death he saw a more glorious sun rise with unimaginable splendor above a celestial horizon, or whether his apathetic and unconscious ashes still sleep in cold obstruction and insensible oblivion—we do not know.

Whether his strong and subtle energies found instant exercise in another forum; whether his dexterous and disciplined faculties are now contending in a higher Senate than ours for supremacy; or whether his powers were dissipated and dispersed with his parting breath—we do not know.

Whether his passions, ambitions, and affections still sway, attract, and impel; whether he yet remembers us as we remember him—we do not know.

These are the unsolved, the insoluble problems of mortal life and human destiny, which prompted the troubled patriarch to ask that momentous question for which the centuries have given no answer: "If a man die, shall he live again?"

Every man is the center of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within its narrow confines he is potential, beyond it he perishes; and if immortality be a splendid but delusive dream, if the incompleteness of every career, even the longest and most fortunate, be not supplemented and perfected after its termination here, then he who dreads to die should fear to live, for life is a tragedy more desolate and inexplicable than death.

Of all the dead whose obsequies we have paused to solemnize in this chamber, I recall no one whose untimely fate seems so lamentable, and yet so rich in prophecy of eternal life, as that of Senator Hill. He had reached the meridian of his years. He stood upon the high plateau of middle life, in that serene atmosphere where temptation no longer assails, where the clamorous passions no more distract, and where the conditions are most favorable for noble and enduring achievements. His upward path had been through stormy adversity and contention, such as infrequently falls to the lot of men. Though not without the tendency to meditation, reverie, and introspection which accompanies genius, his temperament was palestric. He was competitive and unpeaceful. He was born a polemic and controversialist, intellectually pugnacious and combative, so that he was impelled to defend any position that might be assailed or to attack any position that might be entrenched, not because the defense or the assault were essential, but because the positions were maintained and that those who held them became by that fact alone his adversaries. This tendency of his nature made his orbit erratic. He was meteoric rather than planetary, and flashed with irregular splendor rather than shone with steady and penetrating rays. His advocacy of any cause was fearless to the verge of temer-

ity. He appeared to be indifferent to applause or censure for their own sake. He accepted intrepidly any conclusions that he reached, without inquiring whether they were polite or expedient.

To such a spirit partisanship was unavoidable; but with Senator Hill it did not degenerate into bigotry. He was capable of broad generosity, and extended to his opponents the same unreserved candor which he demanded for himself. His oratory was impetuous and devoid of artifice. He was not a posturer nor phrase-monger. He was too intense, too earnest, to employ the cheap and paltry decorations of discourse. He never reconnoitered a hostile position nor approached it by stealthy parallels. He could not lay siege to an enemy, nor beleaguer him, nor open trenches, and sap and mine. His method was the charge and the onset. He was the Murat of senatorial debate. Not many men of this generation have been better equipped for parliamentary warfare than he, with his commanding presence, his sinewy diction, his confidence and imperturbable self-control.

But in the maturity of his powers and his fame, with unmeasured opportunities for achievement apparently before him, with great designs unaccomplished, surrounded by the proud and affectionate solicitude of a great constituency, the pallid messenger with the inverted torch beckoned him to depart. There are few scenes in history more tragic than that protracted combat with death. No man had greater inducements to live. But in the long struggle against the inexorable advances of an insidious and mortal malady he did not falter nor repine. He retreated with the aspect of a victor; and though he succumbed, he seemed to conquer. His sun went down at noon, but it sank amid the prophetic splendors of an eternal dawn.

With more than a hero's courage, with more than a martyr's fortitude, he waited the approach of the inevitable hour, and went—to the undiscovered country.

## EULOGY.

ON THE DEATH OF CONGRESSMAN JAMES N. BURNES, OF  
MISSOURI.

*January 24, 1889.*

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*Mr. President:* These are the culminating hours of a closing scene in the drama of national life. When this day returns, one political party will relinquish and another assume the executive functions of government. On every hand are visible the preparations to "welcome the coming and speed the parting guest." At the eastern portico already stands the stage on which the great actors will play their parts, in the presence of a mighty audience, amid the mimic pomp and circumstance of war, with the splendor of banners, music's martial strains, and the hoarse salutations of accentuating guns.

"Enterprises of great pith and moment" wait upon the event of the brief interval. While Pleasure wanders restlessly through the corridors of the Capitol, Hope and Fear, Ambition, Cupidity, and Revenge sit in the galleries or stand at the gates, eager, like dying Elizabeth, to exchange millions of money for the inch of time upon which success or failure, wealth or penury, honor or obloquy depend.

At this juncture and crisis, when each instant is priceless, disregarding every inducement, resisting every incentive and solicitation, the Senate proceeds, by unanimous consent, to consider resolutions of the highest privilege, reported from no

committee, having no place upon any calendar, but which take precedence of unfinished business and special order, upon which the yeas and nays are never called, and no negative vote is ever recorded, and reverently pauses, in obedience to the holiest impulse of human nature, to contemplate the profoundest mystery of human destiny—the mystery of death.

In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest, and the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil.

Here at last is Nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed. Injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted; the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity, which make life such a cruel and inexplicable tragedy, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to that invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.

James Nelson Burnes, whose death we deplore to-day, was a man whom Plutarch might have described or Van Dyke delineated; massive, rugged, and robust; in motion slow; in speech sonorous and deliberate; grave in aspect; serious in demeanor; of antique and heroic mould; the incarnation of force, energy, and power.



Not perplexed by moral abstractions nor mental subtleties, he possessed that assemblage of qualities which makes success in practical affairs inevitable. Great enterprises were natural to him. Breadth, grasp, and comprehension characterized his projects. Early perceiving the enormous possibilities of the valley of the Missouri, longer than the Amazon and more fertile than the Nile, he immediately identified himself with the forces which have developed the empire of the Northwest, made the American Desert an oasis, and abolished the frontier. At the bar, on the bench, in business and politics, he was foremost for a quarter of a century.

When we first met, St. Louis was an outpost of civilization, and Jefferson City the farthest point reached by railroad. In all that vast region, from the sparse settlements along the Missouri to the Sierra Nevada, from the Arkansas to the Yellowstone—now the abode of millions, soon to be represented in this chamber—there was neither husbandry nor harvest, habitation nor home, save the casual encampments of the Bedouins of the plains, more savage than the beasts they slew.

We were neighbors, as that word goes in the West. Twenty miles to the northward, across the turbid stream, the level bars of tawny sand, and the vast expanse of primeval forest, were visible from my door, in the morning and evening sun, the spires and the towers of the city where he dwelt, and with whose history his name will be indissolubly associated. Here, in a stately home, with ample fortune, equipage, and retinue, surrounded by a family he adored, by friends devoted to him, and by enemies whom he had overcome, he confidently anticipated larger triumphs and loftier honors yet to be.

As I looked for the last time upon that countenance from which for the first time in so many years no glance of kindly

recognition nor word of welcome came, I reflected upon the impenetrable and insoluble mystery of death. But if death be the end; if the life of Burnes terminated upon "this bank and shoal of time," if no morning is to dawn upon the night in which he sleeps—then sorrow has no consolation, and this impressive and solemn ceremony which we observe to-day has no more significance than the painted pageant of the stage. If the existence of Burnes was but a troubled dream, his death oblivion, what avails it that the Senate should pause to recount his virtues; and that his associates should assemble in solemn sorrow around his voiceless sepulchre? Neither veneration nor reverence is due the dead if they are but dust; no cenotaph should be reared to preserve for posterity the memory of their achievements if those who come after them are to be only their successors in annihilation and extinction.

Unless we survive, the ties of birth, affection, and friendship are a delusive mockery; the structure of laws and customs upon which society is based, a detected imposture; the codes of morality and justice, the sentiments of gratitude and faith, are empty formulas, without force or consecration. If in this world only we have hope and consciousness, why should their inculcations be heeded? Duty must be a chimera. Our passions and our pleasures should be the guides of conduct, and virtue is indeed a superstition if life ends at the grave.

This is the conclusion which the philosophy of negation must accept at last. Such is the felicity of those degrading precepts which make the epitaph the end. If these teachers are right, if the life of Burnes is like an arrow that is spent, then we are atoms in a moral chaos; obedience to law is indefensible servitude; rulers and magistrates are despots tolerated only by popular imbecility; justice is a denial of liberty;

honor and truth are trivial rhapsodies; murder and perjury are derisive jests, and their harsh definitions are frivolous phrases invented by tyrants to impose on the timidity of cowards and the credulity of slaves.

If the life of Burnes is as a taper that is burned out, then we treasure his memory and his example in vain, and the latest prayer of his departing spirit has no more sanctity to us, who soon or late must follow him, than the whisper of winds that stir the leaves of the protesting forest, or the murmur of waves that break upon the complaining shore.

## FIAT JUSTITIA.

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(Speech in the Senate of the United States, Thursday, January 23, 1890.)

MR. INGALLS: Mr. President, pursuant to notice heretofore given, I move that the Senate do now proceed to the consideration of the bill offered by the Senator from South Carolina [Mr. Butler], and I ask that it may be read at length for information.

THE VICE-PRESIDENT: The bill will be read at length.

The Chief Clerk read the bill (S. 1121) to provide for the emigration of persons of color from the Southern States, as follows:

*"Be it enacted, etc.,* That upon the application of any person of color to the nearest United States Commissioner, setting forth that he, she, or they desire to emigrate from any of the Southern States, and designating the point to which he, she, or they wish to go, with a view to citizenship and permanent residence in said country, and also setting forth that he, she, or they are too poor to pay the necessary traveling expenses, and that the move is intended to be permanent and is made in good faith, and shall verify said application under oath before said Commissioner, it shall be the duty of said Commissioner to transmit said application with a written statement, giving his opinion as to the merits and *bona fides* of said application, to the Quartermaster-General of the Army, and shall be allowed a fee of 50 cents for each of said applications; but in no case will fees be allowed for more than one application for each family, the members of which shall be included in one application by the head of the same. And in the case where the application is made by an adult person without a family and on his or her own behalf, then the same allowance of 50 cents shall be allowed for such application

"SEC. 2. That it shall be the duty of the Quartermaster-General, on receipt of said application, to furnish transportation in kind for the person or persons embraced therein, by the nearest practicable route from the home of the applicant or applicants to the point of destination, and upon

the cheapest and most economical plan, whether by railroad or water transportation, and shall account for the same to the proper accounting officers of the Government, as is now provided by law.

"SEC. 3. That the sum of \$5,000,000 be, and the same is hereby, appropriated, out of any money in the Treasury not otherwise appropriated, to enable the Quartermaster-General to carry out the provisions of this act.

"SEC. 4. That the Quartermaster-General be, and he is hereby, authorized and directed to prepare forms of application, verification, etc., to be used under the provisions of this act, and such rules and regulations as may be necessary to protect the Government against imposition, to be furnished to any United States Commissioners upon proper application or requisition, free of charge, and shall report the same to Congress for its information."

MR. INGALLS: Mr. President, the race to which we belong is the most arrogant and rapacious, the most exclusive and indomitable in history. It is the conquering and the unconquerable race, through which alone man has taken possession of the physical and moral world. To our race humanity is indebted for religion, for literature, for civilization. It has a genius for conquest, for politics, for jurisprudence, and for administration. The home and the family are its contributions to society. Individualism, fraternity, liberty, and equality have been its contributions to the State. All other races have been its enemies or its victims.

This, sir, is not the time, nor is this the occasion, to consider the profoundly interesting question of the unity of races. It is sufficient to say that either by instinct or design the Caucasian race at every step of its progress from barbarism to enlightenment has refused to mingle its blood or assimilate with the two other great human families, the Mongolian and the African, and has persistently rejected adulteration. It has found the fullest and most complete realization of its fundamental ideas of government and society upon this continent,

and there can be no doubt that upon this arena its future and most magnificent triumphs are to be accomplished.

The exiles of Plymouth and of Jamestown brought hither political and social ideas which have developed with inconceivable energy and power. They ventured upon a hitherto untried experiment, a daring innovation, a paradox in government. They who rule are those who are to be governed. The rulers frame the law to which they themselves must submit. The kings are the subjects, and those who are free voluntarily surrender a portion of their freedom that their own liberties may be more secure. The ablest soothsayer could not have foretold the wonderful development of the first century of American nationality, the increase of population, the expanse of boundary, the aggrandizement of resources. The frontier has been abolished; the climate has been conquered; the desert subdued. For these conditions, which could not have been predicted, for which there were neither maxims, nor formulas, nor precedents, the genius of the Caucasian race has furnished an equivalent in the Constitution under which we live, an organic law flexible enough to permit indefinite and unlimited expansion, and at the same time rigid enough hitherto to protect the rights of the weakest and the humblest from invasion.

From its latent resources have been evoked vast and unsuspected powers that have become the charters of liberty to the victims of its misconstruction; beneath its beneficent covenants every faith has found a shelter, every creed a sanctuary, and every wrong redress. It has reconciled interests that were apparently in irrepressible conflict. It has resisted the rancor of party spirit, the vehemence of faction, the perils of foreign immigration, the collision of civil war, the jealous menace of foreign and hostile nations. It has realized up to this time

the splendid dream of the great English apostle of modern liberty, who said in the midst of the struggle for the dismemberment of the American Union:

"I have another and a broader vision before my gaze. It may be a vision, but I cherish it. I see one vast confederation reaching from the frozen North in unbroken line to the glowing South, and from the wild billows of the Atlantic to the calmer waters of the Pacific main; and I see one people and one language, and one law and one faith, and all over that wide continent a home of freedom and a refuge for the oppressed of every race and every clime."

Upon the threshold of our second century, Mr. President, we are confronted with the most formidable and portentous problem ever submitted to a free people for solution; complex, unprecedented, involving social, moral, and political considerations, party supremacy, and in the estimation of many, though not in my own, in its ultimate consequences the existence of our system of government. Its gravity cannot be exaggerated and its discussion has been deferred too long. Its solution will demand all the resources of the statesmanship of the present and the future to prevent a crisis that may become a catastrophe. It should be approached with candor, with solemnity, with patriotic purpose, with earnest scrutiny, without subterfuge and without reserve.

Let me state it in the language of one of the most brilliant, the most impassioned and powerful of all the orators of the South, now unfortunately no more. When Grady died, a luminous and dazzling meteor disappeared from the Southern firmament. I regret that I never met him. On his journey homeward from Boston he sent me a message from his car, where he lay ill, which reached me too late to enable me to see him, and now he has departed for the undiscovered country. But though dead he yet speaketh, and I will ask the Secretary to



read an extract from that extraordinary oration which he delivered before the merchants of Boston in December last upon the race problem in the South.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

"Note its appalling conditions. Two utterly dissimilar races on the same soil, with equal political and civil rights; almost equal in numbers, but terribly unequal in intelligence and responsibility; each pledged against fusion; one for a century in servitude to the other, and freed at last by a desolating war; the experiment sought by neither, but approached by both with doubt—these are the conditions. Under these, adverse at every point, we are required to carry these two races in peace and honor to the end.

"Never, sir, has such a task been given to mortal stewardship. Never before in this Republic has the white race divided on the rights of an alien race. The red man was cut down as a weed because he hindered the way of the American citizen. The yellow man was shut out of this Republic because he is an alien and inferior. The red man was the owner of the land; the yellow man highly civilized and assimilable; but they hindered both sections and are gone. But the black man, clothed with every privilege of government, affecting but one section, is pinned to the soil, and my people commanded to make good at any hazard and at any cost his full and equal heirship of American privilege and prosperity. It matters not that every other race has been routed or excluded without rhyme or reason. It matters not that wherever the whites and blacks have touched, in any era or in any clime, there has been irreconcilable violence. It matters not that no two races, however similar, have ever lived anywhere at any time on the same soil with equal rights in peace. In spite of these things, we are commanded to make good this change of American policy, which has not perhaps changed American prejudice; to make certain here what has elsewhere been impossible between whites and blacks; and to reverse under the very worst conditions the universal verdict of racial history."

Mr. INGALLS: Let me state, Mr. President, the arithmetic of this problem. In 1860 there were 4,440,000 negroes, slave and free, in the United States; in 1870, 4,480,000; in 1880, 6,580,000. The increase from 1860 to 1870 was 40,000, and from 1870 to 1880 it was 2,100,000, an increase which, I may say in passing, I believe can only be accounted for upon the theory

of a deliberate, premeditated, and intentional fraud upon the census. This would make an increase for the last decade of 35 per cent, while the entire population of the country increased not quite 30 per cent in that interval, immigration included. In Louisiana the increase was 119,000, while the whites increase but 92,000. In Georgia the increase was 178,000 whites and 180,000 blacks. In Mississippi, about which I shall have something to say hereafter, the increase was 97,000 whites and 200,000 blacks. In South Carolina it was 102,000 whites and 189,000 blacks.

But whether this extraordinary and unprecedented increase was due to a desire for additional representation or not, it may be admitted that the numerical increase of the colored race was undoubtedly considerable, and it may be conceded, I think, that with the improvement in their physical condition and their observance of the laws of longevity the ratio will probably grow larger, so that by the close of this century there will possibly be not less than fifteen millions of the black and colored races upon this continent.

The problem is still further complicated by the fact that they are gregarious. They instinctively separate themselves into their own communities, with their own habits, their own customs, their own methods of life. They worship separately and they are taught separately. The line of cleavage between the whites and blacks is becoming constantly more distinct and perceptible. There is neither amalgamation nor absorption nor assimilation. Politically they are affiliated with the victors in the late Civil War. Socially, and by locality and residence, they are indissolubly associated with the vanquished. Will this experiment, which has failed elsewhere, succeed here? Can the black race exist as citizens of the United States upon

terms of political equality with the Caucasian race? If not, why not? What must be done with them? This is the problem.

Mr. Frederick Douglass, the most illustrious living representative of his race—greater, I think, by his Caucasian reinforcement than by his African blood—once said to me that he thought as prejudice and social and political antagonism disappeared the races would blend, coalesce, and become homogeneous. I do not agree with him. There is no natural affinity between the races, and this solution of the problem is impossible, and, in my opinion, would be most deplorable. Events have shown that the relations between the sexes in the time of slavery were compulsory and have disappeared with freedom, The hybrids were the product of white fathers and black mothers, and seldom or never of black fathers and white mothers, and the inference from this result ethnologically is conclusive of that question. Such a solution, in my judgment, would perpetuate the vices of both races and the virtues of neither. There is no blood-poison so fatal as adulteration of race.

Races that cannot intermarry do not blend and become homogeneous. Englishmen, Irishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, and Scandinavians emigrate and in a generation they are Americans; their blood mingles with the great current of our national life, and of its alien origin nothing remains but a memory, a name, a tradition. Sometimes the invader becomes the conqueror, like the Tartar in China, the Normans in England; but history contains no record of two separate races peacefully existing upon terms of absolute social and political equality under the same system of government. Antagonism is inevitable. They become rivals and competitors, and in the struggle for supremacy the weaker has gone down.

The leaders of opinion in the South have evidently reached the conclusion that the present state of affairs cannot continue indefinitely, and the Senators from Alabama, South Carolina, and Florida, together with the editors of many newspapers and many orators, have invited and opened this debate. Thus far it has been conducted with unimpassioned and philosophic decorum and deliberation, which I shall endeavor to imitate. The Senator from South Carolina deprecated vituperation. It shall not come; it is not necessary. The most mordant and biting criticism that can be made about the situation in the South is—the truth.

I shall be impartial and judicial as far as I may be able; and in that vein I admit that historically the responsibility for the presence of the African race upon this continent is not confined to the States that rebelled in 1861, but belongs indiscriminately, share and share alike, to all the white people of the United States, North and South. Slavery retired from the valleys of the Merimac, the Connecticut, and the Hudson to the Potomac and southward, by the operation of social, economic, and natural laws, and not through the superior morality of those who defended the Union against the assaults of treason.

I am a native of Massachusetts. My ancestors held slaves in that State in the last century. I remember when a child with what interest I read in the school-books that poem beginning:

“Chain’d in the market-place he stood,  
A man of giant frame;  
Before the gath’ring multitude,  
That shrunk to hear his name.”

I recall the teachings of Wendell Phillips and Lloyd Garrison and the other apostles of human freedom. Wendell Phillips,

Lloyd Garrison, and Lovejoy were as right in 1850 as they were in 1860, but their appeals fell upon deaf ears in the land of the Puritans. Abolitionists were mobbed, despitefully and contumeliously treated, reviled and outlawed by the highest social classes. The conscience of New England never was thoroughly aroused to the immorality of African slavery until it ceased to be profitable, and the North did not finally determine to destroy the system until convinced that its continuance threatened not only their industrial independence, but their political supremacy.

Further, Mr. President, it may be admitted that the emancipation of the slaves was not contemplated by any considerable portion of the American people when the war for the Union began; and it was not brought to pass until the fortunes of war became desperate, and was then justified and defended upon the plea of military necessity.

Enfranchisement was logical and inevitable, but it was not, as the Senator from Florida [Mr. Pasco] said in his speech the other day, "A device to secure the perpetuation of power in the Republican party." That stale calumny, sir, is old enough to be superannuated and placed on the retired list. On the contrary, the apprehensive reluctance of the victors to confer citizenship and suffrage upon the freedmen was overcome only by incontrovertible evidence that the vanquished intended to reduce them to a condition of servitude more degraded and revolting than that from which they had been redeemed.

I will go one step further, Mr. President, and say that the Africanization of this continent, or of any considerable part of it, is not desirable. Were the colored race not here, the probabilities are strong that they would not be invited to come here. The proposition originally to introduce seven

million Africans would be discussed with great deliberation before it would be accepted; and I may supplement this statement with the additional opinion that were they not here, rather than endure what they have suffered in two centuries of slavery and twenty-five years of ostensible freedom, they would unanimously prefer to continue in association with their kindred in the Dark Continent.

But they are here, Mr. President, without their volition or our own. They are natives; they are citizens. Man for man, they are our political equals. They came here involuntarily as prisoners of war, captured in battle. They are of ancient lineage, genuine F. F. V.s, for the earliest migration was in August, 1619, antedating the historic voyage of the *Mayflower*.

As slaves, they drained the marshes, they felled the forests, they cultivated the fields, and assisted by their unrequited toil in piling up the accumulated wealth of the Nation. And, sir, while their masters were absent in camp and field, doing battle to rivet more firmly the chains by which they were bound and to make slavery the corner-stone of a new social and political structure, they remained upon the plantations and in the cities in charge of the estates and of the families of their owners, raising the supplies without which the war could not have been prolonged. General insurrections and servile uprisings would have dissolved the Confederate armies; but they did not occur. Docile, faithful, and submissive, the slaves were guilty of no violence against person or property. They lighted no midnight flame; they shed no innocent blood. It seems incredible that gratitude should not have defended and sheltered them from the hideous and indescribable wrongs and crimes of which they have been for a quarter of a century the guiltless and unresisting victims.



The same impulses, sir, that made them loyal to their masters during the war have made them faithful to their deliverers since. Their allegiance to the party of Lincoln and of Grant is persistent and unswerving. Their instincts were more infallible than reason. They have voted with their friends. They have begun to acquire homes and property. They have filled savings-banks with their earnings. They have assumed definite domestic relations. They have gathered about the school-master, and eagerly studied the alphabet, the primer and the Bible. By their sobriety, by their obedience to law, by their decorous demeanor, they have justified the temerity of those who dared to maintain that they possessed intelligence superior to the brutes and souls that were immortal.

But it can no longer be denied that suffrage and citizenship have hitherto not justified the anticipations of those by whom they were conferred. They have not been effective in the hands of the freedmen, either for attack or defense. They have been neither shield nor sword. Citizenship to them has been a name and suffrage a mockery. Force and violence have confessedly been supplemented and supplanted by fraud, which is safer and equally efficient. The suppression of the black vote is practically complete. The evidence is conclusive, it is overwhelming from every quarter, North and South, from Democrats and Republicans, from senators, editors, and orators, that the whites of the South have deliberately determined to eliminate the negro as the controlling factor from their social and political system.

I have some testimony on this point, and I shall quote none but Southern men and members of the Democratic party upon the subject. I refer once more to the significant, extraordinary oration delivered by the Georgia orator in Boston. Re-



ferring to the President's message—and he was there for the purpose of speaking to the people of New England and the country about the race problem in the South—referring to the President's message, he says:

“But we are asked, ‘When will the negro cast a free ballot?’”

Does he say that the negro does cast a free ballot? No, sir. He says:

“When the ignorant, anywhere, can cast a ballot not dominated by the will of the intelligent; when the laborer, anywhere—”

and this shows his want of conception and comprehension of the relations between the laborer and the employer—

“when the laborer, anywhere, casts his vote unhindered by his boss; when the poor everywhere are not influenced by the money and devices of the rich; when the might of the strong and the responsible will not everywhere control the suffrage of the weak and the shiftless—then, and not till then, will the ballot of the negro be free.”

I quote from a Democratic newspaper on the 16th of October, 1889, in Tennessee, in commenting upon what was called the election in Mississippi last fall. It seems that the Memphis *Avalanche* had published in an editorial the following statement:

“About the size of the situation in Mississippi is, that Chalmers could not get the office of governor, no matter how large his vote might be.”

The St. Louis *Republic* thought this was a rash remark for a Democratic newspaper in Tennessee to make, and so it gently and mildly reproached and reprovved the editor for his unguarded declaration; whereupon the newspaper that had been chided comes back with another editorial in answer to the St. Louis *Republic*, and says:

“We may say in passing, however, that the white—or, in other words, the Democratic—vote of this district is much greater than the Republican

vote, and that it is notorious that Mr. Phelan received practically all of it. It is equally well established that General Chalmers could not control the negro vote of the Second Mississippi District, while his opponent, Judge Morgan, obtained the united and enthusiastic support of his party.

"But this is not to the point,"

says this candid editor on the 16th of October. I am not going into the crypts of the past, Mr. President. This is not an archæological research. These are no torsos and relics, no cadavers exhumed for political purposes during the campaign. It is an utterance on the 16th of October, 1889, about a canvass then pending. Says the editor:

"The *Republic* will please take notice that the white people of the South do not intend to submit to be governed by negroes in any manner whatsoever. They have said so in deeds at every election for twenty years, and henceforth they mean to assert it in words. There ought to be no misunderstanding whatever. The Northern Republican press and the South-hating politicians of the North may make all the capital of it they please. God Almighty never intended, the framers of the Constitution never intended, that the descendants of African slaves should rule America or any part of it.

"We trust we have been sufficiently explicit on this occasion to satisfy our esteemed contemporary, the *Republic*, and all other inquiring friends."

As the result of that determination on the part of the Democrats of Mississippi, General Chalmers, who was the candidate of the Republican party for governor, a native, I believe, of that State, certainly of the South, a Confederate without fear and without reproach, was compelled to abandon his campaign, and he issued a final address, from which I will read a few extracts:

"As Republicans of Mississippi, we are compelled to withdraw our State ticket. We knew that our votes would be stolen or voters driven from the polls, but we hoped in the large towns and cities at least the semblance of free speech might still remain to us; but our candidates are not safely allowed to discuss our protest. Our course has always been conservative. When the armed revolution of 1875 wrested the State from

us, Mississippi was the only Southern State unburdened with a State debt. The Constitution of the United States guarantees to each State a republican form of government. Mississippi is governed by a minority despotism, and we appeal to our country for redress. The Constitution that we adopted is the only one in the South so satisfactory that it has not been changed.

"Our laws stand substantially unchanged and unrepealed, but we are Republicans, and this is our offense. That we are not actuated by cowardice in withdrawing from the contest is shown by the past. For fourteen years, ever since the infamous Mississippi plan was adopted, our path has been marked by the blood of our slain. Not only the well-known leaders who bravely died at the head of the column, but the faithful followers known only in the cabin of the lowly We refer not only to such well-known slaughters as Kemper and Copiah, Clinton and Carrollton, at Wahallak and Vicksburg, Yazoo City and Leflore, but to the nameless killing by creek and bayou, on highway and byway. They are the Democratic arguments which crush us. We can do no more. We dare no longer carry our battered and blood-stained Republican flag. We appeal to the Nation."

And so, Mr. President, the campaign closed, the candidates withdrew; the election was practically conceded to those who, by this tyranny and despotism, had prevented the exercise of the right of suffrage by American citizens. This I consider as one of the most tragic utterances that ever occurred in political history.

There are other illustrations of the purpose and determination of the Southern whites to prevent absolutely the exercise of political rights by colored Republicans. There was an election, or what was called an election, in this same State of Mississippi on the 6th day of the present month, seventeen days ago. There had been a previous one in the same town, with which the country is somewhat familiar. I will ask the Chief Clerk to read an extract from the Jackson (Mississippi) *Clarion*, printed on the second day of January, 1890, twenty-one days ago.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

"WHO CARES?—THE BOYS ARE COMING.

"The Yazoo Democrats will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Leflore Tigers will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Copiah Reliabilities will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Rankin Rangers will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Warren Warriors will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Madison Guards will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Bolton Boys will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Raymond Rifles will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Clinton Corps will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Terry Terribles will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Byram Bulldozers will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

The Edwards Dragoons will be here Monday to see there is a fair election.

*Who cares if the McGill men don't like it?*

What are they going to do about it, whether they like it or not?

The boys are coming, ten hundred strong.

The whole State of Mississippi is interested in the election.

It *shall* be a Democratic victory."

Mr. INGALLS: They were all there, Mr. President. Here is the way it was done; here is the way an election was held in one of the sovereign States of this Union three weeks ago. This correspondent says:

"It was the most outrageous thing I ever saw. All the toughs, murderers, etc., in the State were here with their Winchester rifles, and took possession of the city. The polls were in the possession of an armed mob, who would not allow a negro to come within one hundred yards of the polls. The court-house was just filled upstairs and downstairs with them. The Edmonds House was full of Winchester rifles, two men in each window, with their guns pointing down at the box

"The other voting-place in the north ward was at the Hook and Ladder Hall. Upstairs is the armory of the State Militia; that was filled with men, who were ready at the word to let them go. The voting downstairs was done with closed doors, and no one was allowed in there except the voters, and they only one at a time. They gave it out that the first man that attempted to vote—a negro—would be shot down."

And so on. I have another letter from a gentleman, known, perhaps, to many members of this body, from the same city, dated on the 9th of January, fourteen days ago—a United States officer, the register of a land office—and he says:

"It was the worst and most open defiance of law I ever saw. 'Jim' Liddell was here with his crowd of 'Swamp Angels' (for this badge was worn by them all—a green silk ribbon with 'Swamp Angel' on it). They were the same men who killed the negroes at Carrollton's. Cattle George, Senator George's son, was Liddell's lieutenant, and another younger son of George's was here in the party with his Winchester. Yazoo, Madison, Rankin, and all were here, armed to the teeth. Now, I wish to make this point clear: they wore badges with 'White Supremacy' on them. The same magic words headed their hand-bills and appeals for outside aid. Yet everyone in Jackson knew that the registration closed with 240 majority of white voters on the lists. Now, where was the fear of 'nigger' rule this time? It was Republican rule they will not submit to."

And more to the same effect. Is it any wonder, Mr. President, that Democrats become alarmed at this condition of affairs? I have a published interview here with a gentleman described as Hon. Frank Burkitt. He is alleged to be a Democrat. The interview appeared in the *Memphis (Tennessee) Commercial*. It is dated Jackson, Mississippi, January 10, thirteen days ago, and he says:

"In this State there are two factions of the Democratic party, equally honest."

That is a very valuable admission.

"One thinks it a dangerous experiment to hold a constitutional convention; the other thinks that it is the only salvation for Mississippi. In

my judgment, Mississippi is to-day standing between Winchester rifles on the one hand and Federal interference on the other.

\* \* \* \* \*

"In 1873 the Democratic party of the United States denounced Grant's administration for maintaining bayonets at the polls, and the agitation of this question created a revolution in politics throughout the United States.

\* \* \* \* \*

"This gave unquestioned proof that the American people were opposed to military interference. I regret to say—"

he continues, this candid Democrat—

"I regret to say that in Mississippi many of our elections, or so-called elections, are dominated by military interference to a greater extent than any ever perpetrated under General Grant's administration.

"The election at Jackson on Monday last gives evidence to every conservative Democrat in Mississippi that something must be done to prevent irresponsible men from exercising the controlling influence in our elections. And of such a system is to continue, Federal interference could not be much worse. If the Republican party of the North have the courage of the men who invaded the South in 1861 and 1865, they will not much longer tolerate it, and Federal interference, with all its horrors, will be again upon us. The main object to be attained by a constitutional convention is white supremacy by legal and constitutional methods, thereby superseding the shot-gun policy."

Mr. President, it needs no further proof of the statement that there is evidence controlling and overwhelming, from quarters not friendly to the party that I represent, that there is a deliberate purpose on the part of the whites of the South to eliminate absolutely the colored vote as a controlling or resisting factor in their political problem and situation. The pretexts for this course are many, but they all rest upon the assumption of the inferiority of the colored race, and of the dangers to Anglo-Saxon civilization from what they are pleased to call negro supremacy.

But, Mr. President, I confess, with humiliation that to this nullification of the Constitution, to this abrogation of the

social compact, to this breach of plighted faith, this violation of the natural rights of man, the people of the North have apparently consented. The Electoral College, the Senate, the House of Representatives, the domestic and foreign policy of this Nation, the debt, the revenue, the currency, all have been affected, and injuriously affected, by corrupt and fabricated majorities, without formal protest or organized resistance on the part of the North. Timon of Athens says:

"'Tis not enough to help the feeble up,  
But to support him after."

Until 1877 the unstable fabric erected by the architects of reconstruction was upheld by the military authority of the United States, and when this was withdrawn, the incongruous edifice toppled headlong and vanished away like the baseless fabric of a vision. It disappeared in cruel and ferocious convulsions, which form one of the most shameful and shocking of all the bloody tragedies of history. The attempt to reorganize society upon the basis of numbers failed. Education, wealth, political experience, land-ownership in the South, all conspired against the Constitution and the laws of the United States; and they emerged from that dreadful conflict in full possession of all the powers of the States, and no serious effort has been made to deprive them of their guilty acquisition. Casual and temporary efforts to pass force bills, civil rights bills, national election laws, have been made, but without avail. Practically—I say it with shame and remorse—practically, the negroes have been abandoned to their fate. In the catalogue they go for men, but the word of promise that was given them by the North has not been kept either to their ear or to their hope.



There are undoubtedly some thoughtful men in the South who perceive the gravity of the situation, who apprehend coming events, and would willingly relinquish the increment of representation in the Electoral College, in the Senate, and in the House of Representatives, gained by emancipation and enfranchisement, if the States could be permitted to impose the race condition upon suffrage. But this is impossible. It would shock the conscience of mankind. "The gods themselves cannot recall their gifts." Educational and property qualifications are competent and constitutional, but this would only retard and defer the crisis that is inevitable. It may be postponed for a generation, or it may be precipitated at the next Presidential election; but I warn those who are perpetrating these wrongs upon the suffrage that the North, the West, and the Northwest will not consent to have their industries, their institutions, their wealth, their manufactures, and their civilization changed, modified, or destroyed by an Executive and by Congressional majorities resting upon deliberate and habitual suppression of the colored vote, or any other vote, by force or by fraud. The instinct of self-preservation will forbid it.

The date when patience will cease cannot be predicted, but though the precise time cannot be foretold, it will come; and that it will come in peace or in blood is the inexorable decree of destiny. The same passions that resented colonial dependence, that substituted the Union for the confederation, that have overthrown State sovereignty, slavery, and every other obstacle in the path of liberty, justice, and nationality, may slumber, but they are not dead. They have acquired greater strength with their exercise at every stage of our growth and progress. The compromises of politicians seeking

for place and power, the shifts of traders wanting gain, the cowardice of the timid, who desire peace at the sacrifice of honor, will not prevail. Sooner or later they will shrivel and be consumed away in some sudden blaze like that which flashed and flamed from the Atlantic to the Pacific when John Brown at Harper's Ferry fired the gun whose reverberations died away at Appomattox. [Applause.]

Mr. President, among the preliminary incidents that will hasten this issue, if the present state of affairs continues, armed collisions between the races in the South are inevitable. They can be averted only by justice and by forbearance; but these qualities are not likely from present indications to be exhibited. There is nothing to indicate that in State, municipal, or local affairs the rights of majorities, if they happen to be black, will be recognized; and here the Nation has no power to interfere.

Ultimately the colored race will everywhere be strong enough to resist violence, and they will be intelligent enough to resent fraud. Educated to the consciousness of power, they will insist upon its exercise. They will neither submit to injustice nor consent to the denial of their political rights. With knowledge, wealth, and the irresistible stimulus and contagion of liberty will come self-control and leadership that will render the suppression of their suffrage impossible, except by the national will or by revolution.

The South, Mr. President, is standing upon a volcano. The South is sitting on a safety-valve. They are breeding innumerable John Browns and Nat. Turners. Already mutterings of discontent by hostile organizations are heard. The use of the torch and the dagger is advised. I deplore it, but as God is my judge, I say that no other people on the face of this earth have ever submitted to the wrongs, the injustice,

which have been for twenty-five years heaped upon the colored men of the South without revolution and blood. [Applause in the galleries.]

The VICE-PRESIDENT: The Chair takes this occasion to remind the occupants of the galleries that they are here by the courtesy of the Senate, and any manifestations of approbation or disapprobation are violations of the rules of the Senate. Order must be preserved.

Mr. INGALLS: And yet, Mr. President, in the face of this issue, the Senator from South Carolina who sits farthest from me [Mr. Hampton] deliberately advocates the policy of extermination of the blacks. I ask the Chief Clerk to read the extract which I send to the desk.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

"Senator Hampton's position, like that of a good many other people, is that no country was ever made or can be made for the occupation of two races distinct from each other in color and habits and tradition. Applying this rule to the Southern States, he finds that the condition inexorably indicates one of three results.

"One of the two races must migrate, one of the two must be exterminated, or the two must amalgamate. Increase of population, wealth, and education will hasten one of these results in proportion as we are successful. The richer and more highly educated the negro becomes, the higher his ambition will be, and the more bitterly will he resent and resist being held in a menial or inferior position. No enmity is involved in this consideration of plain facts. His warmest friends must come to understand that he cannot have a fair opportunity to develop what capacity he may have while in competition with another race, holding itself superior to him, in possession of most of the property, in control of the resources, and with a tremendous lead in intelligence and culture to enforce its claim. There is abundant soil in Central and South America and Mexico, and the United States Government can command money enough to buy a continent if it likes. The homesteads now offered other settlers on our public lands, together with free transportation and other help, would carry negroes from the South in swarms. They could organize their own States and come into the Union just as other people do, having their representatives in Congress and the Electoral College. There would be no danger that all of

them would leave the South, but enough would leave to relieve the situation of its pressures and dangers."

MR. INGALLS: That the process of extermination, or the solution of extermination, has already been inaugurated and is going on, I ask the Chief Clerk to read an extract from a newspaper printed in Brandon, Mississippi, of the issue of last week.

The Chief Clerk read as follows:

"Negro immigration threatens to overwhelm Mississippi, and if we didn't have such an unbounded faith in our ability to cope with them, it would make us feel serious. The *Avalanche* and other great dailies are predicting great disasters for the old Magnolia State, but we'll wager our old clothes that Mississippi will get there every time. There were one hundred and fifty-five negroes lynched in this State last year. This is significant, and should have a restraining influence over the coons."

MR. INGALLS: One hundred and fifty-five negroes lynched, their lives taken without authority of law, in Mississippi last year!

MR. PRESIDENT, the black man is not a coward. The black man came here, as I said before, as a prisoner of war, captured in battle. Two hundred and fifty thousand of them enlisted in the military service of the United States to preserve the integrity of the Constitution that doomed them to degradation and to defend the flag that was the symbol and the emblem of their dishonor. It is said that the Athenians erected a statue to *Æsop*, who was born a slave; or, as *Phædrus* phrases it:

"*Æsopi ingenio statuam posuere Attici,  
Servumque collocarunt æterna in basi.*"

"They placed the slave upon an eternal pedestal."

Sir, for what the enfranchised slaves did for the cause or constitutional liberty in this country the American people

should imitate the Athenians and place the slave upon an eternal pedestal. Their conduct has been beyond all praise. They have been patient, they have been docile, they have been loyal to their masters and to the country, and to those with whom they are associated; but, as I said before, no other people ever endured patiently such injustice and wrong. Despotism makes nihilists; tyranny makes socialists and communists; injustice is the great manufacturer of dynamite. The thief robs himself; the adulterer pollutes himself; the murderer inflicts a deeper wound upon himself than that which slays his victim. The South in imposing chains upon the Africans placed heavier manacles upon themselves than those which bound the hapless slave; and those who are now denying to American citizens the prerogatives of freedom should remember that behind them, silent and tardy it may be, but inexorable and relentless, stalks with uplifted blade the menacing specter of vengeance and of retribution.

Sir, the South is in greater danger than the enfranchised slave if there is to be the policy of extermination; but if my voice can reach that proscribed and unfortunate class, I appeal to them to continue as they have begun, to endure to the end, and thus to commend themselves to the favorable judgment of mankind, and to rely for their safety upon the ultimate appeal to the conscience of the human race.

This is one of the great dangers, Mr. President. Ordinarily it might be assumed that if the supremacy of the white race in the South was threatened by armed negro majorities, fighting for the rights of which they are deprived, the coalition of the Anglo-Saxon race on this continent would be instantaneous. But unfortunately, sir, the reconciliation of the sections is not cordial nor complete. There is no affection between

the conquerors and the conquered. The South has not forgiven the North for its victory, for its prosperity, for its superiority. If it can control the Government and its patronage and hold the purse and the sword, it is patriotic. It is opposed to pensions, to protection, to national authority, because these are the policies of those who thwarted the effort to destroy the Union. It re-enforces the cowardly and degraded elements in the North that sympathized with their treason.

The South, sir, has not accepted the amendments of the Constitution in good faith. It habitually violates the treaty made with the North, openly proclaims a purpose to disregard the pledge under which they escaped confiscation and outlawry. They have their own heroes, their own anniversaries. They celebrate their own victories. They rear their monuments to civil and military leaders whose claim to glory is that they fell for slavery and anarchy. They exalt their leaders above those of the Union cause, and continually cry that they were right and will ultimately prevail.

Mr. President, until these conditions are permanently changed, however formidable and perilous may be the exigencies confronting the South from the numerical strength of the black race, assistance and coöperation cannot be anticipated from the North; they must tread "the wine-press alone," and they will eventually discover the truth of the instruction of history, that nothing is so unprofitable as injustice, and that God is an unrelenting creditor.

Mr. President, I can appreciate and understand the reverence and the honor in which the memory of Jefferson Davis is held by the Southern people. I honor them for their constancy. Ideas are immortal; their vitality is inextinguishable; they can never be annihilated; force cannot destroy them.



No man is ever convinced by being overpowered. Ideas may be subordinated, their expression may be suppressed, but they never die. War does not change the opinions either of the victors or of the conquered. It proves nothing except which of the combatants had the most endurance, the deepest purse, and the sharpest sword. Therefore, when Southern Legislatures, and conventions, and a Democratic Congress declare by resolution that the issues of slavery, secession, and State sovereignty were settled by the war, but omit to repudiate the doctrines as unconstitutional and untenable, they leave the impression of disingenuousness and insincerity. Jefferson Davis possessed none of the "thrift that follows fawning." He never "crooked the pregnant hinges of his knee." Obdurate, implacable, and relentless to the last, he remained the immovable type, exponent, and representative of those ideas for which he staked all and lost all.

It is, sir, a striking illustration of the irony of fate that, while Lincoln in the hour of victory fell by the bullet of an assassin, the victim of the subsiding passions of the war, his great antagonist survived for a quarter of a century and died peacefully in honor and prosperity.

Sir, the Northern press, with singular unanimity, referred to him in terms of respect and honor, and not with malevolence or hatred. He had steadfastly refused the amnesty which would readily have been granted, and declined to become a citizen of the United States. He had devoted his time and strength to the explanation and justification of the purposes of the South in its effort to destroy the Union. In response to the announcement of his death, forwarded by the Mayor of New Orleans, the Secretary of War explained in mild and deferential terms the reason why it was thought best to take



no public notice of his decease and to withhold the usual demonstrations for one who had occupied a place in the cabinet of a President of the United States.

There is in northern Mississippi a town by the name of Aberdeen. It is a seat of justice, I believe also of learning, and a place of considerable consequence. On the occasion of the death of Jefferson Davis, Aberdeen was shrouded in mourning; the United States Court-house was draped; the national flag, that the Secretary of War had declined to lower, was at half-mast on the Government building; the *Tenebræ* were chanted in the churches, and the entire community gave indications, as they had a right to do, of the profoundest solemnity and woe. As an additional method of expressing their grief, they constructed an effigy, which was suspended upon a cable across the principal street of the town, and labeled it "RED. PROCTOR, THE TRAITOR!"—"Red," I suppose, being the contraction for Redfield, which is, I believe, the first name of the Secretary of War—and there it swung as an indication of the affliction of the citizens of Aberdeen at the death of Jefferson Davis. [Laughter.]

Into the town of Aberdeen a few days before had come a journeyman tinner by the name of Fanz. He was a citizen of Indiana. His politics were unknown. He was white. He was twenty-five years of age, of diminutive stature, of inoffensive demeanor, and of conciliatory address. In the process of his labor as a tinner, to cover the roof of the unfinished building, to one of the rafters of which was attached the end of the cable that supported the effigy of "RED. PROCTOR, THE TRAITOR," he was compelled to move the rope, in order to give him space to continue his work.

Proving too heavy for him, it slipped from his hands and fell into the street. He protested that he had no intention of giving offense to the citizens of Aberdeen. As he descended to go to his dinner he was intercepted by a gentlemanly citizen of Aberdeen by the name of McDonald, who had in his hand one of the largest-sized whalebone coach-whips, and, confronting him, told him that for the offense he had committed he had "to take a whipping or something worse." Fanz endeavored to escape. He was unarmed. He was not a pugilist, although pugilists have been in Mississippi. [Laughter.] McDonald, being accompanied by his friends, prevented the escape of Fanz, and proceeded to inflict upon him a castigation, which, one observer said, extended to at least two hundred lashes. The whip was almost entirely destroyed. Fanz's face was cut and bleeding. His sight was nearly destroyed. He was mutilated and crippled, and fleeing to his boarding-house after the castigation had been completed, he was waited upon that evening by a committee of the citizens of Aberdeen, who purchased a ticket, placed him upon the train, and sent him away, and he has since been heard of no more.

It is just to say that many of the citizens of Aberdeen said it was a great outrage. He was punished—McDonald was. He was arrested and taken before the police court and fined \$30; and thereupon the citizens, who had walked under the effigy and who beheld the castigation without protest, started a subscription paper and raised \$60 to cover the fine, the expense of the effigy, and the whip with which the castigation was inflicted.

Mr. President, if an outrage like that had been inflicted upon an American citizen in England, in France, in Spain, anywhere upon the face of this earth, and there had not been

instantaneous disavowal and reparation, a million men would have sprung to arms to avenge the wrong.

"The armaments that thunder-strike the walls of rock-built cities,  
Bidding nations quake and monarchs tremble in their capitals,"

would have gone swiftly forming in the ranks of war. He was a citizen of Indiana, the outrage was inflicted in Mississippi, and the perpetrators go unwhipped of justice.

I said, Mr. President, that I was not in favor of the Africanization of this continent or any part of it. But if the methods in the Chalmers campaign, in the Jackson campaign, and the proceedings at Aberdeen are illustrations of the temper, spirit, and purposes of the people of the State of Mississippi towards the Government of the United States and its citizens, I would a thousand-fold prefer that every rood of that State should be occupied by an African rather than by those who at present inhabit it.

I refer once more, Mr. President, and in conclusion, to the utterances of the dead orator who, inquiring about the solutions of this great problem, said:

"There can be but one answer. It is the very problem we are now to consider. The key that opens that problem will unlock to the world the fairest half of this Republic, and free the halted feet of thousands whose eyes are already kindling with its beauty. Better than this, it will open the hearts of brothers for thirty years estranged, and clasp in lasting comradeship a million hands now withheld in doubt. Nothing, sir, but this problem, and the suspicions it breeds, hinders a clear understanding and a perfect union."

What are these "suspicions bred by the race problem" which hinder a clear understanding and perfect union, referred to by Grady in his Boston speech? I will tell you, sir, what they are, as I understand it. One suspicion is that this cry

of race antagonism applies only to the negro when he is free. Grady says:

"The love we feel for that race you cannot measure nor comprehend. As I attest it here, the spirit of my old black mammy, from her home up there, looks down on me to bless, and through the tumult of this night steals the sweet music of her croonings, as thirty years ago she held me in her black arms and led me smiling into sleep."

Such is the concurrent testimony of all who have spoken upon the subject, that this cry of race antagonism and race repugnance did not apply to the black race when they were slaves, and there is a suspicion that if the blacks had remained slaves, there would have been no proposition either for separation, colonization, or extermination.

There is a suspicion further than this, Mr. President, and that is that race antagonism and race repugnance apply only to the colored man in the South when he desires to vote a Republican ticket. If they were all Democrats, the race question would disappear.

There is a further suspicion, Mr. President, that the question whether these two races can subsist on terms of political equality under our system of government has never been fairly tried. If the South desire to be rid of the negro, they can readily accomplish that result by refusing to employ him; and yet it is admitted by those who are competent to know that they paid him in wages this last year not less than one hundred million dollars, and that he contributed, and indispensably contributed, to the production of crops that were worth one thousand million dollars more, and that besides that, in the State of Georgia alone, the black race has accumulated property, real estate, that is worth not less than twenty million dollars.

Sir, the black race is capable of civilization. Notwithstanding the obstacles and discouragements, the failures and disappointments, justice requires the admission that in the dark and tragic interval of its transition period it has made marked and substantial progress, greater, far greater, than could have been reasonably expected. If the degenerate proclivities engendered by centuries of oppression and ignorance have not been extirpated, they have at least been surprisingly modified; and while there is nothing in his origin and in his history to justify the expectation that the African can ever successfully compete with the Anglo-Saxon in government, in art, in conquest, or practical affairs, neither is there anything to indicate that he is not susceptible of high civilization.

Habituated to subordination for centuries, self-reliance, pride of race, authority, and the respect of nations can only come, if at all, after the labors, the struggles, and the discipline of centuries. It would be obviously unjust to measure the advance of the colored race by comparison with our own. Their conditions should be contrasted with that of their contemporaries of the same ancestry in the tropical jungles of Africa, where they still subsist in indescribable degradation and inexhaustible fecundity. Measured by this standard, they have displayed an extraordinary aptitude for improvement. Under the harsh and repressive limitations of slavery they ceased to be barbarians. In freedom they have adopted with alacrity the ideas of home, the family, obedience to law, and the institutions of government. Bloody and superstitious fetichism and idolatry have been succeeded by faith in immortality and belief in God, the sublimest conceptions that can be entertained by the soul of man. Their conduct has been

characterized by eagerness for education, by a desire for the accumulation of property, and by patient fortitude in adversity. They are ignorant, and they hunger for knowledge. They are wretched, and they thirst for happiness.

Since 1862 there has been given for the education of the enfranchised slaves, through the American Missionary Society, \$10,000,000; through the Methodist Society, \$2,250,000; through the Baptist Society, \$2,000,000; through the Presbyterian Society, \$1,600,000; and not less than \$1,000,000 from other sources; in all about \$17,000,000 from the North. The Catholics also have interested themselves in the problem. Bishop Vaughn, of Salford, in Lancastershire, England, has formed an organization especially directed toward the improvement of the colored people of the South, and at the Plenary Council of the Catholic Church, held at Baltimore three years ago, it was decided to establish a seminary, where the bishop has now forty clergymen educating to assist in evangelizing and training them in all the functions and duties of good citizenship.

From the platform adopted at the congress of the Church held in Baltimore a few weeks since, the following paragraphs will show that the Catholic laity are in accord with the clergy and at work in endeavoring to solve the race problem:

"We pledge ourselves to coöperate with the clergy in discussing and in solving those great economic and social questions which affect the interests and well-being of the Church, the country, and society at large.

"That the amelioration and promotion of the physical and moral culture of the negro race is a subject of the utmost concern, and we pledge ourselves to assist our clergy in all ways tending to effect any improvement in their condition."

Mr. President, four solutions of the race problem are proposed: first, amalgamation; second, extermination; third, sep-

aration; fourth, disfranchisement. But, sir, there is a fifth, the universal solvent of all human difficulties, that never has been proposed and never has been tried, and that is the solution of justice—justice, for which every place should be a temple and all seasons summer.

I appeal to the South to try the experiment of justice. Stack your guns, open your ballot-boxes, register your voters, black and white; and if, after the experiment has been fairly and honestly tried, it appears that the African race is incapable of civilization, if it appears that the complexion burned upon him by a tropic sun is incompatible with freedom, I pledge myself to consult with you about some measure of solving the race problem; but until then nothing can be done.

The citizenship of the negro must be absolutely recognized. His right to vote must be admitted, and the ballots that he casts must be honestly counted. These are the essential preliminaries, the indispensable conditions precedent to any consideration of the ulterior and fundamental questions of race supremacy or of race equality in the United States, North or South. Those who freed the slaves ask nothing more; they will be content with nothing less. The experiment must be fairly tried. This is the starting-point and this the goal. The longer it is deferred the greater will be the exasperation and the more doubtful will be the final result. [Applause in the galleries.]



## “THE IMAGE AND SUPERScription OF CÆSAR.”

(Speech in the Senate of the United States, Wednesday, January 14, 1891.)

*Mr. President:* Two portentous perils threaten the safety, if they do not endanger the existence, of the Republic.

The first of these is ignorant, debased, degraded, spurious, and sophisticated suffrage; suffrage contaminated by the feculent sewage of decaying nations; suffrage intimidated and suppressed in the South; suffrage impure and corrupt, apathetic, and indifferent in the great cities of the North—so that it is doubtful whether there has been for half a century a Presidential election in this country that expressed the deliberate and intelligent judgment of the whole body of the American people.

In a newspaper interview a few months ago, in which I commented upon these conditions and alluded to the efforts of the bacilli doctors of politics, the bacteriologists of our system, who endeavor to cure the ills under which we suffer by their hypodermic injections of the lymph of independent non-partisanship and the Brown-Séquard elixir of civil service reform, I said that “the purification of politics” by such methods as this was an “iridescent dream.” Remembering the cipher dispatches of 1877 and the attempted purchase of the electoral votes of many Southern States in that campaign, the forgery of the Morey letter in 1881, by which Garfield lost

the votes of three States in the North, and the characterization and portraiture of Blaine and Cleveland and Harrison by their political adversaries, I added that "the Golden Rule and the Decalogue had no place in American political campaigns."

It seems superfluous to explain, Mr. President, that in those utterances I was not inculcating a doctrine, but describing a condition. My statement was a statement of facts as I understand them, and not the announcement of an article of faith. But many reverend and eminent divines, many disinterested editors, many ingenuous orators, perverted those utterances into the personal advocacy of impurity in politics.

I do not complain, Mr. President. It was, as the world goes, legitimate political warfare; but it was an illustration of the truth that there ought to be purification in our politics, and that the Golden Rule and the Decalogue ought to have a place in political campaigns. "Do unto others as ye would that others should do unto you" is the supreme injunction, obligatory upon all. "If thine enemy smite thee upon one cheek, turn to him the other," is a sublime and lofty precept. But I take this occasion to observe that until it is more generally regarded than it has been or appears likely to be in the immediate future, if my political enemy smites me upon one cheek, instead of turning to him the other, I shall smite him under the butt end of his left ear if I can. [Laughter.] If this be political immorality, I am to be included among the unregenerated.

The election bill that was under consideration a few days ago was intended to deal with one part of the great evil to which I have alluded, but it was an imperfect, a partial, and an incomplete remedy. Violence is bad; but fraud is no better; and it is more dangerous because it is more insidious.

Burke said in one of those immortal orations that emptied the House of Commons, but which will be read with admiration so long as the English tongue shall endure, that when the laws of Great Britain were not strong enough to protect the humblest Hindoo upon the shores of the Ganges, the nobleman was not safe in his castle upon the banks of the Thames. Sir, that lofty sentence is pregnant with admonition for us. There can be no repose, there can be no stable and permanent peace, in this country and under this Government, until it is just as safe for the black Republican to vote in Mississippi as it is for the white Democrat to vote in Kansas.

The other evil, Mr. President—the second to which I adverted as threatening the safety, if it does not endanger the existence, of the Republic—is the tyranny of combined, concentrated, centralized, and incorporated capital. And the people are considering this problem now. The conscience of the Nation is shocked at the injustice of modern society. The moral sentiment of mankind has been aroused at the unequal distribution of wealth, at the unequal diffusion of the burdens, the benefits, and the privileges of society.

At the beginning of our second century the American people have become profoundly conscious that the ballot is not the panacea for all the evils that afflict humanity; that it has not abolished poverty nor prevented injustice. They have discovered that political equality does not result in social fraternity; that under a democracy the concentration of greater political power in fewer hands, the accumulation and aggregation of greater amounts of wealth in individuals, is more possible than under a monarchy, and that there is a tyranny which is more fatal than the tyranny of kings.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic, at the close of his life in 1799 had the largest private fortune in the United States of America. Much of this came by inheritance, but the Father of His Country, in addition to his other virtues, shining and illustrious, was a very prudent, sagacious, thrifty, and forehanded man. He knew a good thing when he saw it a great way off. He had a keen eye for the main chance. As a surveyor in his youth, he obtained knowledge that enabled him to make exceedingly valuable locations upon the public domain. The establishment of the national capital in the immediate vicinity of his patrimonial possessions did not diminish their value. He was a just debtor, but he was an exact if not an exacting creditor. And so it came to pass that when he died, he was, to use the expressive phraseology of the day, the richest man in the country.

At this time, ninety years afterward, it is not without interest to know that the entire aggregate and sum of his earthly possessions, his estate, real, personal, and mixed, Mount Vernon and his lands along the Kanawha and the Ohio, slaves, securities, all of his belongings, reached the sum total of between \$800,000 and \$900,000. This was less than a century ago, and it is within bounds to say that at this time there are many scores of men, of estates, and of corporations in this country whose annual income exceeded, and there has been one man whose monthly revenue since that period exceeded, the entire accumulations of the wealthiest citizen of the United States at the end of the last century.

At that period the social condition of the United States was one of practical equality. The statistics of the census of 1800 are incomplete and partial, but the population of the Union was about 5,300,000, and the estimated wealth of

the country was between \$3,000,000,000 and \$4,000,000,000. There was not a millionaire and there was not a tramp nor a pauper, so far as we know, in the country, except those who had been made so by infirmity, or disease, or inevitable calamity. A multitude of small farmers contentedly tilled the soil. Upon the coast a race of fishermen and sailors, owning the craft that they sailed, wrested their subsistence from the stormy sea. Labor was the rule and luxury the exception. The great mass of the people lived upon the products of the farms that they cultivated. They spun and wove and manufactured their clothing from flax and from wool. Commerce and handicrafts afforded honorable competence. The prayer of Agur was apparently realized. There was neither poverty nor riches. Wealth was uniformly diffused, and none was condemned to hopeless penury and dependence. Less than 4 per cent of the entire population lived in towns, and there were but four cities whose population exceeded 10,000 persons. Westward to the Pacific lay the fertile solitudes of an unexplored continent, its resources undeveloped and unsuspected. The dreams of Utopia seemed about to be fulfilled, the wide, the universal diffusion of civil, political, and personal rights among the great body of the people, accompanied by efficient and vigorous guaranties for the safety of life, the protection of property, and the preservation of liberty.

Since that time, Mr. President, the growth in wealth and numbers in this country has had no precedent in the building of nations. The genius of the people, stimulated to prodigious activity by freedom, by individualism, by universal education, has subjugated the desert and abolished the frontier. The laboring capacity of every inhabitant of this planet has been duplicated by machinery. In Massachusetts alone we are

told that its engines are equivalent to the labor of one hundred million men. We now perform one-third of the world's mining, one-quarter of its manufacturing, one-fifth of its farming, and we possess one-sixth part of its entire accumulated wealth.

The Anglo-Saxon, Mr. President, is not by nature or instinct an anarchist, a socialist, a nihilist, or a communist. He does not desire the repudiation of debts, public or private, and he does not favor the forcible redistribution of property. He came to this continent, as he has gone everywhere else on the face of the earth, with a purpose. The 40,000 English colonists who came to this country between 1620 and 1650 formed the most significant, the most formidable migration that has ever occurred upon this globe since time began. They brought with them social and political ideas, novel in their application, of inconceivable energy and power—the home, the family, the State, individualism, the right of personal effort, freedom of conscience, an indomitable love of liberty and justice, a genius for self-government, an unrivaled capacity for conquest, but preferring charters to the sword—and they have been inexorable and relentless in the accomplishment of their designs. They were fatigued with caste and privilege and prerogative. They were tired of monarchs, and so, upon the bleak and inhospitable shores of New England, they decreed the sovereignty of the people, and there they builded “a church without a bishop and a state without a king.”

The result of that experiment, Mr. President, has been ostensibly successful. Under the operation of those great forces, after two hundred and seventy years, this country exhibits a peaceful triumph over many subdued nationalities, through a government automatic in its functions and sus-

tained by no power but the invisible majesty of law. With swift and constant communication by lines of steam transportation by land and lake and sea, with telegraphs extending their nervous reticulations from State to State, the remotest members of this gigantic Republic are animated by a vitality as vigorous as that which throbs at its mighty heart, and it is through the quickened intelligence that has been communicated by those ideas that these conditions, which have been fatal to other nations, have become the pillars of our strength and the bulwarks of our safety.

Mr. President, if time and space signified now what they did when independence was declared, the United States could not exist under one government. It would not be possible to secure unity of purpose or identity of interest between communities separated by such barriers and obstacles as Maine and California. But time and distance are relative terms, and, under the operations of these forces, this continent has dwindled to a span. It is not as far from Boston to San Francisco to-day as it was from Boston to Baltimore in 1791; and as the world has shrunk life has expanded. For all the purposes for which existence is valuable in this world—for comfort, for convenience, for opportunity, for intelligence, for power of locomotion, and superiority to the accidents and the fatalities of Nature—the fewest in years among us, Mr. President, has lived longer and has lived more worthily than Methuselah in all his stagnant centuries.

When the Atlantic cable was completed, it was not merely that a wire, finer by comparison than the gossamer of morning, had sunk to its path along the peaks and the plateaus of the deep, but the earth instantaneously grew smaller by the breadth of the Atlantic. A new volume in the history of the



world was opened. The to-morrow of Europe flashed upon the yesterday of America. Time, up to the period when this experiment commenced on this continent, yielded its treasures grudgingly and with reluctance. The centuries crept from improvement to improvement with tardy, sluggish steps, as if Nature were unwilling to acknowledge the mastery of man. The great inventions of glass, of gunpowder, of printing, and the mariner's compass consumed a thousand years, but, as the great experiment upon this continent has proceeded, the ancient law of progress has been disregarded, and the mind is bewildered by the stupendous results of its marvelous achievements.

The application of steam to locomotion on land and sea, the cotton-gin, electric illumination and telegraphy, the cylinder printing-press, the sewing-machine, the photographic art, tubular and suspension bridges, the telephone, the spectroscope, and the myriad forms of new applications of science to health and domestic comfort, to the arts of peace and war, have alone rendered democracy possible. The steam engine emancipated millions from the slavery of daily toil and left them at liberty to pursue a higher range of effort; labor has become more remunerative, and the flood of wealth has raised the poor to comfort and the middle classes to affluence. With prosperity have attended leisure, books, travel; the masses have been provided with schools, and the range of mental inquiry has become wider and more daring. The sewing-machine does the work of a hundred hands and gives rest and hope to weary lives. Farming, as my distinguished friend from New York [Mr. Evarts] once said, has become a "sedentary occupation." The reaper no longer swings his sickle in midsummer fields through the yellowing grain, followed by those who gather the wheat and the tares, but he rides in a vehicle, protected from

the meridian sun, accomplishing in comfort in a single hour the former labors of a day.

By these and the other emancipating devices of society the laborer and the artisan acquire the means of study and recreation. They provide their children with better opportunities than they possessed. Emerging from the obscure degradation to which they have been consigned by monarchies, they have assumed the leadership in politics and society. The governed have become the governors; the subjects have become the kings. They have formed States; they have invented political systems; they have made laws; they have established literatures; and it is not true, Mr. President, in one sense, that during this extraordinary period the rich have grown richer and the poor have grown poorer. There has never been a time since the angel stood with the flaming sword before the gates of Eden when the dollar of invested capital paid as low a return in interest as it does to-day; nor has there been an hour when the dollar that is earned by the laboring man would buy so much of everything that is essential for the welfare of himself and his family as it will to-day.

Mr. President, monopolies and corporations, however strong they may be, cannot permanently enslave such a people. They have given too many convincing proofs of their capacity for self-government. They have made too many incredible sacrifices for this great system which has been builded and established here to allow it to be overthrown. They will submit to no dictation.

We have become, Mr. President, the wealthiest nation upon the face of this earth, and the greater part of these enormous accumulations has been piled up during the past fifty years. From 1860 to 1880, notwithstanding the losses incurred by

the most destructive war of modern times, the emancipation of four billions of slave property, the expenses of feeding the best fed, of clothing the best clothed, and of sheltering the best sheltered people in the world, notwithstanding all the losses by fire and flood during that period of twenty years, the wealth of the country increased at the rate of \$250,000 for every hour. Every time that the clock ticked above the portal of this chamber the aggregated, accumulated, permanent wealth of this country increased more than \$70.

Sir, it rivals, it exceeds the fictions of the Arabian Nights. There is nothing in the story of the lamp of Aladdin that surpasses it. It is without parallel or precedent; and the national ledger now shows a balance to our credit, after all that has been wasted and squandered and expended and lost and thrown away, of between sixty and seventy thousand million dollars. I believe myself that, upon a fair cash market valuation, the aggregate wealth of this country to-day is not less than one hundred thousand million dollars. This is enough, Mr. President, to make every man and every woman and every child beneath the flag comfortable, to keep the wolf away from the door. It is enough to give to every family a competence, and yet we are told that there are thousands of people who never have enough to eat in any one day in the year. We are told by the statisticians of the Department of Labor of the United States that, notwithstanding this stupendous aggregation, there are a million American citizens, able-bodied and willing to work, who tramp the streets of our cities and the country highways and byways in search of labor with which to buy their daily bread, in vain.

Mr. President, is it any wonder that this condition of things can exist without exciting profound apprehension? I heard—

or saw, rather, for I did not hear it—I saw in the morning papers that, in his speech yesterday, the Senator from Ohio [Mr. Sherman] devoted a considerable part of his remarks to the defense of millionaires; that he declared they were the froth upon the beer of our political system.

Mr. SHERMAN: I said, "speculators."

Mr. INGALLS: Speculators. They are very nearly the same, for the millionaires of this country, Mr. President, are not the producers and the laborers. They are arrayed like Solomon in all his glory, but "they toil not, neither do they spin"—yes, they do *spin*. This class, Mr. President, I am glad to say, is not confined to this country alone. These gigantic accumulations have not been the result of industry and economy. There would be no protest against them if they were. There is an anecdote floating around the papers, speaking about beer, that some gentleman said to the keeper of a saloon that he would give him a recipe for selling more beer, and when he inquired what it was, he said: "Sell less froth." [Laughter.] If the millionaires and speculators of this country are the froth upon the beer of our system, the time has come when we should sell more beer by selling less froth. [Laughter.]

The people are beginning to inquire whether, "under a government of the people, and by the people, and for the people," under a system in which the bounty of Nature is supplemented by the labor of all, any citizen can show a moral, yes, or a legal title to \$200,000,000. Some have the temerity to ask whether or not any man can show a clear title to \$100,000,000. There have been men rash enough to doubt whether, under a system so constituted and established, by speculation or otherwise, any citizen can show a fair title to \$10,000,000, when the distribution of wealth *per capita* would be less than \$1,000.

If I were put upon my *voir dire*, I should hesitate before admitting that, in the sense of giving just compensation and equivalent, any man in this country or any other country ever absolutely earned a million dollars. I do not believe he ever did.

What is the condition to-day, Mr. President, by the statistics? I said, at the beginning of this century there was a condition of practical social equality; wealth was uniformly diffused among the great mass of the people. I repeat that the people are not anarchists; they are not socialists; they are not communists; but they have suddenly waked to the conception of the fact that the bulk of the property of the country is passing into the hands of what the Senator from Ohio by an euphemism calls the "speculators" of the world, not of America alone. They infest the financial and social systems of every country upon the face of the earth. They are the men of no politics, neither Democrat nor Republican. They are the men of all nationalities and of no nationality, with no politics but plunder, and with no principle but the spoliation of the human race.

A table has been compiled for the purpose of showing how wealth in this country is distributed, and it is full of the most startling admonition. It has appeared in the magazines; it has been commented upon in this chamber; it has been the theme of editorial discussion. It appears from this compilation that there are in the United States two hundred persons who have an aggregate of more than \$20,000,000 each; and there has been one man, the Midas of the century, at whose touch everything seemed to turn to gold, who had acquired within less than the lifetime of a single individual, out of the aggregate of the national wealth that was earned by the labor of all applied to the common bounty of Nature, an aggregate

that exceeded the assessed valuation of four of the smallest States in this Union.

Mr. HOAR: And more than the whole country had when the Constitution was formed.

Mr. INGALLS: Yes, and, as the Senator from Massachusetts well observes—and I thank him for the suggestion—much more, many times more than the entire wealth of the country when it was established and founded. Four hundred persons possess \$10,000,000 each, 1,000 persons \$5,000,000 each, 2,000 persons \$2,500,000 each, 6,000 persons \$1,000,000 each, and 15,000 persons \$500,000 each, making a total of 31,100 people who possess \$36,250,000,000.

Mr. President, it is the most appalling statement that ever fell upon mortal ears. It is, so far as the results of democracy as a social and political experiment are concerned, the most terrible commentary that ever was recorded in the book of Time; and Nero fiddles while Rome burns. It is thrown off with a laugh and a sneer as the "froth upon the beer" of our political and social system. As I said, the assessed valuation recorded in the great national ledger standing to our credit is about \$65,000,000,000.

Our population is sixty-two and one-half millions, and by some means, by some device, by some machination, by some incantation, honest or otherwise, by some process that cannot be defined, less than a two-thousandth part of our population have obtained possession, and have kept out of the penitentiary in spite of the means they have adopted to acquire it, of more than one-half of the entire accumulated wealth of the country. That is not the worst, Mr. President. It has been largely acquired by men who have contributed little to the material welfare of the country and by processes that I do not



care in appropriate terms to describe, by the wrecking of the fortunes of innocent men, women, and children, by jugglery, by bookkeeping, by financiering, by what the Senator from Ohio calls "speculation," and this process is going on with frightful and constantly accelerating rapidity.

The entire industry of this country is passing under the control of organized and confederated capital. More than fifty of the necessities of life to-day, without which the cabin of the farmer and the miner cannot be lighted, or his children fed or clothed, have passed absolutely under the control of syndicates and trusts and corporations composed of speculators, and, by means of these combinations and confederations, competition is destroyed; small dealings are rendered impossible; competence can no longer be acquired, for it is superfluous and unnecessary to say that if, under a system where the accumulations distributed *per capita* would be less than a thousand dollars, thirty-one thousand obtained possession of more than half of the accumulated wealth of the country, it is impossible that others should have a competence or an independence.

So it happens, Mr. President, that our society is becoming rapidly stratified, almost hopelessly stratified, into a condition of superfluously rich and helplessly poor. We are accustomed to speak of this as the land of the free and the home of the brave. It will soon be the home of the rich and the land of the slave.

We point to Great Britain and we denounce aristocracy, and privileged and titled classes, and landed estates. We thought when we had abolished primogeniture and entail, that we had forever forbidden and prevented these enormous and dangerous accumulations; but, sir, we had forgotten that cap-



ital could combine; we were unaware of the yet undeveloped capacity of corporations, and so, as I say, it happens upon the threshold and in the vestibule of our second century, with all this magnificent record behind us, with this tremendous achievement in the way of wealth, population, invention, opportunity for happiness, we are in a condition compared with which the accumulated fortunes of Great Britain are puerile and insignificant.

It is no wonder, Mr. President, that the laboring, industrial, and agricultural classes of this country, who have been made intelligent under the impulse of universal education, have at last awakened to this tremendous condition and are inquiring whether or not this experiment has been successful. And, sir, the speculators must beware. They have forgotten that the conditions, political and social, here are not a reproduction of the conditions under which these circumstances exist in other lands. Here is no dynasty; here is no privilege or caste, or prerogative; here are no standing armies; here are no hereditary bondsmen, but every atom in our political system is quick, instinct, and endowed with life and power. His ballot at the box is the equivalent of the ballot of the richest speculator. Thomas Jefferson, the great apostle of modern Democracy, taught the lesson to his followers, and they have profited well by his instruction, that under a popular, democratic, representative government, wealth, culture, intelligence were ultimately no match for numbers.

The numbers in this country, Mr. President, have learned at last the power of combination, and the speculators should not forget that, while the people of this country are generous and just, they are jealous also, and that when discontent changes to resentment and resentment passes into exaspera-

tion, one volume of a nation's history is closed and another will be opened.

The speculators, Mr. President! The cotton product of this country, I believe, is about six million bales.

Mr. BUTLER: Seven million bales.

Mr. INGALLS: Seven million bales, I am told. The transactions of the New York Cotton Exchange are forty million bales, representing transactions speculative, profitable, remunerative, by which some of these great accumulations have been piled up, an inconceivable burden upon the energies and industries of the country.

The production of coal oil, I believe, in this country has average something like twenty million barrels a year. The transactions of the New York Petroleum Exchange, year by year, average two billion barrels, fictitious, simulated, the instruments of the gambler and the speculator, by means of which, through an impost upon the toil, and labor, and industry of every laborer engaged in the production of petroleum, additional difficulties are imposed.

It is reported that the coal alone that is mined in Pennsylvania, indispensable to the comfort of millions of men, amounts in its annual product to about \$40,000,000, of which one-third is profit over and above the cost of production, and a fair return for the capital invested.

That is "speculation," Mr. President, and every dollar over and above the cost of production, with a fair return upon the capital invested, every dollar of that fifteen or sixteen millions is filched, robbed, violently plundered out of the earnings of the laborers and operatives and farmers who are compelled to buy it; and yet it goes by the euphemistic name of "speculation" and is declared to be legitimate; it is eulogized

and defended as one of those practices that are entitled to respect and approbation.

Nor is this all, Mr. President. The hostility between the employers and the employed in this country is becoming vindictive and permanently malevolent. Labor and capital are in two hostile camps to-day. Lockouts and strikes and labor difficulties have become practically the normal condition of our system, and it is estimated that during the year that has just closed, in consequence of these disorders, in consequence of this hostility and this warfare, the actual loss in labor, in wages, in the destruction of perishable commodities by the interruption of railway traffic, has not been less than \$300,000,000.

Mr. President, this is a serious problem. It may well engage the attention of the representatives of the States and of the American people. I have no sympathy with that school of political economists which teaches that there is an irreconcilable conflict between labor and capital, and which demands indiscriminate, hostile, and repressive legislation against men because they are rich and corporations because they are strong. Labor and capital should not be antagonists, but allies rather. They should not be opponents and enemies, but colleagues and auxiliaries whose coöperating rivalry is essential to national prosperity. But I cannot forbear to affirm that a political system under which such despotic power can be wrested from the people and vested in a few is a democracy only in name.

A financial system under which more than one-half of the enormous wealth of the country, derived from the bounty of Nature and the labor of all, is owned by a little more than thirty thousand people, while one million American citizens,

able and willing to toil, are homeless tramps, starving for bread, requires readjustment.

A social system which offers to tender, virtuous, and dependent women the alternative between prostitution and suicide as an escape from beggary, is organized crime, for which some day unrelenting justice will demand atonement and expiation.

Mr. President, the man who loves his country and the man who studies her history will search in vain for any natural cause for this appalling condition. The earth has not forgotten to yield her increase. There has been no general failure of harvests. We have had benignant skies and the early and the latter rain. Neither famine nor pestilence has decimated our population nor wasted its energies. Immigration is flowing in from every land, and we are in the lusty prime of national youth and strength, with unexampled resources and every stimulus to their development; but, sir, the great body of the American people are engaged to-day in studying these problems that I have suggested in this morning hour. They are disheartened with misfortunes. They are weary with unrequited toil. They are tired of the exactions of the speculators. They desire peace and rest. They are turning their attention to the great industrial questions which underlie their material prosperity. They are indifferent to party. They care nothing for Republicanism nor for Democracy as such. They are ready to say, "A plague on both your houses"; and they are ready also, Mr. President, to hail and to welcome any organization, any measure, any leader that promises them relief from the profitless strife of politicians and this turbulent and distracting agitation, which has already culminated in violence and may end in blood.

Such, sir, is the verdict which I read in the elections from which we have just emerged, a verdict that was unexpected by the leaders of both parties, and which surprised alike the victors and the vanquished. It was a spontaneous, unpremeditated protest of the people against existing conditions. It was a revolt of the national conscience against injustice, a movement that is full of pathos and also full of danger, because such movements sometimes make victims of those who are guiltless. It was not a Republican defeat. It was not a Democratic victory. It was a great upheaval and uprising, independent of and superior to both. It was a crisis that may become a catastrophe, filled with terrible admonition, but not without encouragement to those who understand and are ready to coöperate with it. It was a peaceful revolution, an attempt to resume rights that seemed to have been infringed.

It is many years, Mr. President, since I predicted this inevitable result. In a speech delivered in this chamber on the 15th of February, 1878, from the seat that is now adorned by my honorable friend from Texas who sits before me [Mr. Reagan], I said:

"We cannot disguise the truth that we are on the verge of an impending revolution. The old issues are dead. The people are arraying themselves upon one side or the other of a portentous contest. On one side is capital, formidably intrenched in privilege, arrogant from continued triumph, conservative, tenacious of old theories, demanding new concessions, enriched by domestic levy and foreign commerce, and struggling to adjust all values to its own standard. On the other is labor, asking for employment, striving to develop domestic industries, battling with the forces of Nature, and subduing the wilderness; labor, starving and sullen in cities, resolutely determined to overthrow a system under which the rich are growing richer and the poor are growing poorer; a system which gives to a Vanderbilt the possession of wealth beyond the dreams of avarice, and condemns the poor to a poverty which has no refuge from starvation but the prison or the grave.

"Our demands for relief, for justice, have been met with indifference or disdain. The laborers of the country asking for employment are treated like impudent mendicants begging for bread."

Mr. President, it may be cause, it may be coincidence, it may be effect, it may be *post hoc* or it may be *propter hoc*, but it is historically true that this great blight that has fallen upon our industries, this paralysis that has overtaken our financial system, coincided in point of time with the diminution of the circulating medium of the country.

The public debt was declared to be payable in coin, and then the money power of silver was destroyed. The value of property diminished in proportion, wages fell, and the value of everything was depreciated except debts and gold. The mortgage, the bond, the coupon, and the tax have retained immortal youth and vigor. They have not depreciated. The debt remains, but the capacity to pay has been destroyed. The accumulation of years disappears under the hammer of the sheriff, and the debtor is homeless, while the creditor obtains the security for his debt for a fraction of what it was actually worth when the debt was contracted.

There is, Mr. President, a deep-seated conviction among the people, which I fully share, that the demonetization of silver in 1873 was one element of a great conspiracy to deliver the fiscal system of this country over to those by whom it has, in my opinion, finally been captured. I see no proof of the assertion that the demonetization act of 1873 was fraudulently or corruptly procured, but from the statements that have been made it is impossible to avoid the conviction that it was part of a deliberate plan and conspiracy formed by those who have been called "speculators" to still further increase the value of the standard by which their accumulations were



to be measured. The attention of the people was not called to the subject. It is one of the anomalies and phenomena of legislation.

That bill was pending in its various stages for four years in both houses of Congress. It passed both bodies by decided majorities. It was read and reread and reprinted thirteen times, as appears by the records. It was commented upon in newspapers; it was the subject of discussion in financial bodies all over the country; and yet we have the concurrent testimony of every senator and every member of the House of Representatives who was present during the time that the legislation was pending and proceeding that he knew nothing whatever about the demonetization of silver and the destruction of the coinage of the silver dollar. The Senator from Nevada [Mr. Stewart], who knows so many things, felt called upon to make a speech of an hour's duration to show that he knew nothing whatever about it. I have heard other members declaim and with one consent make excuse that they knew nothing about it.

As I say, it is one of the phenomena and anomalies of legislation, and I have no other explanation to make than this: I believe that both houses of Congress and the President of the United States must have been hypnotized. So great was the power of capital, so profound was the impulse, so persistent was the determination, that the promoters of this scheme succeeded by the operation of mind-power and will-force in capturing and bewildering the intelligence of men of all parties, of members of both houses of Congress, and the members of the Cabinet, and the President of the United States.

And yet, Mr. President, it cannot be doubted that the statements that these gentlemen make are true. There is no



doubt of the sincerity or the candor of those who have testified upon this matter; and it is incredible (I am glad it occurred before I was a member of this body) that a change in our financial system that deprived one of the money metals of its debt-paying power, that changed the whole financial system of the country and to a certain extent the entire fiscal methods of the world, could have been engineered through the Senate and the House of Representatives and the Cabinet of the President and secured executive approval without a single human being knowing anything whatever about it. In an age of miracles, Mr. President, wonders never cease.

It is true that this marvel was accomplished when the subject was not one of public discussion. It was done at a time when, although the public mind was intensely interested in financial subjects and methods of relief from existing conditions were assiduously sought, the suggestion had never proceeded from any quarter that this could be accomplished by the demonetization of silver, or ceasing to coin the silver dollar. It was improvidently done, but it would not be more surprising, it would not be more of a strain upon human judgment, if fifteen years from now we were to be informed that no one was aware that in the bill that is now pending the proposition was not made for the free coinage of silver.

Mr. President, there is not a State west of the Alleghany Mountains and south of the Potomac and Ohio rivers that is not in favor of the free coinage of silver. There is not a State in which, if that proposition were to be submitted to a popular vote, it would not be adopted by an overwhelming majority. I do not mean by that inclusion to say that in those States east of the Alleghanies and north of the Ohio and Potomac rivers there is any hostility or indisposition to receive the benefits

that would result from the remonetization of silver. On the contrary, in the great commonwealths that lie to the northeast upon the Atlantic seaboard, New York, Pennsylvania, and the manufacturing and commercial States, I am inclined to believe from the tone of the press, from the declarations of many assemblies, that if the proposition were to be submitted there, it would also receive a majority of the votes.

If the proposition were to be submitted to the votes of the people of this country at large, whether the silver dollar should be recoined and silver remonetized, notwithstanding the prophecies, the predictions, the animadversions of those who are opposed to it, I have not the slightest doubt that the great majority of the people, irrespective of party, would be in favor of it, and would so record themselves. They have declared in favor of it for the past fifteen years, and they have been juggled with, they have been thwarted, they have been paltered with and dealt with in a double sense. The word of promise that was made to their ear in the platforms of political parties has been broken to their hope. There was a majority in this body at the last session of Congress in favor of the free coinage of silver. The compromise that was made was not what the people expected nor what they had a right to demand. They felt that they had been trifled with, and that is one cause of the exasperation expressed in the verdict of November 4th.

I feel impelled to make one further observation. Warnings and admonitions have been plenty in this debate. We have been admonished of the danger that would follow; we have been notified of what would occur if the free coinage of silver were supported by a majority of this body, or if it were to be adopted as a part of our financial system. I am not a prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but I say to those who are

now arraying themselves against the deliberately expressed judgment of the American people, a judgment that they know has been declared and recorded—I say to the members of this body, I say, so far as I may do so with propriety, to the members of the coördinate branch of Congress, and I say, if without impropriety I may do so, to the Executive of the Nation, that there will come a time when the people will be trifled with no longer on this subject.

Once, twice, thrice, by executive intervention, Democratic and Republican, by parliamentary proceedings that I need not characterize, by various methods of legislative jugglery, the deliberate purpose of the American people, irrespective of party, has been thwarted, it has been defied, it has been contumeliously trodden under foot; and I repeat to those who have been the instruments and the implements, no matter what the impulse or the motive or the intention may have been, at some time the people will elect a House of Representatives, they will elect a Senate of the United States, they will elect a President of the United States, who will carry out their pledges and execute the popular will.

Mr. President, by the readjustment of the political forces of the Nation under the Eleventh Census, the seat of political power has at last been transferred from the circumference of this country to its center. It has been transferred from the seaboard to that great intramontane region between the Alleghanies and the Sierras, extending from the British possessions to the Gulf of Mexico, a region whose growth is one of the wonders and marvels of modern civilization. It seems as if the column of migration had paused in its westward march to build upon those tranquil plains and in those fertile valleys a fabric of civilization that should be the wonder and the admiration

of the world, rich in every element of present prosperity, but richer in every prophecy of future greatness and renown.

When I went West, Mr. President, as a carpetbagger in 1858, St. Louis was an outpost of civilization, Jefferson City was the farthest point reached by a railroad, and in all that great wilderness, extending from the sparse settlements along the Missouri to the summits of the Sierra Nevada and from the Yellowstone to the cañons of the Rio Grande, a vast solitude from which I have myself since that time voted to admit seven States into the American Union, there was neither harvest nor husbandry, neither habitation nor home, save the hut of the hunter and the wigwam of the savage. Mr. President, we have now within those limits, extending southward from the British possessions and embracing the States of the Mississippi Valley, the Gulf, and the southeastern Atlantic, a vast productive region, the granary of the world, a majority of the members of this body, of the House of Representatives, and of the Electoral College.

We talk with admiration of Egypt. For thirty centuries the ruins of its cities, its art, its religions, have been the marvel of mankind. The Pyramids have survived the memory of their builders, and the Sphinx still questions with solemn gaze the vague mystery of the desert.

The great fabric of Egyptian civilization, with its wealth and power, the riches of its art, its creeds, and faiths, and philosophies, was reared from the labors of a few million slaves under the lash of despots, upon a narrow margin four hundred and fifty miles long and ten miles wide, comprising in all, with the delta of the Nile, no more than ten thousand square miles of fertile land.

Who, sir, can foretell the future of that region to which I have adverted, with its twenty thousand miles of navigable water-courses, with its hundreds of thousands of square miles of soil, excelling in fecundity all that of the Nile, when the labor of centuries of freemen under the impulse of our institutions shall have brought forth their perfect results?

Mr. President, it is to that region, with that population and with such a future, that the political power of this country has at last been transferred, and they are now unanimously demanding the free coinage of silver. It is for that reason that I shall cordially support the amendment proposed by the Senator from Nevada. In doing so I not only follow the dictates of my own judgment, but I carry out the wishes of a great majority of my constituents, irrespective of party or of political affiliation. I have been for the free coinage of silver from the outset, and I am free to say that, after having observed the operations of the act of 1878, I am more than ever convinced of the wisdom of that legislation and the futility of the accusations by which it was assailed.

The people of the country that I represent have lost their reverence for gold. They have no longer any superstition about coin. Notwithstanding all the declarations of the monometallists, notwithstanding all the assaults that have been made by those who are in favor of still further increasing the value of the standard by which their possessions are measured, they know that money is neither wealth nor capital nor value, and that it is merely the creation of the law, by which all these are estimated and measured.

We speak, sir, about the volume of money and about its relation to the wealth and capital of the country. Let me ask you, sir, for a moment, what would occur if the circulating

medium were to be destroyed? Suppose that the gold and silver were to be withdrawn suddenly from circulation and melted up into bars and ingots and buried in the earth from which they were taken. Suppose that all the paper money, silver certificates, gold certificates, national bank notes, Treasury notes, were stacked in one mass at the end of the Treasury building and a torch applied to them and they were to be destroyed by fire and their ashes spread, like the ashes of Wickliffe, upon the Potomac, to be spread abroad wide as its waters be.

What would be the effect? Would not this country be worth exactly as much as it is to-day? Would there not be just as many acres of land, as many houses, as many farms, as many days of labor, as much improved and unimproved merchandise, and as much property as there is to-day? The result would be that commerce would languish, the sails of the ships would be furled in the harbors, the great trains would cease to run to and fro on their errands, trade would be reduced to barter, and, the people finding their energies languishing, civilization itself would droop, and we should be reduced to the condition of the nomadic wanderers upon the primeval plains.

Suppose, on the other hand, that, instead of being destroyed, all the money in this country were to be put in the possession of a single man—gold and paper and silver—and he were to be moored in mid-Atlantic upon a raft with his great hoard, or to be stationed in the middle of Sahara's desert, without food to nourish, or shelter to cover, or the means of transportation to get away. Who would be the richest man, the possessor of the gigantic treasure or the humblest settler upon the plains of the West, with a dugout to shelter him and with corn-meal and water enough for his daily bread?



Doubtless, Mr. President, you search the Scriptures daily, and are therefore familiar with the story of those depraved politicians of Judea who sought to entangle the Master in His talk by asking Him if it were lawful to pay tribute to Cæsar or not. He, perceiving the purpose that they had in view, said unto them, "Show me the tribute money." And they brought Him a penny. He said, "Whose is this image and superscription?" And they replied, "Cæsar's." And He said, "Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, and unto God the things that are God's."

I hold, Mr. President, between my thumb and finger a silver denarius, or "penny" of that ancient time, perhaps the identical coin that was brought by the hypocritical Herodian, bearing the image and superscription of Cæsar. It has been money for more than twenty centuries. It was money when Jesus walked the waves, and in the tragic hour at Gethsemane. Imperial Cæsar is "dead and turned to clay." He has yielded to a mightier conqueror, and his eagles, his ensigns, and his trophies are indistinguishable dust. His triumphs and his victories are a school-boy's tale. Rome herself is but a memory. Her marble porticoes and temples and palaces are in ruins. The sluggish monk and the lazy *lazzaroni* haunt the Senate House and the Coliseum, and the derisive owl wakes the echoes of the voiceless Forum. But this little contemporary disk of silver is money still, because it bears the image and superscription of Cæsar. And, sir, it will continue to be money for twenty centuries more, should it resist so long the corroding canker and the gnawing tooth of Time. But if one of these pages here should take this coin to the railway track, as boys sometimes do, and allow the train to pass over it, in one single instant its function would have disappeared, and



it would be money no longer, because the image and superscription of Cæsar would have disappeared.

Mr. President, money is the creation of law, and the American people have learned that lesson, and they are indifferent to the assaults, they are indifferent to the arguments, they are indifferent to the aspersions which are cast upon them for demanding that the law of the United States shall place the image and superscription of Cæsar upon silver enough and gold enough and paper enough to enable them to transact without embarrassment, without hindrance, without delay, and without impoverishment their daily business affairs, and that shall give them a measure of value that will not make their earnings and their belongings the sport and the prey of speculators.

Mr. President, this contest can have but one issue. The experiment that has begun will not fail. It is useless to deny that many irregularities have been tolerated here; that many crimes have been committed in the sacred name of liberty; that our public affairs have been scandalous episodes to which every patriotic heart reverts with distress; that there have been envy and jealousy in high places; that there have been treacherous and lying platforms; that there have been shallow compromises and degrading concessions to popular errors; but amid all these disturbances, amid all these contests, amid all these inexplicable aberrations, the march of the Nation has been steadily onward.

At the beginning of our second century we have entered upon a new social and political movement whose results cannot be predicted, but which are certain to be infinitely momentous. That the progress will be upward, I have no doubt. Through the long and desolate tract of history; through the seemingly aimless struggles, the random gropings of humanity, the tur-

bulent chaos of wrong, injustice, crime, doubt, want, and wretchedness, the dungeon and the block, the Inquisition and the stake, the trepidations of the oppressed, the bloody exultations and triumphs of tyrants,

"The uplifted ax, the agonizing wheel,  
Luke's iron crown and Damien's bed of steel,"

the tendency has been towards the light. Out of every conflict some man or sect or nation has emerged with more privileges, enlarged opportunities, purer religion, broader liberty, and greater capacity for happiness; and out of this conflict in which we are now engaged I am confident finally will come liberty, justice, equality; the continental unity of the American Republic, the social fraternity and the industrial independence of the American people. [Applause in the galleries.]

## THE HUMOROUS SIDE OF POLITICS.

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Charles Sumner had no more sense of humor than a hippopotamus, but there was something excessively humorous about his colossal self-consciousness, of which it is no paradox to say he was apparently unconscious.

His egotism was inordinately vast, though innocent in its simplicity. It was far from conceit, and led to no disparagement of his associates. Indeed, I doubt if he ever instituted comparisons.

Probably Grant, whom he hated and abused, came the nearest to sizing him up when he said: "The reason Sumner doesn't believe in the Bible is because he didn't write it himself."

He had large intellectual powers, but not so large as he imagined. He had no influence on legislation. He was unable to endure opposition. If he could not have his own will, he would do nothing. But this is not intended as an analysis of his work or his character. I started out to say that soon after I entered the Senate we were riding up the Avenue in a street-car, and, by the way of conversation, he asked me about my predecessor, Senator Pomeroy, who had met with an accident politically. He spoke of his early fidelity to the cause of freedom, and the unusual degree to which he held the confidence of his associates till the impeachment of Andrew Johnson.

"Indeed," he continued, with great gravity, "had he died before that time, Kansas would have owed him a monument, and I should myself have pronounced his eulogy."

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The self-consciousness of Roscoe Conkling was quite as egregious as that of Mr. Sumner, but his egotism was tinged with vanity and compounded with scorn, contempt, and disdain. He was a past-master in "the gentle art of making enemies," and well versed in the vocabulary of derision and hatred. Hamlet might have had him in mind when, in his soliloquy, he mentioned, among other things that make life not worth living, "the proud man's contumely." The hinges of his knees were pregnant, and he had none of the thrift that follows fawning. When I first knew him, he was in the meridian of his great powers. He possessed an extraordinary assemblage of physical and intellectual attributes that made him by far the most prominent, picturesque, and impressive figure in public life.

His presence was noble and commanding; his voice and elocution were superb; his bearing and address somewhat too formal, but marked by dignity and grace. His vocabulary was rich and ornamental, sometimes almost to the borders of the grotesque, but fertilized with apposite quotations and allusions that showed wide reading, especially in poetry, romance, and the drama. Some hostile critic described one of his speeches as a "purple earthquake of oratory." But he was always heard with delight on any theme.

Had he possessed a greater flexibility of temper, been less inexorable in his animosities, and learned how to forget where he could not forgive, there was no height he might not have reached, even the highest in the people's gift. But he would

not flatter Neptune for his trident, nor Jove for his power to thunder.

In that state of moral typhoid which always follows great wars, an era of profligacy, of sudden wealth at the price of honor, of *Crédit Mobilier* and *Star Route* scandals, he was not contaminated. He walked through the furnace with no smell of fire upon his garments.

Toward the end of his career in the Senate he fell out with the newspapers, and sometimes when he arose to speak, every reporter in the press gallery closing his note-book, the whole crowd would rush noisily out into the lobby, leaving every seat without an occupant.

He flushed at the insult, but speaking of journalism afterward, he was moved to remark, in his propitiatory way, that the only people in the world authorized to use the first person plural, "we," in speaking of themselves, were "editors and men with tapeworms."

His allusion to Governor Cornell as "that lizard on the hill," and to President Arthur, after his refusal to abdicate in favor of Mr. Conkling, as "the prize ox in American politics," and his refusal to speak for Blaine in the campaign of 1884, on the ground that he was "not engaged in criminal practice," are well-known illustrations of his methods of compelling his political associates to be either his vassals or his enemies.

But Jove did not always sit on Olympus. Sometimes he descended to the plain, though never quite on terms of absolute equality with mankind. He was inclined to "jolly" those whom he did not feel disposed to bully.

When Thurman once asked him, in a debate on some legal proposition, why he kept looking at him all the time, Conkling replied, with elaborate raillery, that he turned to him as the

source and fountain of the common laws as, at the call of the muezzin, the Mussulman turned to Mecca.

Another favorite butt for his chaff, banter, and ridicule was Judge David Davis, a native of Maryland, who migrated early to Illinois, where he laid the foundation of an immense fortune by sagacious investments in farming lands. He was an original friend of Lincoln's, and a delegate to the convention that nominated him for the Presidency. Riding with him once from Bloomington to Quincy, he gave me a most interesting inside history of the movement for Lincoln, one of the extraordinary facts being that the entire expense of his nomination, including headquarters, telegraphing, music, fare of delegations, and other incidentals, was less than seven hundred dollars.

He was a Falstaff in proportions and good nature, and the best guesser in American politics. Lincoln appointed him Justice of the Supreme Court in 1862. The greater part of his active life was passed on the bench, where he was accustomed to have the last word and to delivering opinions rather than defending them, which is not a good preparation for the deliberations of the Senate.

He was an inveterate compromiser and composer of strife, which led Conkling to allude to him in debate as "the largest wholesale and retail dealer in political soothing syrup the world had ever known."

Later, in the discussion of the same measure, Davis interrupted Conkling by way of correction or anticipation, which Conkling resented by quoting *ore rotundo* two lines from one of Watts' hymns:

"He knows the words that I would speak  
Ere from my opening lips they break."

To Davis' elephantine attempt to smooth over his break by some far-fetched eulogy, Conkling replied:

"Praise undeserved is censure in disguise."

The stenographer did not recognize the quotation, so that one of Alexander Pope's most polished lines stands as an original, extemporaneous phrase of Mr. Conkling's.

It seems incredible that a personage of such vast and unusual powers, who for twenty years was a most prominent actor in the great drama of public affairs, who filled so large a space in the thought of the people, who was caricatured, lampooned, praised, and reviled without stint or measure, should have faded so absolutely from the memory of men. Even to those of his contemporaries who survive, he has already become a gorgeous reminiscence.

Patriotic, arrayed always for truth, right, and justice, his name is identified with no great measure, and his life seems not so much an actual battle with hostile powers as a splendid scene upon the stage, of which the swords are lath, the armor tinsel, the bastions and ramparts painted screens, the wounds and blood fictitious; on which victories and defeats are feigned, with sheet-iron thunder, and tempests of peas and lycopodium—and the curtain falling to slow music, while the audience applauds and departs.

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William Maxwell Evarts came to the Senate in 1885, at the age of sixty-seven. He was a candidate in 1861, and waited twenty-four years for the realization of his ambition. The interval was opulent in noble achievements at the bar, in statesmanship, in oratory, and the highest civic and social activities.



He was Attorney-General of the United States under Andrew Johnson and his counsel on his impeachment. He represented the Government before the Geneva tribunal of arbitration on the *Alabama* claims. He was the leading attorney for President Hayes, in behalf of the Republican party, before the Electoral Commission, and Secretary of State from 1877 to 1881.

He was a scholar without pedantry, and a man of the world in the highest sense, without cynicism or frivolity.

There is always a dull suspicion in leaden, opaque, and barren minds that wit, brilliancy, and imagination, and the corruscations of the intellect are incompatible with great mental power and solidity of judgment.

Mr. Evarts refuted this fallacy, for in addition to his triumphs as a lawyer, in politics, and as a practical man of affairs, he was altogether the most brilliant and versatile talker of his time.

The characteristic of his conversation was a genial and humorous urbanity. He never wounded or stung. He seldom told stories or related anecdotes. His wit was like a spring that makes the meadows green. He appreciated what was best in society, art, literature, and life, and had the keenest interest in the virtues and foibles of humanity. His manner was refined and suave. He never posed, nor monopolized, nor strained for effect; and as he never hurt self-love by irony, nor vanity by ridicule and satire, so he never shocked the devout by profanity, nor offended the modest with impudicity.

Probably the *mot* of Mr. Evarts most widely flown concerns the apochryphal feat told of George Washington in "jerk-ing" a silver dollar across the Rappahannock.

The story goes that a party of tourists, visiting the haunts of Washington in Virginia, came to the spot, where the anecdote was related by some local antiquary, to illustrate the prodigious strength of the man whom Providence made childless that he might become the Father of His Country.

Aside from the unlikelihood that the thrifty George would throw a silver dollar over the river when a pebble would have done as well, the distance was so great that the skeptics were incredulous, and another legend seemed on the edge of being destroyed, when Mr. Evarts came to its rescue with the suggestion that "a dollar went much farther in those days than now."

The explanation is so simple and so satisfactory that the wonder is that it occurred to no one before.

Among the guests at a dinner to Daniel Webster in New York was Dr. Benjamin Brandreth, the inventor of a celebrated pill known by his name. Mr. Evarts united these two great men in a volunteer toast to "Daniel Webster and Benjamin Brandreth, the pillars of the Constitution."

Objections had been filed with the Judiciary Committee to the confirmation of a nomination on account of the dissolute habits of the appointee. When the case came up for consideration, the chairman called for affidavits. The clerk produced a number from the files. Consulting his docket, Mr. Edmunds thought there were more, and others were found. A search disclosed another batch that had been overlooked or mislaid.

"The papers in this case," said Mr. Evarts, "appear to be more dissipated, if possible, than the candidate."

Mr. Evarts was a *bon vivant*, an inveterate diner-out, and a giver of most elaborate and artistic dinners himself. To a

lady who expressed surprise that one of such slender frame and fragile physique could endure so many feasts with their varying viands and different wines, he replied that it was not so much the different wines that gave him trouble as the indifferent ones.

President Hayes was a total abstainer—at home. Scoffers said he only drank the "O. P. brands." His state dinners, otherwise very elegant and costly, were served without wines. The only concession to conviviality was the Roman punch, flavored with Jamaica rum. Evarts was accustomed to allude to this course as "the life-saving station."

Rising to address informally the guests at a Thanksgiving dinner, he began: "You have been giving your attention to a turkey stuffed with sage. You are now about to consider a sage stuffed with turkey."

When he was Secretary of State in the Cabinet of President Hayes, the struggle for places in the diplomatic service was very active. As he was leaving the elevator at the close of a very busy day, he said the conductor since noon had "taken up a very large collection for foreign missions"; and when asked what had been done, he replied: "Many called, but few chosen."

As an orator, Mr. Evarts was not limpid. But he confounded the critics who condemned his long sentences by saying that, so far as his observation went, the people who objected to long sentences belonged to the criminal classes.

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General Grant was popularly supposed to be habitually grave, reserved, and taciturn, but on occasion was very vivacious in conversation, with a keen sense of dry, quiet humor.

One evening, after a stag dinner at the White House, the company assembled in the library to smoke. Talk fell upon the happiest period of life—childhood, youth, manhood, age. Grant listened, but said nothing till asked for his opinion.

“Well,” he replied, after a pause, “I believe I would like to be born again,” which indicated that he had found existence enjoyable all the way through.

One of Grant’s Secretaries of the Navy was George M. Robeson, of New Jersey, for whom Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin, a great jurist and advocate, conceived a violent dislike. His mildest definition of Robeson was that he was “a great lawyer among sailors, and a great sailor among lawyers.”

Some one took Thurman to task for having referred rather contemptuously to the beneficiaries of a certain measure as “things.”

“Things!” replied Thurman, testily, “why, we are all things—” “‘To all men,’” interrupted Mr. Edmunds, before he could finish his sentence, and the discussion ended.

Holman, of Indiana, for many years waged vigilant and unrelenting war on amendments to appropriation bills, which gave him the name of “The Watchdog of the Treasury.” He was very strong in his district, and had an unusually long service, which gave him great power and influence in the House by his knowledge of the rules and practice.

Toward the end of his term an amendment was offered in which a near relative was much interested. The familiar “I object” was not heard, and the amendment went through with his support; whereupon a member sitting near exclaimed:

“ ‘Tis sweet to hear the honest watchdog’s bark  
Bay deep-mouthed welcome as we draw near home!”

Nothing brighter and more apt has been said in either house of Congress since the inauguration of Washington.

## FAMOUS FEUDS.

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### I.

#### CONKLING, BLAINE, LAMAR.

On the 18th of June, 1879, the second debate of the extra session on the Army Bill was in progress in the Senate.

The Democratic majority was strenuously pressing the bill to its passage, with a clause prohibiting any expenditure of the appropriation for the payment of troops as police to keep the peace at the polls.

The Republican minority, foreseeing defeat, had resorted to filibustering, dilatory proceedings, and motions to adjourn. Mr. Lamar took no part in the debate, although voting uniformly with his party.

During the morning hour, before the Army Bill was taken up for consideration, Lamar called up the bill to create a Mississippi River Commission, in which he was much interested, reported from the committee of which he was chairman.

The consideration of this measure consumed the morning hour, and the time appointed for taking up the Army Bill as the special order arrived. Mr. Lamar suggested that the Commission Bill could be disposed of in a few minutes, and asked unanimous consent for that purpose.

Mr. Withers, of Virginia, who had the Army Bill in charge, had given notice that he would ask for a final vote before adjournment that day, and declined to consent to Mr. Lamar's

request, unless it was agreed that a vote on the Commission Bill should be taken without further discussion.

Mr. Allison suggested, "In a few minutes."

Mr. Withers insisted upon his rights under the rules. Mr. Conkling asked if, notwithstanding unanimous consent was given to Mr. Lamar's request, the Senator from Virginia would insist upon a vote that day on the Army Bill. Mr. Withers replied that he would. Mr. Conkling then suggested that the Senator from Mississippi have unanimous consent to conclude the consideration of his bill, and if, when a reasonable hour of adjournment had been reached, there were senators who wanted to be heard on the Army Bill, the vote should be postponed until the following day.

Mr. Withers insisted that it was important that a vote should be had that day. Mr. Conkling did not think this fair. Senator Gordon, of Georgia, explained that the Commission Bill would not take more than ten or fifteen minutes. Mr. Conkling then stated that, for himself, he would consent and trust to the other side of the chamber, when the ordinary hour of adjournment was reached, that if any senator desired to be heard, he should not be cut off or pushed into the night.

Mr. Withers here interrupted, and said: "The Senator must not trust to my courtesy in the matter, if he alludes to me."

Mr. Conkling retorted, with contemptuous irony: "I did not indicate the Senator from Virginia as one to whose courtesy I would trust."

After further desultory discussion, Mr. Lamar limited his request to twenty minutes, and at last unanimous consent was given. The bill was quickly disposed of and the Army Bill was immediately taken up.



The legislative session was prolonged until noon of June 19. Late in the sitting—it must have been about midnight—a wrangle occurred between Senators Blaine and Saulsbury, in which the latter charged the former and his party with obstructing legislation.

At this juncture Senator Conkling arose and referred to Mr. Lamar's request of that morning, and said that he had given his consent, relying on the courtesy of Democratic senators that the final vote would not be pressed on the Army Bill that day.

He continued: "Looking to that side, I received a nod, not from one, not from two, not from three, but from five Democratic senators."

Upon these assurances he had offered a motion to adjourn, assuming that there would be no objection.

He concluded by saying: "The Senator from Virginia rose with such a disclaimer as he had a right to make in order that he might keep within the bounds of his instructions from the committee; but when I heard every Democratic senator vote to commit such an outrage as that upon the minority of this body and upon the Senator from Wisconsin, I do not deny that I felt my full share of indignation; and during this evening, Mr. President, I wish to assume all my own responsibility, and so much more as any Republican senator feels irksome to him, for what has taken place. I have endeavored to show this proud and domineering majority—determined, apparently, to ride rough-shod over the rights of the minority—that they can not and they should not do it. But I am ready to be deemed responsible in advance for the assurance that while I remain a member of this body, and, at all events, until we have a previous question, no minority shall be gagged down or throt-



tled or insulted by such a proceeding as this. I say, Mr. President, and I measure my expression, that it was an act not only insulting, but an act of bad faith. I mean that."

It would be quite difficult to exaggerate the air of elaborate and haughty insolence with which this arraignment and threat was delivered. The concentrated and sonorous contempt of his denunciation of the majority, the bitter scorn of his contumelious epithets passed all bounds. It was unparliamentary and beyond the limits of debate, but he was not called to order.

It gave Mr. Lamar the opportunity for which he had been waiting so long. He rose to a personal statement, and said: "I am not aware of anything that occurred which would produce such an impression. If I had, although I would not have been instrumental consciously in producing such an impression, I should have felt myself bound by it, and would have made the motion for an adjournment, in order to give the Senator from Wisconsin an opportunity to discuss this bill.

"With reference to the charge of bad faith that the Senator from New York has intimated toward those of us who have been engaged in opposing these motions to adjourn, I have only to say that if I am not superior to such attacks from such a source, I have lived in vain. It is not my habit to indulge in personalities; but I desire to say here to the Senator, that in intimating anything inconsistent, as he has done, with perfect good faith, I pronounce his statement a falsehood, which I repel with all the unmitigated contempt that I feel for the author of it."

This was a solar-plexus blow. Mr. Conkling had contributed much to the acrimony and exasperation of the time. His attitude toward the Southern Democracy had been that of

unrelenting severity. He was aggressively radical. He advocated drastic measures for the protection of the negro and the assertion of the national authority. His manner was often offensively dictatorial and domineering. He trampled upon the sensibilities of his adversaries like a rhinoceros crashing through a tropical jungle. They grew restive, and there were subterranean rumors from time to time that they "had it in" for Conkling and intended to "do him up" at the earliest opportunity.

In the code of honor, so called, to give the lie is equivalent to a blow. It is the supreme verbal affront, and can be expiated only by blood. It is the intolerable stigma. The man who is branded as a liar publicly is in a *cul-de-sac*. He can go no further. He must wear the epithet or fight. To bite the thumb, or thrust out the tongue and say, "*Tu quoque*," does not shift the burden of dishonor in the estimation of gentlemen.

For the first time in the six years that I had known him, Conkling was, figuratively speaking, "knocked out." Accustomed to obsequious adulation which had swollen his egregious vanity to the point of tumefaction, his habitual attitude was that of supercilious disdain.

He was by far the most picturesque and commanding figure of an historic epoch.

His self-consciousness was inordinate, but justified by a magnificent presence, by the possession of extraordinary intellectual gifts, by national reputation, and the devotion of a great constituency.

In the Senate he had no rivals. No one challenged him. If any differed with him, it was with deference, almost with timidity. He seemed indifferent alike to approbation or censure. Like Wolsey, he was

"Lofty and sour to them that loved him not;  
To those men that sought him, sweet as summer."

That this Alcibiades of Republicanism should be called a liar and denounced as an object of unmitigated contempt in the forum of his most imposing triumphs, before crowded galleries, by a "Confederate brigadier," was an indignity that seemed incredible. Had a dynamite bomb exploded in the gangway of the brilliantly lighted chamber, the consternation could hardly have been more bewildering.

Instantaneous silence fell. The gasping spectators held their breath. Mr. Conkling acted like one stunned. He became pallid and then flushed again. His disconcertion was extreme. He hesitated and floundered pitiably. He pretended at first not to have heard the insult, and asked Lamar in effect to repeat it.

He said: "Mr. President, I was diverted during the commencement of a remark the culmination of which I heard from the member from Mississippi. If I understood him aright, he intended to impute, and did, in plain and unparliamentary language, impute to me an intentional misstatement. The Senator does not disclaim that?"

Mr. LAMAR: "I will state what I intended, so that there may be no mistake—"

The Presiding Officer: "Does the Senator from New York yield?"

Mr. LAMAR: "All that I—"

The Presiding Officer: "Does the Senator from New York yield to the Senator from Mississippi?"

Mr. LAMAR: "He appealed to me to know, and I will give—"

The Presiding Officer: "The Senator from New York has the floor. Does he yield to the Senator from Mississippi?"

As he had asked Lamar a question which that senator was endeavoring to answer, the interrogations of the Chair seemed superfluous, but they afforded time for reflection, and at last Mr. Conkling said: "I am willing to respond to the Chair. I shall respond to the Chair in due time. Whether I am willing to respond to the member from Mississippi depends entirely upon what that member intends to say, and what he did say. For the time being I do not choose to hold any communication with him. The Chair understands me now; I will proceed.

"I understood the Senator from Mississippi to state in plain and unparliamentary language that the statement of mine to which he referred was a falsehood, if I caught his word aright. Mr. President, this is not the place to measure with any man the capacity to violate decency, to violate the rules of the Senate, or to commit any of the improprieties of life. I have only to say that if the Senator—the member from Mississippi—did impute, or intended to impute, to me a falsehood, nothing except the fact that this is the Senate would prevent my denouncing him as a blackguard and a coward." (Applause in the galleries.)

The Presiding Officer: "There should be no cheering in the galleries. If there shall be any more, the Chair will order the galleries to be cleared. The Senator from New York will proceed."

Mr. CONKLING: "Let me be more specific, Mr. President. Should the member from Mississippi, except in the presence of the Senate, charge me by intimation or otherwise with falsehood, I would denounce him as a blackguard, as a coward, and a liar; and understanding what he said as I have, the rules

and the proprieties of the Senate are the only restraint upon me. I do not think I need say anything else, Mr. President."

Mr. LAMAR concluded: "I have only to say, that the Senator from New York understood me correctly. I did mean to say just precisely the words, and all that they imported. I beg pardon of the Senate for the unparliamentary language. It was very harsh; it was very severe; it was such as no good man would deserve and no brave man would wear."

Mr. Conkling never seemed quite the same afterward. His prestige was gone. His enemies—and they were many—exulted in his discomfiture. Two years later he resigned his seat in the Senate, and his life afterward was a prolonged monologue of despair. To-day he is a splendid reminiscence. To the next generation his fame will be a tradition.

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But of all the feuds of the century, the most far-reaching in its tragic consequences was the political duel between Conkling and Blaine, which began with their appearance in Congress and ended only with their lives. They were rivals and foes from the start. Of about the same age, they both aspired to leadership, but in temperament and intellectual habits they had nothing in common. They were altogether the most striking personalities of their generation. They were enemies by instinct. Their hostility was automatic.

Their first altercation occurred April 30, 1866, in a debate on the charges against Provost-Marshal General Fry, in which it was alleged that Mr. Conkling, while a member of Congress, had taken a fee of \$3,000 as a judge-advocate.

During the discussion, which was extremely sensational, Mr. Blaine said: "I do not happen to possess the volubility

of the gentleman from the Utica District. It took him thirty minutes the other day to explain that an alteration in the reporter's notes for the *Globe* was no alteration at all; and I do not think that he convinced the House after all. And it has taken him an hour to-day to explain that while he and General Fry have been at swords' points for a year, there has been no difficulty at all between them. The gentleman from New York has attempted to pass off his appearance in this case as simply the appearance of counsel. I want to read again for the information of the House the appointment under which the gentleman from New York appeared as the prosecutor on the part of the Government."

Mr. Conkling replied that no commission had been issued to him by the Judge-Advocate General.

Mr. Blaine interrupted, and the Speaker inquired: "Does the gentleman from New York yield to the gentleman from Maine?"

To this Mr. Conkling savagely answered: "No, sir; I do not wish to have anything to do with the gentleman from Maine, not even so much as to yield him the floor."

"All right," said Mr. Blaine; and Mr. Conkling resumed and presently said: "One thing further: If the member from Maine had the least idea how profoundly indifferent I am to his opinion upon the subject which he has been discussing, or upon any other subject personal to me, I think he would hardly take the trouble to rise here and express his opinion."

As soon as he obtained the floor, Mr. Blaine responded: "As to the gentleman's cruel sarcasm, I hope he will not be too severe. The contempt of that large-minded gentleman is so wilting; his haughty disdain, his grandiloquent swell, his majestic, supereminent, overpowering, turkey-gobbler strut

has been so crushing to myself and all the members of this House, that I know it was an act of the greatest temerity for me to venture upon a controversy with him. But, sir, I know who is responsible for all this. I know that within the last five weeks, as members of the House will recollect, an extra strut has characterized the gentleman's bearing. It is not his fault. It is the fault of another. That gifted and satirical writer, Theodore Tilton, of the *New York Independent*, spent some weeks recently in this city. His letters published in that paper embraced, with many serious statements, a little jocose satire, a part of which was the statement that the mantle of the late Winter Davis had fallen upon the member from New York. The gentleman took it seriously, and it has given his strut additional pomposity. It is striking. 'Hyperion to a satyr,' Thersites to Hercules, mud to marble, dunghill to diamond, a singed cat to a Bengal tiger, a whining puppy to a roaring lion. Shade of the mighty Davis, forgive the almost profanation of that jocose satire!"

Conkling was a good hater, who neither forgave nor forgot. He never spoke to Blaine afterward, nor recognized his existence. The "turkey-gobbler strut" and the "Hyperion curl" stuck to him and became the staples of the cartoonists. Mutual friends endeavored to bring about a meeting and reconciliation in the campaign of 1884, but in reply to the request that he should make one speech for Blaine, who was the Republican candidate, Conkling replied, with diabolical sarcasm, that he had given up criminal practice.

Froude, in his "Life of Cæsar," says that the quarrels of political leaders have always given direction to the current of history.



Conkling's implacable hatred defeated the nomination of Blaine in 1876, and his election in 1887. Indirectly it caused the death of Garfield, and prevented the renomination of Arthur, whom he described as "the prize ox in American politics."

The chief actors in this stupendous drama have all crossed the frontier of the dark kingdom. After life's fitful fever, they sleep well or ill; but whether well or ill, they sleep. They played mighty parts. They appealed to the passions of a majestic audience. The curtain has fallen; the lights are out; the orchestra has gone; and upon another stage we have the continuous performance, vaudeville and marionettes.

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## II.

### LAMAR AND HOAR.

Political passion in the United States culminated in the Presidential campaign of 1876-77. The fatal blunders of Reconstruction left the South like a pyramid poised on its apex instead of its base. The unstable fabric, supported by sword and bayonet, stood for a while, and, when these were withdrawn, fell in a crash of blood and flame that came near engulfing our whole system in the vortex of its own destruction.

The whites of the South, organizing into White Leagues and Ku-Klux Klans, overthrew the State governments set up by negro majorities and their Northern allies, and sent the civil and military leaders of the Confederacy to the Senate and House of Representatives.

The exasperation of the Republicans of the North was intensified by the consciousness that they had "nursed the

pinion that impelled the steel," and it seemed for a time as if a renewal of civil strife were inevitable.

Collision between the partisans of Hayes and Tilden was averted by the invention of the Electoral Commission, a contrivance supported by each party in the hope of cheating the other, and which ended in defrauding both; but the rancor and asperity of debate did not subside until the inauguration of Garfield in the year 1881.

Prominent among the Southern Democrats in the Senate was L. Q. C. Lamar, of Mississippi. He had been a member of Congress before the war, and was an implacable Secessionist.

Though not a soldier, his relations with the Confederacy were confidential and important. He apparently accepted the consequences of the surrender, and attempted the perplexing rôle of propitiating the North and retaining the confidence of the South.

He pronounced a eulogy upon Charles Sumner, which caused his fidelity to the lost cause to be suspected at home, and therefore omitted no appropriate opportunity to reinstate himself by asserting his constancy to his original conviction, which he did faithfully.

He had the singular fortune to be appointed by President Cleveland a Justice of the Supreme Court, without ever having tried a reported cause in any tribunal, and without having been admitted as an attorney to practice in the court of which he became a member. His career was unique in American politics.

Mr. Lamar was not what Mrs. Partington called a "fluid speaker." His aspect was sombre and dejected. He usually seemed sunken in reverie and abstraction. He was absent-minded. He had no facility in off-hand, extemporaneous

debate. He was a dealer in oratorical shelf-goods. His venom was not secreted, but distilled. He prepared his retorts in advance, and waited for the occasion to use them. He employed fixed ammunition. His speeches, which were infrequent, were written out and committed to memory; but, having rich rhetoric and dramatic energy in delivery, he was an exceedingly effective orator.

The Legislature of Mississippi censured and requested him to resign on account of his position on financial questions. At the next State convention, at Jackson, he made his defense, and one of his colleagues told me that Lamar came to his room in a hotel the preceding midnight for the benefit of his judgment, and, standing before this single auditor, for two hours rehearsed in a loud voice his entire address, tones, gestures, and all, without once referring to his manuscript, exactly as he delivered it before the convention the following day.

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On the first of March, 1879, the bill granting service pensions to the surviving veterans of the Mexican War was being considered in the Senate.

It was opposed by many Republicans on the ground that it would place on the roll ex-Confederate soldiers who had fought in the war with Mexico.

Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, offered an amendment to the bill in the following words: "Provided further, that no pension shall ever be paid under this act to Jefferson Davis, the late President of the so-called Confederacy."

This precipitated a crisis. Every Southern senator arose in his place, one after the other, and said in substance that Jefferson Davis stood in the same position they stood in, and

that every man in the South who believed in secession stood in, and that if Jefferson Davis was a traitor, they were traitors.

Senator Garland, of Arkansas, in the course of his eulogium, alluded to the courage which Jefferson Davis had exhibited on Mexican battlefields, to which Mr. Hoar meekly responded: "Two of the bravest officers in our Revolutionary War were Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold."

This was the red rag. Mr. Lamar, tremulous with indignation, sprang to his feet, and said: "It is with supreme reluctance that I rise to say a word on this subject. I must confess my surprise and regret that the Senator from Massachusetts should have wantonly, without provocation, flung this insult."

Bang went the gavel. Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, was in the chair. He presided like a school-master. He said, with severe emphasis: "The Senator from Mississippi is out of order. He cannot impute to any senator either wantonness or insult."

Mr. Lamar stopped, looked inquiringly at the Chair, and sneeringly said: "I stand corrected. I suppose it is in perfect order to insult certain other senators, but they cannot be characterized by those who received the blow."

This made the breach worse, and the Chair, rising, called Lamar to order, and directed him to take his seat until the question of order was decided.

Mr. Lamar shortly arose again, and said: "The observations of the Senator from Mississippi, in his own opinion, are not only in order, but perfectly and absolutely true," and thereupon appealed from the decision of the Chair.

The Chair submitted the question to the Senate. His decision was overruled; whereupon Mr. Edmunds said: "The

judgment of the Chair is reversed. The Senate decides that the words uttered by the Senator from Mississippi are in order, and the Senator from Mississippi will now proceed."

Mr. Lamar resumed, very slowly and deliberately, with no apparent agitation, and said: "Now, Mr. President, having been decided by my associates to have been in order in the language I used, I desire to say that if it is at all offensive or unacceptable to any member of this Senate, the language is withdrawn; for it is not my purpose to offend or stab the sensibilities of any of my associates on this floor. But what I meant by that remark was this: Jefferson Davis stands in precisely the position that I stand in, that every Southern man who believed in the right of a State to secede stands in."

Senator Hoar interrupted—to explain that in making his motion for the amendment offered he had not thought that anyone stood in the same position as Mr. Davis. "I should not have moved," said he, "to except the gentleman from Mississippi from the pension-roll."

Mr. Lamar replied by insisting that there was no difference. He defended Jefferson Davis from the charge of treason which had been urged in the debate, and said: "I say this as a Union man this day. He [Mr. Hoar] intended to affix (I will not say that he intended, but the inevitable effect of it was to affix) upon this aged man, this man broken in fortune, suffering from bereavement, an epithet of odium, an imputation of moral turpitude. Sir, it required no courage to do that; it required no magnanimity to do it; it required no courtesy. It only required hate, bitter, malignant, sectional feeling, and a sense of personal impunity. The gentleman, I believe, takes rank among Christian statesmen. He might have learned a better lesson from the pages of heathen mythology."

Here he paused a moment and appeared to hesitate. He leaned toward Senator Thurman, three seats away, and said, *sotto voce*, but loud enough to be heard over half the chamber: "What was the name of the man who was chained to the rock?"

"Prometheus," was the reply, in a stage whisper.

Of course the name was familiar, but this made it seem like a sudden inspiration of genius.

He concluded: "When Prometheus was bound to the rock, it was not an eagle, it was a vulture, that buried his beak in the tortured vitals of the victim."

During his eulogy and exculpation of Jefferson Davis the Northern senators sat in silence; the boldness of the performance was paralyzing; such an emergency had not been anticipated. No one was ready. The passionate and excited spectators in the galleries wondered why no champion of the North took up the glove.

Toward the close of the debate a note fluttered over the balustrade of the northeast gallery, and, wavering in the hot air, was caught in its descent by a page, who carried it to Senator Chandler, of Michigan, to whom it was addressed. It was written on a leaf torn from a memorandum-book, without signature, and begging him in God's name to say something for the Union soldiers and for the North.

Chandler was a giant in stature, a politician of the practical type, with a jaw of granite and the fibre of a walrus. He was destitute of sentiment, and spent no time in reverie. He was chairman of the Republican National Committee, and the author of that celebrated dispatch, "Hayes has 185 votes, and is elected." He was not an orator like Conkling or Lamar. His weapon was the butcher's cleaver, and not the rapier.

He was a rough-and-tumble fighter, who asked no odds and feared no foe.

He read the anonymous note brought from the gallery. The black fury of his eyes blazed from the pallor of his face. At the first opportunity he obtained the floor, and delivered a tremendous Philippic against Jefferson Davis. It was evidently wholly unpremeditated, and therefore the more effective.

He said: "Mr. President, twenty-two years ago to-morrow, in the old hall of the Senate now occupied by the Supreme Court of the United States, I, in company with Mr. Jefferson Davis, stood up and swore before Almighty God that I would support the Constitution of the United States. Mr. Jefferson Davis came from the Cabinet of Franklin Pierce into the Senate of the United States, and took the oath with me to be faithful to this Government. During four years I sat in this body with Mr. Jefferson Davis and saw the preparations going on from day to day for the overthrow of this Government. With treason in his heart and perjury upon his lips he took the oath to sustain the Government that he meant to overthrow.

"Sir, there was method in that madness. He, in coöperation with other men from his section and in the Cabinet of Mr. Buchanan, made careful preparation for the event that was to follow. Your armies were scattered all over this broad land, where they could not be used in an emergency; your fleets were scattered wherever the winds blew and water was found to float them, where they could not be used to put down rebellion; your treasury was depleted until your bonds bearing 6 per cent, principal and interest payable in coin, were offered for 88 cents on the dollar for current expenses, and no buyers. Preparations were carefully made. Your arms were sold under an apparently innocent clause in an army bill providing



that the Secretary of War might, at his discretion, sell such arms as he deemed it for the interest of the Government to sell.

"Sir, eighteen years ago last month I sat in these halls and listened to Jefferson Davis delivering his farewell address, informing us what our constitutional duties to this Government were, and then he left and entered into the rebellion to overthrow the Government that he had sworn to support! I remained here, sir, during the whole of that terrible rebellion. I saw our brave soldiers by thousands and hundreds of thousands, aye, I might say millions, pass through to the theatre of war, and I saw their shattered ranks return. I saw steamboat after steamboat and railroad train after railroad train arrive with the maimed and the wounded; I was with my friend from Rhode Island [General Burnside] when he commanded the Army of the Potomac, and saw piles of legs and arms that made humanity shudder; I saw the widow and orphan in their homes, and heard the weeping and wailing of those who had lost their dearest and their best. Mr. President, I little thought at that time I should live to hear in the Senate of the United States eulogies upon Jefferson Davis living—a living rebel eulogized on the floor of the Senate of the United States! Sir, I am amazed to hear it, and I can tell the gentlemen on the other side that they little know the spirit of the North when they come here at this day and with bravado on their lips utter eulogies upon a man whom every man, woman, and child in the North believes to be a double-dyed traitor to his Government."

## THE STORMY DAYS OF THE ELECTORAL COMMISSION.

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The men who made the Constitution and built up our political system, rhetorically known as the fathers, the framers, and the founders of the Republic, had little confidence in what Lincoln called the plain, common people, and less faith in their capacity for self-government.

They were aristocrats. They believed in the rule of the best, and not the rule of the most.

They thought public affairs should be controlled by intelligence, and not by numbers.

They wanted liberty regulated by laws enacted by the wise, interpreted by the learned, and administered by the strong. How far their distrust of universal suffrage as the foundation of the State was justified is shown by the fact that while reluctantly conceding to the popular vote the lower house of Congress, which has been seldom tainted with impurity, they created a Senate, to be chosen by Legislatures—a scheme so prolific in venality, intrigue, bribery, and corruption that it has become the scandal, the reproach, and the menace of republican institutions.

For the choice of a President and Vice-President they invented a plan by which the people were to have nothing to do with the selection of their Executive.

It was so ingeniously clumsy and cumbersome, so defective in safeguards against the most obvious emergencies, so vague

in its definitions, so pregnant with dangers, that, even as immediately modified by the twelfth article of amendment to the Constitution, the marvel is that a catastrophe has been so long postponed.

They provided for the appointment in each State, in such manner as the Legislatures might direct, of electors, to assemble on a stated day at their respective capitals, to ballot in secret session, without consultation with their associates or the constituency, for the persons best qualified in their judgment to serve as Chief Magistrate of the Nation and as President of the Senate for the next four years.

The result of their deliberations being signed in triplicate, one certificate is sent by mail and one by messenger to the President of the Senate, the third being retained against the contingency of loss or destruction.

The second Tuesday in February these certificates are to be opened by the President of the Senate in the presence of the two houses of Congress, and "the votes shall then be counted," but by whom they shall be counted the Constitution saith not. Whether the Vice-President and President of the Senate is a clerk, a custodian, or an umpire is unknown. Whether the joint convention of the two houses, in whose presence the President of the Senate opens the certificates—and "the votes shall then be counted"—is an impotent pageant, or the political tribunal of the Nation, has never been determined. Whether the houses separately and the individual senators and representatives are curious spectators, or jurors, or judges, is an enigma, as it has been for a hundred years.

First by the Congressional Caucus, and then by the National Nominating Convention, the people soon assumed the power of selecting the candidates for whom the Electoral Colleges

should vote, but the antiquated, bungling, obsolete machinery remains. Theoretically, the electors can vote for any persons they please for President and Vice-President. In 1897 every Bryan elector had the Constitutional right to vote for McKinley; every McKinley elector had the same right to vote for Bryan; all had the right to vote for Mr. Clark, of Montana, or Mr. Addicks, of Delaware—in either of which events the certificates would be opened by the President of the Senate, and “the votes shall then be counted.” There is no restraint but loyalty and the decrees of public opinion.

Chancellor Kent, in his commentaries, says the President of the Senate counts the votes and determines the result. It is certain that the first electoral votes were opened and counted, and George Washington was declared elected by John Langdon, a senator from the State of New Hampshire, who was chosen by the Senate as its President, for that sole purpose, before the Government was organized.

It is equally certain that had the President of the Senate in February, 1877, opened the certificates, counted the votes, and declared Hayes and Wheeler elected President and Vice-President, by including the returns from Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Oregon among the others which were not disputed, the House of Representatives, being Democratic, would have at once proceeded to elect Tilden and Hendricks, voting by States. The result would have been two Presidents, each supported by his own party, each claiming title under the Constitution, a double inauguration, the Senate and House arrayed against each other, with the probability of armed collision, anarchy, and civil war. The election of 1876 was the subsiding ground-swell of the war.

After the surrender, the South submitted for a while to emancipation, negro suffrage, civil rights enactments, and the other crude enormities of Reconstruction; but, organizing at length in White Leagues and Ku-Klux Klans, overturned the unstable governments which the ignorance of the former slaves and the cupidity of political adventurers had reared upon the ruins of war. Wealth, intelligence, and education were disfranchised. The social fabric, like a pyramid resting on its apex instead of its base, stood so long as it was supported by bayonets, and, when these were withdrawn, fell with a crash in blood and crime that startled the world with the horrors of its destruction. The North, shocked and appalled by wrongs and outrages which laws were unable either to prevent or to punish, and exasperated by the bewildering failure of the policy of Reconstruction either to protect the negro in his rights or to perpetuate his political power, saw with resentment State after State falling into Democratic control under the supremacy of the civil and military leaders of the Confederacy. Of the eleven seceding States, all save three—Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana—were lost to the Republicans. These the Democrats hoped to carry for Tilden; or, failing in this, so to corrupt the returns that their electoral votes could not be received and counted.

The passions of the combatants were thus aroused to the pitch of frenzy. For the first time in sixteen years the Democrats felt the possibility of resuming national power. The Republicans inflamed the Northern States by presenting the dangers of the "Solid South," insisting that the purpose was to obtain payment for losses in the war, for the assumption of the Confederate debt, with compensation for the emancipated slaves.

These charges made such an impression and were urged with such persistent vehemence that Mr. Hewitt, of New York, in an open letter called them to the attention of Mr. Tilden, who said, in his published reply, that should he be elected President, he should deem it his duty to veto every bill for the assumption or payment of any such debts, losses, damages, or claims, which gave Republican orators precisely the opportunity they desired, and was like an effort to put out a fire by pouring on kerosene.

¶ Neither of the Presidential candidates inspired any personal enthusiasm among his followers.

Hayes was hopelessly prosaic and commonplace. He had been a reputable soldier, and was by profession a lawyer. He was the "dark horse" of the Cincinnati convention, rendered available because in a desperate emergency he had been chosen Governor of Ohio. He had no vices, and the customary sort of rather tiresome and uninteresting virtues. His enemies accused him of sanctimony and hypocrisy, and of sometimes forgetting his promises; but all good men have been slandered by their contemporaries.

Tilden was a cadaverous, tallow-faced attorney, in feeble health, who, having raked together an immense fortune, naturally became a reformer in politics, and was elected Governor of New York. His methods were those of the mole, except that he left no external indications of the silent and tortuous windings of his subterranean pathway. He took personal management of his campaign with a few confidential clerks, and was accused of attempting to purchase the vote necessary to secure a majority of one in the Electoral College. The election took place November 7, and by midnight the general impression was that Tilden had been successful. He had

carried Connecticut, New York, Indiana, and all the Southern States except Florida, South Carolina, and Louisiana, and in those the result was uncertain, though early reports favored the Democrats. The next day the Republicans, many of them, practically gave up the fight and conceded the election of Tilden. The Republicans had the State officers and the returning boards in the disputed States, but they were mysteriously silent. The fortunes of Hayes seemed gloomy, dark, and desperate indeed.

Toward nightfall "Old Zack" Chandler, the chairman of the National Republican Committee, sent out through the Associated Press, with no preface, nor arithmetic, nor index, his celebrated dispatch: "Hayes and Wheeler have 185 votes, and are elected."

The Democrats went into hysterics, and the Republicans recovered their equanimity.

What actually occurred in Florida, Louisiana, and South Carolina the day of the election, and afterward, and who really received a majority of the votes cast, will never be known; but the Hayes electors were certified by the returning boards in due time, and the certificates forwarded to the President of the Senate. Duplicate certificates from each State were also sent in, showing the choice of Democratic electors and their votes for Tilden and Hendricks.

The interval till the meeting of Congress in December was full of apprehension. The Democrats were violent in their denunciations, and threatened to have an army of occupation in Washington to superintend the counting of the electoral votes in February.

Grant was President. When asked if he thought there would be any trouble, he replied: "No, I think not; but it



has been one rule of my life to be always ready." Troops began to gather in the forts along the Potomac. Batteries of artillery came in from the West by rail and rumbled through the streets at night on their way to the Arsenal and the Navy Yard. Groups of soldiers in bright new uniforms, but without arms, strolled to and fro on the Avenue—whether on duty or on furlough no one appeared to know. Possibly Grant was getting ready to have his successor, Hayes or Tilden, peaceably inaugurated and installed.

Recognizing the extreme gravity of the crisis, the brevity of the time, the infirmity of the Constitution, and the tremendous dangers that threatened the peace, and possibly the existence, of the Nation, soon after Congress assembled, a joint committee, consisting of seven members from each house, was appointed to prepare a bill to provide for and regulate the counting of the votes for President and Vice-President, and the decision of questions arising thereunder, for the term beginning March 4, 1877.

The Senate was Republican, and appointed Edmunds, Frelinghuysen, Morton, Conkling, Thurman, Bayard, and Ransom.

The House was Democratic, and appointed Payne, of Ohio; Hunton, of Virginia; Hewitt, of New York; Springer, of Illinois; McCrary, of Iowa; Hoar, of Massachusetts; and Willard, of Michigan: in the aggregate, seven Republicans and seven Democrats.

They brought to their delicate and difficult task exalted patriotism, matured experience, and the highest intellectual powers. Edmunds, in his opening speech, said the dispute with which they were to deal was probably as great as ever existed in the world under the law. This statement was not sensational. Wars have been waged, kings beheaded, and

dynasties overthrown in controversies far less momentous and complicated than that which now confronted the American people. The legal questions involved were novel. There were no precedents. A contingency had risen for the first time in the history of the Nation, and is liable to rise again, for which the Constitution and the laws were, and still are, inadequate.

But, untried and intricate as was the legal problem, this was trifling compared with the political predicament.

The committee was not only to devise an unconstitutional measure that should be strictly within constitutional limitations (which would not be hard, for that instrument is elastic and hospitable), but to invent a tribunal composed of partisans that should be non-partisan in operation; propitiate the implacables; preserve the prerogatives of the Senate, and maintain the conflicting pretensions of the House; secure the coöperation of those who contended that there was power to "go behind the returns," and those who asserted that the only question to be decided was which certificate was actually given by the authorities of the State; and, most important of all, obtain the cordial support of both parties by holding out to each the hope of cheating the other.

The committee deliberated a month, and on January 18th Senator Edmunds reported what is popularly known as the Electoral Commission Bill, Senator Morton being the only dissenter. As a specimen of political funambulism, it will take rank among the highest achievements of the human mind.

It provided, in substance, for the meeting of the two houses and the course of procedure; for the disposition of questions arising in respect to States from which but one set of certificates had been received; for the reference of questions arising

in respect to States from which more than one certificate had been received, to a Commission consisting of five senators, five representatives, and five justices of the Supreme Court, the decision of majority to be final, unless rejected by concurrent votes of both Houses, in which event their order should prevail; and for the reservation of all legal and constitutional rights, if any, to test the questions of title in the courts.

Four of the Supreme Court justices were designated in the bill—those assigned to the First, Third, Eighth, and Ninth Circuits; they to select the fifth in such manner as they might decide.

Edmunds, in commenting on this clause, declared with some grandiloquence that the choice of the four justices was geographical—one from New-England, one from New York, one from the Northwest, and one from the Pacific.

Morton sneeringly replied that they were selected on account of their known previous political predilections, and that the reason why the Democrats favored the bill was because they expected it would elect Tilden.

Curiously enough, it did turn out that two of the justices, Clifford and Field, were Democrats, and two, Miller and Strong, Republicans; but probably Edmunds was not aware of this. At least, he did not mention it in his speech. So far, then, the Commission was equally divided in politics—seven Republicans, seven Democrats, with the fifteenth member in abeyance; the unknown arbiter, the domesman of the Electoral College.

The justices, being two and two, could not well ballot, and were too dignified to pull straws. It became to be understood that seniority of service would control, and their choice would fall on Justice David Davis, who was known to favor Tilden, so this non-partisan Commission would consist of eight

Democrats and seven Republicans. Their joy of the Democracy was unconfined. They considered the bill the supreme effort of human wisdom, for whose praise every place was a temple and all seasons summer.

The Republicans said little. They were taciturn and reserved. What they thought was never disclosed. But what happened was this: The term of General John A. Logan as senator from Illinois was about to expire. He was an active candidate for re-election. The Legislature was so nearly a tie between the Republicans and Democrats that five "independents" held the balance of power. They supported Judge Davis, and, after several days of futile and barren balloting, the Democrats united with them and elected him as Logan's successor. Whereupon the Judge resigned from the Supreme bench to take his seat in the Senate March 4, 1877.

The next ranking justice was Joseph P. Bradley, a Republican, and favorable to the election of Hayes. Thus, by an incredible caprice of Fortune, a gamester's chance, Fate, shuffling the cards, dealt the last trump to the Republicans, and the Commission stood eight to seven for Hayes.

Like the gentleman in Bret Harte's poem who was struck in the abdomen by a red-sandstone specimen and doubled up on the floor, the subsequent proceedings interested the Democrats no more. They denounced the bill as the climax of villainy, and its authors as the supreme malefactors of history. Perhaps their emotions were best described by Judge Jeremiah Black, one of the counsel in the South Carolina case, who said in a speech to the Commission, apropos of nothing: "This Nation has got her great big foot in a trap. It is vain to struggle for her extrication. \* \* \* \*

"Usually it is said, 'In vain the net is spread in the sight of any bird,' but this fowler set the net in the sight of the birds that went into it. It is largely our own fault that we were caught. \* \* \* \* At present you have us down and under your feet. Never had you a better right to rejoice. Well may you say: 'We have made a covenant with death, and with hell are we at agreement.' "

The bill passed the Senate 47 to 17 and the House 191 to 86, exactly as it came from the committee. It was approved by President Grant, January 29th, with a special message, in which he characterized the measure as one that afforded "wise and constitutional means of escape from imminent peril to the institutions of the country."

January 30th the Senate chose Edmunds, Morton, Frelinghuysen, Thurman, and Bayard, and the House, Payne, Hunton, Abbott, Hoar, and Garfield, as the Congressional members of the Commission. The same day the four associate justices of the Supreme Court selected Justice Bradley as the fifth member, and the tribunal was complete.

They assembled January 31st, at 11 A. M., in the Supreme Court room at the Capitol, organized, appointed their staff, adopted rules, and, shortly before noon, February 1st, notified the Senate and House that they were ready to proceed to the performance of their duties.

The President *pro tempore* appointed Mr. Allison, of Iowa, and Mr. Ingalls, of Kansas, tellers on the part of the Senate; and Speaker Randall appointed Mr. Cook, of Georgia, and Mr. Stone, of Missouri, tellers on the part of the House.

On motion of Mr. Edmunds, at one o'clock the Senate huddled in careless, disorderly array out of its chamber, and marched by twos in straggling procession through the Rotunda,

between ranks of curious and silent spectators, halting for an instant at the door of the Hall of Representatives.

At the head of the column was the President *pro tem.*, escorted by the Sergeant-at-Arms, and followed by the venerable assistant doorkeeper, Isaac Bassett, carrying the electoral certificates in two square black-walnut boxes with brass handles on the covers, like a commercial traveler with his sample-cases going into the office of the leading hotel. One box contained the certificates sent by messenger, the other, those sent by mail; about half a bushel of each.

The House arose to receive the Senate, which took seats in the body of the hall upon the right of the presiding officer. The Speaker vacated the chair, which was taken by President Ferry. Randall, imperturbable and impassive, sat at his left. The Secretary of the Senate, the Clerk of the House, and the tellers sat at the Clerk's desk, the stenographers and other officials having tables in front and on either side of the platform. The galleries were packed. The silence was profound—an expectant hush, as when the curtain rises for the prologue at the first presentation of a great drama.

The President of the Senate called the joint meeting to order, announced its object, and, with a new, sharp, long knife, the Sergeant-at-Arms had provided, proceeded to slit the envelope containing the certificate of the State of Alabama received by messenger, which he handed to Senator Allison, who read it in full, giving ten votes to Tilden and Hendricks. Then he opened the envelope received by mail from the same State and handed it down to be read, when Senator Conkling somewhat impatiently suggested that it could hardly be necessary to read the duplicate in full, and that hereafter as one was read the other should be compared.



The certificates were opened in alphabetical order, Alabama being followed by Arkansas, California, Colorado, and Delaware, to none of which were objections made, and the reading droned monotonously along till half-past two, when Florida was reached, the first of the disputed States from which triplicate returns had been received: one, from the Republican Governor and Secretary of State, certifying the choice of the Hayes electors; the second, from the Attorney-General, certifying that the returns showed the election of the Tilden electors; the third, by the Democratic Governor and Secretary of State chosen at the general election, certifying to proceedings under an act of the Legislature and the judgment of a State court in favor of the Tilden electors. An objection was also filed that one of the Hayes electors at the time of his appointment held an office of trust and profit under the United States, and was therefore ineligible.

All the papers, exhibits, and certificates, with the objections signed by senators and representatives, were immediately transmitted to the Commission, which was in session, and the Senate withdrew to its chamber to wait for the decision, which was not reached till late in the evening of February 9th.

The sessions of the Commission were held in the vaulted hall which the Senate left for its new chamber January 4, 1859; the historic room where Webster hurled the thunderbolts of his logic and eloquence at Hayne, and which resounded to the oratorical duels between Calhoun and Clay.

In one of the upper corridors hangs a painting by Mrs. Fassett, perhaps of greater historic interest than artistic value, representing Mr. Evarts addressing the tribunal before an audience that fills the room. The portraits include many of the most eminent personages, at the bar and in public life, of an



epoch made illustrious by their achievements in oratory and statesmanship.

The wisdom of having a strictly political capital, absolutely under the control of the Government, away from business, commercial, and industrial centers, was never more clearly demonstrated than during the pendency of these transactions. The revolutions, *emeutes*, and *coups d'etat* of France are due, more than to any other cause, to the location of the executive and legislative departments in Paris, surrounded by idle and frenzied mobs that invade and threaten and disturb, destroying independence and rendering tranquil deliberation and dispassionate judgment impossible.

Had Congress and the Commission sat in Baltimore or New York, that month of national jeopardy, among raging multitudes of infuriated partisans with their parades and mass-meetings, and the demonstrations of demagogues, no prophet could have foretold what the end would be.

Even in Washington, so sonnolent and obsequious, where public opinion is subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand, it looked squally enough at times, especially toward the close. Probably Watterson's call for a hundred thousand "one-armed Kentuckians," as the wags travestied it, to superintend the electoral count, was the rhapsody of an automatic rhetorician, but the town swarmed with disreputable and unbidden guests, who haunted the Capitol, lounged in the lobbies, sauntered through the grounds, and crowded the galleries of the House at every joint session. The police were reinforced. Detectives in plain clothes and heavily armed were stationed among the spectators. A vague terror brooded in the air—the apprehension of an impending tragedy.

As an illustration, rather amusing now, of the trepidations of the time, word came to Ferry one morning, either by anonymous letter or through the report of a detective, that as the Senate passed through the Rotunda at noon on its way to the House, a gang of ruffians were to assault the head of the consecrated column and in the confusion take the boxes containing the certificates from Captain Bassett, carry them off, and destroy the returns not counted. It seemed feasible enough, and, if successful, would have prematurely closed the functions of the Commission and given the House the opportunity, coveted by the implacables, of electing Tilden President, voting by States as the Constitution provides when there is no choice by the electors.

The hour of meeting was near at hand. The time for deliberation was short. Ferry, who was naturally somewhat of an alarmist, held a hurried consultation with his staff, and it was finally decided to empty the boxes secretly and take the returns over as personal assets. To Bassett this seemed little short of sacrilege, like rifling the Ark of the covenant. It was contrary to the precedents of half a century. But Ferry decided that it was an emergency, and, as what is past help should be past grief, the boxes were unlocked and the returns stowed away in the breast pockets and side pockets and coat-tail pockets of the tellers and other officials, and Bassett marched with his empty packing-cases at the head of the procession.

Of course nothing happened. There was no assault. I imagine none was contemplated. Some joker, no doubt, played on Ferry's credulity. The boxes were placed under the Clerk's desk in the House, the returns collected from their extemporaneous receptacles and returned to proper custody, and the incident was closed.

The array of counsel has not in any forum been surpassed in learning and eloquence. Prominent among them were Jeremiah S. Black, Secretary of State and Attorney-General under Buchanan; Montgomery Blair, Lincoln's Postmaster-General; Matthew Carpenter, previously and afterwards senator from Wisconsin; William M. Evarts, Attorney-General in the Cabinet of Andrew Johnson, and afterward Secretary of State under Hayes; George Hoadley, at one time Governor of Ohio; Stanley Matthews, senator from Ohio and justice of the Supreme Court; Charles O'Connor, perhaps the leader of the New York bar; Samuel Shellabarger, member of Congress from Ohio during the war; Lyman Trumbull, eighteen years senator from Illinois; and William C. Whitney, afterwards Cleveland's Secretary of the Navy. Others scarcely less eminent pleaded briefs, and several senators and members of Congress participated in the arguments.

Stripped of all superfluities, subtleties, and technicalities, the Republican contention was that the returns of the electoral votes, duly certified by the State authorities, were final and conclusive, and that neither Congress nor the Commission could receive evidence from any outside source, either that the electors were not chosen, or that others were, or that there had been fraud, forgery, violence, or other irregularities, either in the election, the canvassing board, or any proceedings subsequent thereto.

The Democrats insisted upon the right to go behind the returns and prove that the Tilden, and not the Hayes, electors were chosen by the people, and that the certificates were forged and fraudulent.

Whether Tilden or Hayes had the majority in Florida, Louisiana, or South Carolina is not capable of proof. It is

doubtful if there has been an absolutely square and honest Presidential election since the time of George Washington. It is not likely there ever will be. There will always be buying and selling and juggling and cheating, not sufficient in all cases, it may be, to change the result. Clay's supporters always believed he was defeated by frauds in Louisiana in 1844. So, although the Electoral Commission was packed for Hayes, by destiny, and the result was as well known when they took the oath of office as when they adjourned *sine die*, yet the doctrine was sound.

After the first test vote, I remember Morton came hobbling into the chamber on his canes and took his seat, which was just behind mine. I asked him how the Commission stood. "Oh!" he replied, with a grimace of savage satisfaction, "eight to seven, of course. That settles it."

Though the Commission voted "eight to seven" in favor of the Hayes electors from Florida at its evening session, Friday, February 9, it was not till the joint meeting of Monday, the 12th, that the vote of the State was counted, after which the returns from Georgia, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, and Kentucky were opened without objection. The certificate from Louisiana was challenged, and the duplicates, with the objections from both sides, were read and presented at five o'clock P. M. to the Commission by Mr. Gorham, the Secretary of the Senate. They were counted eight days later, February 20th, with Maine, Maryland, and Massachusetts. Objection was filed to one of the electors of Michigan the same day, but not sustained by either house, and that State was counted with Minnesota, Mississippi, Missouri, and Nebraska. An objection to the eligibility of one of the electors from Nevada was overruled by both houses, and the next day,

February 21st, the full vote of Nevada was polled, followed by New Hampshire, New Jersey, New York, North Carolina, and Ohio. When the certificate from Oregon was opened, objections were presented to the eligibility of one of the electors, and the papers were sent to the Commission, which heard arguments till February 24th, when, the decision being in favor of the Hayes electors, the full vote of the State was counted for Hayes. Thereupon objections were immediately made to a Pennsylvania elector, and both houses adjourned over till Monday, February 26th. At this time Senator Thurman resigned from the Commission on account of ill health, and Senator Kernan, of New York, was chosen to fill the vacancy.

Monday afternoon Pennsylvania was counted, and an objection then filed to a Rhode Island elector, which was so transparently frivolous that it was rejected in both houses—whereupon the Democrats filibustered from 3:30 till 6, when Rhode Island was put in the Hayes list. This brought the poll to South Carolina, which was a storm-centre, and the duplicate returns and other papers at 6:30 P. M. went to the Commission, which then adjourned till the next day at ten. There were now but five days till the end of Grant's term.

South Carolina was counted the evening of February 28th, followed by Tennessee and Texas, and, on objection to the eligibility of an elector from Vermont, both houses took a recess till 10 A. M., Thursday, March 1st.

As the end drew nearer the mutineers in the House of Representatives became rabid with rage. They defied the efforts of the presiding officer to preserve order. They interposed dilatory motions, and became violent in their efforts to delay the final count beyond the fourth of March.

Thursday, March 1st, was spent from ten in the morning till nearly midnight by the House in a parliamentary wrangle over an objection to the eligibility of the elector from Vermont, which the Senate had overruled the night before.

The joint meeting resumed its sessions at eleven o'clock at night, and the vote of Vermont was counted, followed by Virginia and West Virginia, which were not disputed. This left only Wisconsin, and it was supposed the dreary, wretched conflict was ended; but as soon as the certificate was opened, an objection was presented. The Senate returned to its chamber, and waited three hours for the House to decide that it should not.

At four o'clock, Friday morning, March 2nd, the Senate shamled over to the House. The vote of Wisconsin was announced; the count of the thirty-eight States was concluded. Teller Allison read the tally-sheet, and handed it up to Senator Ferry, who said: "In announcing the final result of the electoral vote, the Chair trusts that all present, whether on the floor or in the galleries, will refrain from all demonstrations whatever; that nothing shall transpire on this occasion to mar the dignity and moderation which have characterized these proceedings, in the main so reputable to the American people and worthy of the respect of the world." He then read the state of the vote, and declared Hayes and Wheeler elected President and Vice-President for four years from March 4, 1877.

The *finale* of the drama was neither dignified, impressive, nor inspiring. The light from the paneled ceiling fell though an atmosphere dim and murky with dust and smoke. The actors and the spectators were drowsy, frowsy, and dishev-

eled. The hall was in squalid confusion and disorder, foul with the *débris* of a protracted session.

That no incongruity might be wanting, some enthusiast had sent Ferry, for signing the final transcript, the tail-feather of an eagle from Lake Superior. This he had made into a quill pen, whose plume reached his shoulder as he was affixing his signature to the scroll.

At ten minutes past four the gavel fell, the lights were turned out, and the curtain went down. There was but one day till the end of Grant's term!

The gray light of a bleak and bitter dawn was just visible on the great dome as I rode homeward through the silent and deserted streets of the sleeping city.



## THE MOUNTAINS.

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What an immortal fascination there is about mountains! Their solemnity, their silence, the grandeur of their outlines, the unspeakable glory of their lofty crags and "snowy summits old in story," and their splendid inutility!

When you look upon the vague and troubled immensity of the ocean, you think of commerce and codfish and whales. When you contemplate the grassy waste of prairies, expanding to the skies, you think of wheat and corn and pigs and steers. But Pike's Peak and Sierra Blanca and Trenchery and Culebra and the Tetons are good for nothing except adoration and worship. Man does not profane their solitudes where the unheard voices of the winds in the forests, of waters falling in the abyss, and the eagle's cry have no audience nor anniversary.

## THE SEA.

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The ancients had a saying that those who cross the sea change their sky, but not their mind,—“*Qui trans mare current cælum non animam mutant.*” No man can escape from himself. The companionship is inseparable.

But there is something more than change of locality in the isolation of a long ocean voyage. When the last dim headland disappears, and the continent vanishes in the deep, the separation from the human race is complete. All the accustomed incidents and habits of daily life are suspended, and those who are assembled in that casual society might be the solitary survivors of mankind.

Wars and catastrophes and bereavements may shock the world, but here they are unheard and unknown. Suns rise and set and rise again, but the great ship makes no apparent progress. She remains the centre of an unchanging circumference. The vast and sombre monotony is unbroken. Above is the infinite abyss of the sky with its clouds and stars. Beneath is the infinite abyss of the sea with its winds and waves. Sometimes the faint phantom of a sail appears above the vague fluctuating horizon and silently fades away, or a stain of smoke against the distant mist discloses the pathway of some remote and unknown tenant of the solitude.

The moods of the sea are endless, but it has no compassion. It glitters in the sun, but its smile is cruel and relentless. It is

eager to devour. Its forces are destructive. Each instant is fraught with peril. Its agitation is incessant, and it lies in wait to engulf and destroy. Resisting every effort to subdue its obstacles, when its baffled billows are cleft, they gather in the ghastly wake, and rage at their discomfiture.

In the presence of this implacable enemy, whose smiles betray, whose voice is an imprecation, whose embrace is death, meditation becomes habitual and the mind changes like the sky.

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## IDYL.

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(Written upon a visit to the old home upon the river bluff in Atchison.)

Was it on this planet we lived alone, and loved in youth's enchanted kingdom amid the forests and by the great lonely river, looking with mingled gaze at the eastern bluffs purpled by the autumnal sunset, or at the face of the moon climbing with sad steps the midnight sky; or was it on some remote star in some other life, recalled with rapture and longing unutterable and unavailing?

"Oh, death in life; the days that are no more!"

The crumbling excavation scarce discernible among the vines and weeds and brambles, deserted and inaccessible, ancient as Palmyra or Persepolis in seeming—was this the theatre whereon was enacted the intoxicating drama, the sweet tragedy of human passion, grief, joy, and endless separation? Since then, what devious wanderings of the soul, what darkened vistas, what trepidation, what struggle and solace, what achievements and defeat—what splendor and what gloom! The river flows, and the landscape is unchanged. Nature mocks with her permanence the mutability of man; and the steadfast presence recalling life's vanished glory and bloom and dew of morning—how worthless and empty appear all that time gives, compared with what it takes away! How gladly would we exchange the prizes of ambition and fame and wealth for the splendid consecration of youth and—

"Wild with all regret—the days that are no more."

## EPIGRAMS.

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The burdens that afflict society are voluntary.

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Ideas are more profitable than hogs or bees.

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The poor man's chance depends upon what the poor man has to sell.

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Trusts and labor unions are inseparable evils. They are twin relics of barbarism.

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The conscience of nations has been disturbed by the injustice of modern society.

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As nations advance in intelligence and morals, gods are dethroned, codes modified, and creeds abandoned.

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A trust is a thing that knows no politics but plunder and no principles except spoliation of the human race.

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Socialism is the final refuge of those who have failed in the struggle for life. It is the prescription of those who were born tired.

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The real difference in men is not want of opportunity, but in want of capacity to discern opportunity and power to take advantage of opportunity.

The man who is unhappy when he is poor would be unhappy if he were rich. A beggar may be happier in his rags than a king in his purple. Happiness is an endowment, and not an acquisition.

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Inasmuch as both force and matter are infinite and indestructible, and can be neither added to nor subtracted from, it follows that in some form we have always existed, and that we shall continue in some form to exist forever.

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Whether in the battle to-morrow I shall survive or not, let it be said of me, that to the oppressed of every clime; to the Irishman suffering from the brutal acts of Great Britain, or to the slave in the bayou of the South, I have at all times and places been their advocate; and to the soldier, his widow and orphans, I have been their protector and friend.

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The catfish aristocracy is pre-eminently the saloon-builder. Past generations and perished races of men have defied oblivion by the enduring structures which pride, sorrow, and religion have reared to perpetuate the virtues of the living or the memories of the dead. Ghizeh has its pyramids; Petra its temples; the Middle Ages their cathedrals; Central America its ruins; but Pike and Posey have their saloons, where the patrician of the bottoms assembles with his peers. Gathered round a dusty stove choked with soggy driftwood, he drinks sod corn from a tin cup, plays "old sledge" upon the head of an empty keg, and reels home at nightfall, yelling through the timber, to his squalid cabin.

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There was a profound truth in the declaration of Voltaire that if there were no god, it would be necessary to invent

one. This was flippant and irreverent, perhaps, but true. God is indispensable. Man perceives this, and the higher his development the more distinct is his perception. The popularity of Ingersoll and his school is not an indication of infidelity, but is rather the strongest evidence of the religious spirit of the times, its receptivity, its eagerness for instruction, its hunger and its thirst for knowledge about what can never be known. No age has ever been so profoundly moved by the consideration of the problems of the hereafter as this, and I have no doubt that in response to the search for eternal truth another Christ will come and another revelation be made.

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In the democracy of the dead all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this vital threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives casts off his purple, and Lazarus his rags; the poor man is rich as the richest, and the rich man as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud man surrenders his dignities, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures; the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from his unrequited toil. Here at last is Nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity, which makes life so cruel and inexplicable a tragedy, ceases in the realm of death. The strongest there has no supremacy, and the weakest needs no defense. The mighty captain succumbs to the invincible adversary who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished.



The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties are the armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and expel the party in power is the purpose. The Republicans and Democrats are as irreconcilably opposed to each other as were Grant and Lee in the Wilderness. They use ballots instead of guns, but the struggle is as unrelenting and desperate and the result sought for the same. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to destroy. The commander who lost the battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from tea-custard and syllabus dilettanteism and frivolous sentimentalism.

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Lying in the sunshine among the buttercups and the dandelions of May, scarcely higher in intelligence than the minute tenants of that mimic wilderness, our earliest recollections are of grass; and when the fitful fever is ended, and the foolish wrangle of the market and forum is closed, grass héals over the scar which our descent into the bosom of the earth has made, and the carpet of the infant becomes the blanket of the dead. Grass is the forgiveness of Nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes and are obliterated. Forests decay, harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal. Beleaguered by the sullen hosts of winter, it with-

draws into the impregnable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by the wandering birds, propagated by the subtle agriculture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

## GARFIELD: THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

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### I.

#### THE SPRINGS OF HIS SUCCESS.

In his remarkable treatise upon the influence of "American Institutions," M. de Tocqueville observes that the natural propensity of democracies is to reject the most eminent citizens as rulers; not from hatred of superiority, nor fear of distinguished talents, but because the passion for equality demands the award of approbation to those alone who have risen by popular support.

This was written nearly three-quarters of a century ago, and the tendency, so perceptible to the philosopher then, has increased with accelerating force, till what seemed a vague but ingenious generalization is now recognized as one of the laws of our political system.

George Washington, the first President of the Republic, was by birth and habit an aristocrat. He lived like a nobleman, upon a great inherited estate, in haughty and dignified seclusion, master of slaves, and possessor of the largest private fortune in the United States. His journeys were like those of a royal personage.

The descent from Washington to Jackson was rapid, and has been swifter since. It is quite inconceivable that any party to-day would nominate as its candidate for the Presidency the richest man in the country, traveling *en prince*, and

separated by insuperable barriers of rank and station from the common people.

Poverty may be a misfortune, uncomfortable and hard to endure; but as an element of strength in public life it cannot be disregarded.

The great leaders from 1860 to 1870, the most momentous epoch in our history, were all of humble origin—Lincoln, Grant, Wilson, Morton, Sheridan, Andrew, Garrison, and the other chief figures of that period, without exception, had no heritage but an honest name. Wendell Phillips is the only conspicuous character of that time who was born to wealth and culture—"with a silver spoon in his mouth."

Garfield emerged from an obscurity as profound as that of his fellows in fame, and reached an elevation as lofty, and it is perhaps not too much to say that he succeeded less in spite of his disadvantages than because of them.

They were the wings wherewith he flew. The defects of his boyish training and scholarship, the narrow poverty of his youth, the humble avocations of his early manhood, the modest simplicity of his later life were favorable to his fortunes. They kept him at the level of the masses from whom he sprung, not alienated from them by extraordinary endowments, wealth, or special refinement, but exhibiting only a higher degree or more vigorous activity of the qualities and powers usual among men; industry, patience, integrity; so that the great body of citizens in supporting him appeared to be indirectly paying tribute of respect to themselves, and not yielding either voluntary or reluctant obedience to a superior.

My personal acquaintance with Garfield began in September, 1854, when we were students at Williams College. We were of kindred blood, being both descended, he on his moth-

er's side, from Edmund Ingalls, the founder of Lynn, in 1628.

He came to Williams, with three companions, from an Ohio academy—Hiram, I think—and entered the Junior class. He was some years the older, but, his preparatory studies having been delayed by necessity, he was graduated a year later than I, in the class of 1856. Our relations were cordial and friendly, but not intimate. We were associates on the board of editors of the *Williams Quarterly*, a college magazine of some pretensions in those days, and in the lecture-room and chapel; on the campus and in the literary societies we met daily, in the unrestrained and sometimes hilarious familiarity of college intercourse.

He immediately took high rank, but not the highest, in scholarship. He identified himself actively with the religious life of the college, but there was nothing of gloomy bigotry or monastic asceticism about his religion. He never held himself aloof from the society of intelligent and vivacious sinners, while enjoying the fellowship and communion of the saints.

Like most bright men, he wrote poetry, or what by courtesy was called such, and in one of our last interviews, while recalling some of the incidents of our college days, he alluded to his early indiscretions in blank verse, and jestingly said he never had any serious apprehensions about the result of the Presidential campaign till some injudicious friend resuscitated from the *Quarterly* one of his metrical compositions and had it reprinted as an argument for his election.

He was particularly active in debate and declamation, and gave promise of strong, but not brilliant, oratory. In casting his horoscope, the students predicted that he would be a teacher or a clergyman. No one dreamed that he would have a great political career.

I recall with photographic distinctness his personal appearance on the occasion of his delivery of an oration in the old chapel at the close of his Junior year, in the summer of 1855, when he was twenty-four years of age. The garb of a country tailor lent no grace to his angular, bony, and muscular frame. His complexion was white and florid, with mirthful blue eyes. Yellow hair fell back from a brow of unusual height and prominence, and a sparse blond beard scarcely concealed the heavy jaw and the weak, sensuous mouth, whose peculiar protrusion was the most noticeable feature of his striking countenance, whether in speech or repose.

I did not see him after my graduation until I entered the Senate in 1873.

He had changed almost beyond recognition. He had become stout, heavy, and dusky, with a perceptible droop of the head and shoulders, as if bent with burdens. But the old cordial, effusive, affectionate manner remained; a familiar, exuberant freedom that had none of the restraint and effacement which commonly characterizes the moods of the man who has mingled much with men.

Indeed, to the very last it was apparent that Garfield was country-born. There was an indefinable something in his voice, his dress, his walk, his ways, redolent of woods and fields rather than of drawing-rooms, diplomacy, statecraft, and crowded streets. There was a splendid rusticity in his simple nature which breathed unmistakably of the generations of yeomen from whom he sprung.

As an occasional visitor to the House of Representatives, I often heard him upon the floor. He was not a ready, off-hand, skillful debater. He was disconcerted by sharp and sudden attack. He was without capacity for retort and rep-

artee. He had no emergency-bag, but in the ability to deal with large subjects, after deliberation, with broad and comprehensive strength and candor, he was not excelled by any contemporary. He had a strong, penetrating voice, pitched in the middle key, with a slightly nasal and metallic quality, and an air of conviction which compelled respect.

He told no stories and shot off no fireworks on the stump. His earlier speeches were highly rhetorical and pedantic; but he abandoned the pyrotechnic style, cultivated simplicity, and became a master of the difficult art of clear, condensed statement of points and conclusions.

There was no capacity in which Garfield was not surpassed by some of his associates. He wore the stars of a major-general, but his achievements as a soldier are forgotten. As an orator he was eclipsed by Conkling, and as a debater he was far outrun by Blaine. As a lawyer he will not be remembered. As a statesman his name is not imperishably associated with any great measure of national policy or internal reform. He had few of the qualities of successful political leadership, but in public estimation he is enshrined as the foremost man of his generation.

Much of this sentiment, no doubt, is due to his tragic death, but the real secret of his hold upon the affections of mankind has not yet been detected.

Garfield was splendidly equipped and magnificently disqualified for executive functions. Had he lived, I suppose his administration would have been a disastrous failure. Fate, in one sense, was kind to him. He died at a good time for his fame.

The combination of intellectual and executive power is rare among men. I do not recall in ancient or modern history



one man illustrious as a legislator or renowned as an orator who has been equally distinguished for executive capacity. Possibly the reason may be that opportunity for both is seldom presented to the same person, but the main explanation undoubtedly is that the habits of mind required for oratory and for action in emergencies, in cabinets or on battle-fields, are essentially different, and in most natures incompatible. It is quite as difficult to conceive of Daniel Webster in command at Appomattox as of Grant delivering the reply to Hayne. So it seemed to me that Garfield in giving up the Senate, to which he had just been chosen, and accepting the Presidency, invited his evil destiny. In that congenial forum to which he had so long aspired he might have long remained, with increasing fame and honor, the foremost champion of those potential ideas which are revolutionizing the world.

Sherman believes Garfield betrayed him at the Chicago convention, but I am sure that his nomination was entirely unexpected. He was in a way a fatalist, and believed he was destined to be President, but not then.

A few weeks before the convention I was talking with a friend in the Senate restaurant about the situation. We had mentioned Garfield as a possible dark horse if Blaine's enemies made a deadlock, and just then he entered, and we called him to our table. We told him the subject of our conversation, and jocularly tendered him the nomination. The talk that ensued took on a graver tone, but it left no doubt in my mind that, while he regarded the Presidency among the possibilities of his future, he did not consider it probable for many years to come.

As I recall that interview, it seems incredible to remem-

ber that within less than eighteen months from that hour he was nominated, elected, inaugurated, and slain!

Indelibly inscribed in my recollection is the appearance of Garfield beneath the blaze of an electric light in the balcony of the Riggs House on the occasion of a serenade and reception tendered him after his return from the convention.

He seemed to have reached the apex of human ambition. He was a representative in Congress. He was a senator-elect from his native State. He was a delegate to the convention that nominated him as the candidate of his party for the Presidency. Such an accumulation of honors had never before fallen upon an American citizen. A vast multitude thronged the intersecting streets, listening to his brief speech attentively and respectfully, but without enthusiasm. They were partisans of Blaine, of Grant, of Conkling, of Morton, of Sherman, and the passions of the gigantic contest had not yet subsided. The silence was ominous. Nemesis already stood, a menacing apparition, in the black shadows.

I spoke to a friend, who stood near me in the hem of the audience, of the strange mutations of fortune the spectacle suggested to me, little thinking then of the yet more memorable vicissitudes so soon to follow; the abrupt termination of those magnificent hopes and ambitions through the dark vista of the near future; the sudden catastrophe of an exasperated destiny; premature death on the threshold of incomparable prophecy of greatness and renown. Could coming events cast their shadows before, he might have discerned those words of doom, the last that were ever traced by his feeble and trembling hand—"Strangulatus pro republica!"

The administration of President Garfield began under the happiest auspices. It was a second Era of Good Feeling.

Those were halcyon days. The lion and the lamb had lain down together. Mr. Garfield had not been identified with the internecine feuds and quarrels intestine which had rent his party asunder. He had made a treaty of amity, peace, and concord with Conkling and Grant. No Executive ever came into the possession of power with greater opportunities. The people were weary of schism, duels, and invective. Garfield was exempt from these, and enjoyed the respect and cordial good-will of the people.

American Presidents have not always been the highest types of manhood. Selected usually because they were available, rather than because they were fit, they have inspired little enthusiasm except among those appointed to office.

But here at last was an ideal occupant of the White House, for whom the dreamers had so long sighed in vain—a man who was a soldier, a statesman, an orator, a scholar, a gentleman, and a Christian!

His public career, while not free from error, had been, in the main, broad and satisfactory. From obscurity he had emerged by the force of native genius and attained the loftiest elevation without losing his head and becoming either "bossy" or giddy. The people justly regarded him with contented pride as a signal illustration of the scope afforded by popular institutions for talents, industry, and ambition.

His personal qualities were attractive, his presence impressive, and his address equally removed from familiarity and from reserve.

His temperament was ardent and impulsive. He desired intensely to be written as one who loved his fellow-men. He was incapable of intrigue or hatred. He had no personal enemies. His long active parliamentary life had been with-

out rancor or bitterness. He had a large, broad brain, well furnished by study, and a genuine love for literature which survived his youth and was the best solace of laborious years. His impulses were high and generous. He intended to have pure public service, and to administer the government as a trust confided to him by Providence, and for whose exercise he was directly responsible to God.

One of Garfield's first public acts after his inauguration was the reception, in the gathering gloom of the twilight of that dismal March day, in the East Room of the White House, of the venerable Mark Hopkins, former president of the college, and a delegation of Williams alumni, to whose address of congratulation he made a most pathetic and feeling response, which seemed burdened with prophetic sadness, as if he already felt the solemn shadow of the disaster that was so soon to terminate his career.

"For a quarter of a century," said he, "Doctor Hopkins has seemed to me a man apart from other men; like one standing on a mountain summit, embodying in himself much of the majesty of earth, and reflecting in his life something of the sunlight and glory of heaven."

The Senate assembled in extraordinary session immediately after the inauguration, and thereafter I met him constantly in connection with public affairs till the adjournment in May. Conkling, exasperated by the selection of Blaine as Secretary of State, precipitated that tremendous battle which resulted in his own overthrow, the loss of New York, the defeat of Blaine four years later, and the election of Grover Cleveland.

A very perceptible but indefinable change came over Garfield. He lost his equanimity and became infirm of purpose. He was tortured by the importunate mob of place-hunters

that surged through his reception chamber, as he said, "like the volume of the Mississippi River." The weight of responsibility oppressed him. The duties of the Chief Magistrate were irksome. Durin his public life hitherto he had little to do with patronage, and now he could attend to little else. He disliked to say "no." Wanting to please everybody, he let "*I dare not wait upon I would.*" His love of justice impelled him to hear both sides, and his mind was so receptive that he felt the force of all arguments, and the last was the strongest. He hesitated to decide between hungry and angry contestants, so that, without being irresolute or vacillating, he seemed sometimes to halt and doubt, to the verge of timidity.

His nature was so generous that he instinctively supported the vanquished, whether enemy or friend. He sympathized with the under dog. This trait in his character was strikingly exemplified while he lay on his death-bed, at the termination of the Senatorial conflict at Albany. He heard of the election of Miller and Lapham, and, though Garfield himself was the principal victim of the struggle, he said with great earnestness: "I am sorry for Conkling. I will give him anything he wants, or any appointment he may desire."

Morally, he was invertebrate. He had no bony structure. He surrendered, unconsciously perhaps, to the powerful, aggressive, artful domination of Blaine, and became like clay in the hands of the potter. After the battle had raged for a time, a "Committee of Safety" was appointed by Republican senators, and a hollow truce was patched up. If certain things were done, Conkling amiably said he would go into the cloak-room and hold his nose while other nominations were confirmed, in order to break the deadlock. After consenting

to the compromise, Blaine or some other past master of diplomacy convinced Garfield that it was an ignominious and disgraceful back-down on his part. So, yielding first to the blandishments of the "half-breeds," and then to the threats of the "stalwarts," at last, in a moment of weak desperation, consulting no one, he withdrew the New York nominations in gross, made further compromise impossible, and the whole political fabric tumbled from turret to foundation-stone in irretrievable ruin.

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## II.

### HIS LIFE DRAMA.

I left my home at Atchison, the evening of June 30, 1881, to deliver the annual commencement address at Williams College.

President Garfield, the most distinguished graduate, was to be present, to celebrate with his classmates the twenty-fifth anniversary of their graduation.

Alighting from the train at Rochester, New York, Saturday morning, I heard with incredulity the rumor of his assassination just as he was starting on his journey for the hills of Berkshire.

The last time I saw him alive, just at the close of the special session of the Senate, he alluded to the pleasure with which he anticipated this visit, and to the grateful sympathy and help he had received from his college friends. Indeed, he always felt and manifested a peculiar interest in his *alma mater* and in President Hopkins, whom he regarded as the greatest and wisest instructor of the century. "A pine log," he said, "with



the student at one end and Doctor Hopkins at the other, would be a liberal education."

Garfield touched life at more points than most men. There was no company in which he could be wholly a stranger, nor any man, however low or however lofty, in whom he could not find something in common, so that he was never isolated nor detached from his associates at any stage of his pathway, from the rude hut of his nativity, in the clearing of the Ohio forest, to the fatal eminence from which he was borne to his grave.

His imagination was very active. He was fond of poetry, music, sculpture, painting, the drama, and the classics. He believed in signs, omens, portents, and prodigies. He dwelt on coincidences and anniversaries, and during the pendency of the troubles that disturbed the early months of his administration I heard him allude, half in jest and half in earnest, to the fact that his inauguration occurred on Friday, in explanation of the complexities of Fate.

Being aware of this superstitious tendency, I was interested to know if he felt any premonition of the calamity that was lying in wait for him the morning of his assassination. Meeting Mr. Blaine, at the funeral at Cleveland, with whom he rode to the Pennsylvania Station to take the train, I asked him if there was anything in the mood or conversation of the President, as they rode down the Avenue in his carriage, that indicated any shadowy apprehension of the tragedy that was so soon to culminate.

On the contrary, Mr. Blaine said that during the twenty years of their acquaintance he had never seen the President exhibit such unrestrained exuberance of almost boyish happiness, such high animal spirits, as in that hour. His mother



and his wife had just convalesced. The storms that had darkened his political horizon had cleared. His enemies were baffled. He was to visit Williams and recall the splendid associations of youth. This was to be followed by a tour through New England, for which great preparations had been made. Then he intended to journey to Ohio and pass his summer vacation at Mentor in the broad, free, natural life in the country home which he had so long labored to secure. His own health, which had been shaken by strain and stress, was established. His mind was full of great plans for future work. He intended to visit Yorktown and make an historical speech that should fitly commemorate the centennial of the American Revolution. On the anniversary of Chickamauga he had planned to attend the reunion of his old army comrades. He had been invited to be present at the Cotton Exposition at Atlanta, where it was his purpose to deliver an oration that would be notable as a disclosure of his views on the race question and his intentions toward the South. He had spoken of all these things to Mr. Blaine, and was repeating some paragraphs he had already written for the speech at Atlanta, when the carriage stopped at the door above whose lintel was inscribed for him, invisibly, the legend written over the gate of the Inferno: "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.*"

A silver star let into the floor of the waiting-room long marked the spot where he fell. A tablet of marble in the opposite wall bore his name in letters of gold.

Thither through all his wanderings his footsteps had tended. This was his goal. "Every man," says Hugo, "is the centre of a circle whose fatal circumference he cannot pass. Within, he lives; beyond, he perishes."

But as no public man, whatever his powers, can greatly succeed unless identified with some idea, purpose, or conviction existing in the minds of the people, so in this respect Garfield was most fortunate. His life was a strenuous protest against injustice. He was an apostle for liberty of conscience, liberty of action, and liberty of thought. He had mastered the statistics and enlarged the boundaries of freedom. The public honor, faith, and credit were as valuable to him as his own, and he labored without ceasing that the creed of human rights should not be an empty formula, nor the brotherhood of man a mocking dream.

Life abounds in tragic mysteries, and we are not authorized to ask a vindication of the decrees of Fate, but the termination of Garfield's career seems an insoluble problem. Adequate motive and intelligible object both are absent, and as if it had been determined that no element of horror should be wanting, there was the agony of prolonged dissolution, the incapacity and wrangles of blundering surgeons, the lying bulletins, the appalling revelations of the autopsy, the frightful distortion which compelled the premature seclusion of the remains, and, as the crowning climax of atrocities, the revolting and blasphemous ravings of the assassin, which made his trial for an unprovoked and brutal murder a most humiliating burlesque upon the administration of justice.

Passing the city building in Washington one morning while the trial of Guiteau was on, I made my way into the crowded court-room by the courtesy of the Marshal. The execrable criminal interrupted the counsel and the witnesses at every sentence with foulest vituperation unrebuked, the greedy audience greeting with brutal laughter the volleys of

obscene and profane invective with which he assailed the prosecution and the defense.

Such a revelation of mental and moral deformity has seldom been made. Not one good deed nor any generous impulse marred the harmonious and symmetrical infamy of the life of the wretched malefactor. He was insane as the tiger and the cobra are insane. He stands detached from mankind in eternal isolation as the one human being without a virtue, and without an apologist, a defender, or a friend. Even among the basest, he had no comrade. There was no society in which he would not be a stranger. He was the one felon whom no lawyer could protect, no jury acquit, for he was condemned in that forum from whose verdict there is neither exculpation nor appeal. He must be an alien in hell.

The world has no more conspicuous illustration of the truth that nothing is so unprofitable as wickedness. The thief robs himself. The adulterer pollutes himself. The murderer inflicts a deeper wound upon himself than that which kills his victim. Behind every criminal in the universe, silent but relentless stands, with uplifted blade, the shadow of vengeance and retribution.

Happening to be in Washington on public business when the tragedy closed by the death of the President at Elberon, I was designated by the Vice-President as one of the Senate committee to receive the remains at the Capitol and attend the funeral at Cleveland.

The procession reached the east door of the Rotunda just at the close of a bright, still September day. A military escort, with arms reversed and trailing banners, deployed upon the plaza. From the brazen tubes that were wont to blow martial sounds, reverberating along the marble col-

onnades, floated the strains of "The Sweet By-and-By" and "Nearer, My God, to Thee," lost in the dim and glowing sky.

The dead Commander-in-Chief was borne by soldiers up the stairway, past the very place where, six brief months before, he had taken the oath of office, delivered his inaugural, and turned to kiss his wife and mother, amid the hoarse salutations of thundering batteries and the tumultuous acclaim of an uncounted multitude.

The bearers were followed into the Rotunda by Vice-President Arthur, the Cabinet, and the Committees, all other spectators being excluded. As the casket was placed upon the same catafalque that had borne the coffin of Lincoln the last rays of the setting sun streamed through the golden haze along the low horizon above the hills of Arlington and filled the upper portion of the dome, above the still unfinished frescoes of Brumidi, with vanishing radiance, while the sombre shadows of twilight had already settled upon the silent group below.

The lid was laid back, and the official procession, led by Arthur, every inch a king, arm in arm with Blaine, pallid and haggard, who looked as if, with Mark Antony, he might have said,

"Bear with me!

My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,  
And I must pause till it come back to me,"

marched slowly eastward, and departed.

The desolating agony and torture of the hand-to-hand battle with Death were depicted upon the wasted and distorted features of the martyr.

One spectator, after looking an instant at the awful mask, sank groaning upon his knees, with his face in his hands, as if to shut out from his brain the image of ghastly horror.

The unending file of visitors was then admitted, and, from Wednesday till Friday noon, hundreds of thousands passed silently between the guards, with mingled grief for the victim and execration for the murderer.

The Rotunda was then cleared and closed, the vast floor covered with seats for the final exercises, and at midday the widow and orphans passed alone into the great vaulted chamber, and, without attendants or witnesses, took their last farewell of him who to them had been not ruler, or magistrate, or hero, but husband, father, companion, and friend.

History, it seems to me, contains no more dramatic incident than that closing interview. The place, the occasion, the actors, the accessories, were in the last degree imposing and pathetic, and will be a theme for the artist so long as the heart has passions and life has woes. And it was specially creditable to humanity that when it was announced that Mrs. Garfield and the family were in the Capitol, and desired to be alone for a brief space with the dead, the crowds that were struggling for admission and impatient at delay simultaneously withdrew and disappeared, respecting her sorrow as if it had been their own.

The scene later in the afternoon, in the Rotunda, at the closing ceremonies, was impressive beyond precedent.

For the first time in the annals of national bereavement, formal solemnities were observed in the presence of a seated audience beneath the dome.

For the moment dissensions seemed to have been allayed, and the chiefs of contending factions were reconciled in the presence of an unexampled calamity. All realized that Garfield's death was the direct result of the infuriated passions

of ambitious leaders fighting selfishly for the possession of power and the gratification of revenge.

By the catafalque sat the new President, chief beneficiary of Guiteau's bullet; recipient of the main prize in what Edmunds called the "lottery of assassination." He represented the complete restoration and ascendancy of that faction in his party that seemed to have been hopelessly defeated at Chicago. Time's whirligig for him had revolved swiftly. Near by were the Cabinet ministers, their dreams of power, their plans of aggrandizement, about to be entombed with their dead chieftain.

Across the space was Grant, his impassive, resolute, sphinx-like face bent forward, intently pensive, as though inwardly meditating upon the strange mutation by which the man who snatched from his grasp the coveted prize of a third nomination, so nearly won, now lay in cold obstruction and everlasting silence, where ambition could no longer inspire nor glory thrill.

Elbow to elbow with him was his successor, Hayes, weakest of Presidents, whose indistinguishable term already seemed like a hiatus in history. Farther on were Sherman the soldier and Sherman the Senator, whose candidacy for the Presidency Garfield had been chosen as the delegate to present and espouse, and Sheridan, the victor of Winchester, and a great host of heroes and statesmen such as had seldom assembled around the unconscious dust of an American citizen.

As evening fell the remains were taken to the waiting car with military and civic escort, the strains of triumphal music, the accent of minute-guns, for their last journey. Draped in black, the train moved westward through the night. At every station and along the line were reverent throngs of mourn-

ers. Upon one platform I recall a long file of men, the members of a Grand Army post, upon their knees with uncovered heads, as the train passed by.

During the night the blaze of bonfires at road crossings disclosed groups of watchers in cabin doors and windows and on the adjacent hills.

In the gray twilight of morning the bells of Pittsburgh tolled continuously with sullen clangor as we slowly moved through the sombre city.

Arriving at Cleveland about noon, the casket was transferred to a stately pavilion in an open space in the midst of the town, where it remained till Monday, illuminated at night by the blaze of electric lights, and guarded by his companions-in-arms, who stood like sleepless sentinels at the outposts of death.

The pageant on the day of the burial was indescribable. The cessation of business, the dense blackness of the festoons of drapery, the stillness and awe of the spectators, the multitudes so immense that they became impersonal and conveyed only the idea of numbers, mass, and volume, like the leaves of a forest or the sands of the sea; the lofty hearse with its twelve led horses completely caparisoned in black, with silver fringes sweeping the ground; the dirges of bands and bells, all contributed to a spectacle that can neither be described nor forgotten.

But as if the malignant fate that had pursued him with such unrelenting and inexorable cruelty from the day of his elevation had not yet exhausted its fury, so that even in death he was to be denied the peaceful honors that are given to the humblest who die, long before the last resting-place by the lake was reached, a violent tempest of rain and wind burst suddenly from the sky, before whose ungovernable rage the procession dispersed and the multitudes vanished, so that the



closing rites were hastily solemnized in the presence of a few witnesses, in darkness, gloom, and desolation.

And so closed the tragedy whose incidents for eighty days three hundred millions of the human race had watched with sleepless solicitude, and for whose stay an uninterrupted appeal of unavailing prayers had besieged the throne of God; a tragedy which taught, as it was never taught before, the vanity of fame, the emptiness of honor, the mutability of pride and ambition.

The day before his death, after looking for a while in silence upon the sea, he said to his friend and classmate, Colonel Rockwell: "Do you think my name will have a place in history?"

"Yes," was the reply, "a grand one; but a grander place in the hearts of the people. —But you must not dwell on such thoughts. You have a great work yet to perform."

After a brief pause, the sufferer whispered in accents almost inaudible: "No; my work is done."

A few hours later the mournful prediction was fulfilled. He exclaimed suddenly: "Oh, Swaim! that pain! that pain!" In another instant his eyes closed, and Garfield took his seat in the parliament of the skies.

## BLAINE'S LIFE TRAGEDY.

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### I.

In each individual of the fifteen hundred millions of the human race there is an indefinable something that eludes the photographer, that the painter cannot capture, nor the sculptor reproduce, and that no biographer can record.

This subtle, evasive element, *animula, vagula, blandula*, is the Ego, the personality, that essence and quality which differentiates every man from his fellows and makes him what he is.

Of this being there is no portrait nor any history. It exists only in the minds of others, as the beauty of the landscape is in the eye of the beholder; the eloquence of the oration, the spell of the song, the prosperity of the jest, in the ear of the hearer, and the charm of the woman beloved in the soul of her worshiper.

The mirror cannot tell us the image we leave in the consciousness of others, nor can we communicate to them the impression they make upon our own.

I remember the first time I saw General Grant—the evening before his second inauguration. I had seen innumerable pictures of him, and read countless sketches of his dimensions, bearing, features, and apparel, so that I had his clear delineation in my mind. But the instant I held his hand, looked into his eyes and heard his voice, this disappeared like a dis-

solving view from the screen of a cosmorama, and was succeeded by another which is imperishable, but which art cannot copy nor language portray.

The secret of personal popularity, the power of exciting irrational and vehement devotion to its object, has never been detected. If it is not possessed, it cannot be acquired. It is an art for which there is no text-book nor any teacher. A man may well enough say he will be learned, upright, successful, respected, a politician, or a diplomat, but not that he will be the idol of the people. This is beyond his acumen. The gift is rare. Its beneficiary seldom appears oftener than once in a generation. It is quite independent of endowment and capacity. Calhoun was a greater man than Clay, and Webster was intellectually far the superior of either; but Clay aroused in the masses of his party a passionate fervor of adoration that was like religious fanaticism in its intensity.

When he was defeated, men wept with emotions of irreparable personal sorrow and inconsolable bereavement. His speeches that have come down to us and the achievements of his career offer no solution of the mystery. It is as inexplicable as the sway of Mary Filton, the dark, dwarfish maid-of-honor, whose faithlessness wrung from Shakespeare's tortured spirit the One Hundred and Twenty-ninth Sonnet, or the surrender of Antony to Cleopatra, for whom the infatuated conqueror thought the world, with its thrones and triumphs, well lost.

As in the case of Clay, posterity will be equally at a loss to comprehend the tremendous sovereignty and dominion of Blaine over the masses of the Republican party, and his contemporaries in every party, with whom he came in personal touch and communication, for the last twenty years of his life.

There were giants in those days, warriors and statesmen, between whom and Blaine in service, capacity, and equipment, there was no comparison. Other reputations may far surpass his in the annals of the Macaulay of our times, but in the power to move and stir and thrill, to inspire uncontrollable enthusiasm, the name of Blaine, like that of Abou Ben Adhem, will lead all the rest. Other leaders were admired, loved, honored, revered, respected; but the sentiment for Blaine was delirium. The mention of his name in the convention was the signal for a cyclone. Applause was a paroxysm. His appearance in a campaign aroused frenzy that was like the madness of intoxication.

In 1876 Blaine was in his perihelion. Barring the three great military chieftains, he was the foremost figure in the Republic. His orbit had hitherto been planetary rather than meteoric. His progress upward was gradual and orderly. His apprenticeship in the Maine Legislature gave him advantage in Congress, where he took his seat December 7, 1863. He spoke seldom, and did not at first impress himself very powerfully upon the House. He was studious, ready, and attentive, and in his second term came into prominence, largely by his altercation with Conkling in the case of Provost-Marshall General Fry, a quarrel whose consequences cost him the Presidency, and ended only with his life.

He was chosen Speaker the day of Grant's first inauguration, and served three terms with great distinction. He was an ideal presiding officer. He had the parliamentary instinct. His acquaintance with rules, practice, and precedents of procedure was accurate. His memory of names, faces, and localities seemed automatic. His mental processes were exceedingly rapid and precise. His decisions of points of order in

debate were usually off-hand and very seldom reversed. His facility in counting a rising vote was phenomenal. Holding the head of the gavel, he swept the circuit of the House with the handle, announcing the result so promptly that it seemed like a feat of legerdemain. He explained that he segregated the members into blocks of ten.

His relations with the House seemed intimate and personal, rather than official, and he regarded himself as its minister, and not its master.

The Forty-fourth Congress was Democratic, and March 3, 1875, Blaine resumed his seat as Representative of the Third District of Maine.

In January, 1876, the bill for general amnesty to all Southerners was brought forward, and Blaine opposed the extension to Jefferson Davis upon the ground that as Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate armies he was directly responsible for the horrors and atrocities of Andersonville.

The debate caused intense interest and excitement North and South, and through the efforts of Blaine and Garfield amnesty was defeated.

Blaine said: "I except Jefferson Davis on the ground that he was the author, knowingly, deliberately, guiltily, and willfully of the gigantic murders and crimes at Andersonville. I have taken occasion to read some of the historic cruelties of the world. I have read over the details of those atrocious murders of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, which are always mentioned with a thrill of horror throughout Christendom. I have read the details of the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, that stands out in history as one of the atrocities beyond imagination. I have read anew the horrors untold and unimaginable of the Spanish Inquisition. And I here,

before God, measuring my words, knowing their full extent and import, declare that neither the deeds of the Duke of Alva in the Low Countries, nor the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, nor the thumbscrews and engines of torture of the Spanish Inquisition, begin to compare in atrocity with the hideous crimes of Andersonville."

The Southern Democracy never forgave this utterance.

As the end of Grant's second term drew near the contest for the succession became animated.

Conkling was the Administration candidate, and strangely enough, as it seems in the light of events, he was the favorite of the gamblers and book-makers, and had "the hurrah" at Washington. Those best informed regarded Morton as the strongest candidate. He was aggressively radical, and relied largely upon the support of the South, which sent delegates, but cast no votes.

After the Andersonville debate, Blaine developed phenomenal strength both in New England and the West. Many States hitherto supposed to be safe for other candidates trod on each other's heels in their eagerness to choose Blaine delegations. Early in April the managers of "the machine" saw with rage and consternation that Blaine would start with more votes than Morton and Conkling combined, and unless the movement in his favor was checked, he would stampede the convention.

Back-firing is a favorite method of arresting the spread of a conflagration. It is not unknown in politics.

Vague, intangible rumors affecting Blaine's personal and official integrity were set afloat at Indianapolis and other places in the West, and repeated in New York. It was alleged in obscure journals catalogued as Republican that as Speaker of

the House he had used his power in favor of certain Western railroads, from which he had received vast sums in money, stock, and bonds as compensation.

It was not difficult, after the Jeff Davis episode, to induce a Democratic House to appoint a committee to investigate these accusations; but Blaine for the time baffled the conspirators by a personal statement on the floor April 24, 1876.

On May 2d a resolution was introduced to investigate an alleged purchase by the Union Pacific Railway, at a price much greater than their actual value, of certain bonds of the Little Rock and Fort Smith Railroad Company, of which it was whispered Blaine was the owner.

He insisted upon prompt and immediate examination of the charges, but his enemies were in no hurry. They wanted the black cloud of distrust and suspicion to darken the splendor of his fame and cast its ominous shadow over the convention.

It was an epoch of sensations. The country was startled one morning by the story that Mulligan, a confidential clerk of Blaine's Boston broker, had arrived in Washington with a bundle of Blaine's letters, purloined from the files, showing his relations with the railroad companies and conclusively establishing his guilt.

Suddenly the announcement was made that Blaine, after offering to Mulligan a place in the foreign service, and threatening to commit suicide, had obtained possession of the letters by an act of bad faith, and that they would not appear in evidence.

The whole transaction was mysterious, and it may as well be said here as elsewhere that its effect on Blaine was distinctly injurious. He never recovered from it. It left a stain, vague and faint, but indelible.



The correspondence, under the most charitable interpretation, betrayed indiscretion, if no more, that came near the frontier of culpability. It furnished his enemies with ammunition to which his supporters interposed no armor save silence.

But Blaine was fertile in resources and a born tragedian. Conscious that it would be fatal to rest under the imputation that he had secured the letters in order to stifle damaging disclosures, he decided on a *coup de theatre*, rose Monday morning, June 5th to a question of privilege, and hurled defiance at his foes.

He stood on a narrow neck of land.

The convention at Cincinnati was to assemble one week from the following Wednesday. His friends were perturbed and restless. His rivals sneered. His enemies were noisily exultant. The Democratic majority was eager to convict. The stake was enormous. The situation was dramatic. He had the Nation for his audience. When he began, there was a silence deep as death, and the boldest held his breath for a while.

Reciting the resolution, he briefly reviewed its objects and purposes and the methods of his accusers. He denied the power of the House to compel the production of his private correspondence, and particularly the letters purloined by Mulligan.

He affirmed his readiness for any extremity of contest in defense of his sacred right, and then added, with immense emphasis: "And while I am so, I am not afraid to show the letters. Thank God Almighty, I am not ashamed to show them! There they are"—holding a packet at arm's length above his head. "There is the very original package. And with some sense of humiliation, with a mortification I do not attempt to conceal, with a sense of the outrage which I think

any man in my position would feel, I invite the confidence of forty-four millions of my countrymen while I read those letters from this desk."

They were not pleasant reading, but Blaine had a thunderbolt in reserve. At the close, turning to the chairman of the committee having the investigation in charge, after a preliminary colloquy, Blaine said:

"I tell the gentleman from Kentucky now, and I am prepared to state to this House, that at eight o'clock last Thursday morning, or thereabouts, the gentleman from Kentucky received and receipted for a message addressed to him from Josiah Caldwell, in London, completely and absolutely exonerating me from these accusations, and that he has suppressed it!"

This put Proctor Knott in a hole. He could not deny that he had received a message, because he had incautiously shown it to a Democratic friend, who in some way conveyed the information to Blaine, and thus gave him the opportunity of turning the tables upon his adversaries by showing that their object was not justice, but political persecution.

Knott claimed that this pretended cable was bogus, a fake made up this side of the Atlantic, and palmed off on the committee for this specific use.

There was room for suspicion, but Blaine won. It was an unprecedented forensic triumph, although far enough from a moral vindication. The people like nerve, sand, and intrepidity, and attach small importance to political indictments. Their sympathies go out to the man who fights against desperate odds and succeeds.

There have been many turbulent and disorderly episodes in the House of Representatives, but no one who witnessed

this gladiatorial combat will ever forget the uproar, the uncontrollable frenzy and tumultuous thunder of that historic day. Every one seemed to have eaten of the insane root that takes the reason prisoner. A yelling mob of trespassers broke past the guards and turned the floor into a bedlam. The crowded galleries howled with derision at the puny efforts of the Chair to enforce the rules and preserve order. It would have been as easy for Nero to keep silence in the Coliseum when the Christians were fed to the lions.

The Sunday morning in Washington preceding the Cincinnati convention was suffocatingly still, hot, and breathless.

I was sitting by the window in my apartments at 1411 H Street when Blaine, with his wife and Miss Dodge ("Gail Hamilton"), walked slowly eastward on their way to the Congregational Church at the corner of Tenth and G Streets. He was a little in advance of the ladies, and was sunken, apparently, in the profoundest reverie. He appeared heavily dressed for the oppressive day, and one hand was thrust in the breast of his closely buttoned frock coat.

His head hung heavily forward, and his gaze seemed bent vacantly on the ground at his feet. His countenance had a deadly pallor, and I was hardly surprised to hear a few moments afterward that he had fallen unconscious in the vestibule while entering the church, and had been taken home apparently dying.

Later in the day I went around to his house. He was lying on a bed, partly undressed, and still unconscious. His eyes were fixed, and he breathed stertorously at laborious intervals. I never expected to see him alive again.

The following Friday evening, going down Fourteenth Street after an early dinner with a friend on Highland Ter-

race, I saw an immense throng reading the bulletins before the telegraph office on the Avenue. The announcement of Wheeler's nomination as Vice-President had just been chalked on the board, and was received with silence that could be felt.

After a contest between such giants as Blaine, Morton, Conkling, and Bristow, the outcome of Hayes and Wheeler seemed disrespectful, and like an affront, as when the star performers in an opera are replaced by understudies, and the audience clamor around the box-office and want their money back. It was a most lame and impotent conclusion. The political mountain had been in labor and brought forth two mice.

Suddenly the crowd turned simultaneously eastward with eager gestures. The air was dense with hats. Convulsive, volcanic cries and shoutings broke out, exulting and sympathetic, but with a tone of vengeance and rage penetrating the uproar, like the savage acclamation which welcomes the victim of injustice escaping from cruel oppressors.

Looking for the cynosure of these neighboring eyes, I saw on the back seat of an open barouche, with Secretary Fish by his side, slowly driving up the Avenue, Blaine, bareheaded, bowing his acknowledgments to the salutations of the multitude that dispersed as the carriage turned up Fifteenth Street and disappeared. It was like one risen from the dead.

This sunstroke, or physical collapse, whatever it was, unquestionably had a depressing effect upon Blaine's prospects at Cincinnati. His rivals industriously spread the report that he was stricken with apoplexy, and even if the termination were not fatal, his bodily and mental faculties would be permanently impaired.

Robust health, capacity to endure strain, tough fibre and, a placid temperament are indispensable requisites for a Presidential candidate. The White House is no place for a valetudinarian, a dyspeptic, or a nervous invalid. The importunate selfishness of place-hunters, the inconsiderate thoughtlessness of village idols who wish to pay their respects, of visitors who desire to shake hands, added to the legitimate demands of senators, representatives, and officials, together with the requirements of public duties, would drive a weakling to Saint Elizabeth's or the grave. Like a lawyer, however bad his conscience may be, the President must have a good stomach.

His friends spared no effort to counteract this unforeseen calamity. And their solicitude was partially allayed by this telegram, which he sent from his sick-chamber:

"I am entirely convalescent. Suffering only from physical weakness. Impress upon my friends the great depth of gratitude I feel for the unparal-  
leled steadfastness with which they have adhered to me in my hour of trial."

The convention met Wednesday, June 14th. The next day the roll of States was called alphabetically for nominations.

Connecticut presented Marshall Jewell, a majolica statesman in pumps and ruffles, with a porcelain smile, whom Grant had summarily dismissed from his Cabinet for disloyalty to his chief.

Richard W. Thompson—born the same year as Lincoln, and a Whig member of Congress during the Presidency of John Tyler, the apostate—named Morton, of Indiana, the Danton of Republicanism; a sombre giant, paralyzed below his hips, whose physical disability prevented the opponents of Blaine from uniting on him as their candidate.

Kentucky nominated Bristow, who had secretly conspired with the enemies of Grant, while Secretary of the Treasury under him, and became, therefore, the logical representative of the Superior Persons who advocate "sweetness and light" in politics.

Robert G. Ingersoll, then of Illinois, presented Blaine as the "Plumed Knight," a ridiculous *sobriquet*, suggestive of the circus and the theatre, in a speech otherwise of remarkable power, which first gave the great agnostic national renown. Woodford, of New York, nominated Conkling, whose desire for revenge knew no satiety.

Ohio named Hayes, on whom the opponents of Blaine united on the seventh ballot; and Pennsylvania nominated Hartranft as a "favorite son," to enable Cameron to throw the delegation to Bristow or Hayes, though Blaine received 30 of the 58 at the end.

Friday the convention proceeded to vote. Six ballots were taken, 378 being necessary for choice. Blaine led in each, his tally being 285, 296, 293, 292, 286, 308. In the sixth ballot Morton and Conkling were out. It was evident the seventh ballot would be decisive by a combination either on Bristow or Hayes.

Blaine was sitting in the library of his house on Fifteenth Street in Washington at this hour. A telegraph instrument was on the table, with his secretary at the key. He was just recovering from the stroke that prostrated him Sunday morning. As the details of the seventh ballot came in, State after State, the tension was extreme. Blaine alone seemed self-possessed and unmoved.

Arkansas transferred her vote from Morton to Blaine. The Morton votes from Florida were also given to him. The

chances all seemed in Blaine's favor till Indiana was reached, when the chairman of the delegation withdrew the name of Morton and cast 25 votes for Hayes and 5 for Bristow. When Kentucky was called, Harlan withdrew the name of Bristow and cast 27 votes for Hayes, who was nominated, receiving 384, to 351 for Blaine.

Blaine made one suppressive exclamation of surprise, and immediately wrote this dispatch to Governor Hayes:

"I offer you my sincerest congratulations on your nomination. It will be my highest pleasure as well as my first political duty to do the utmost in my power to promote your election. The earliest moments of my returning and confirmed health will be devoted to securing you as large a vote in Maine as she would have given for myself."

He spoke in twelve States. His reception was that of a victor, but he showed great fatigue, and his health was unequal to the strain.

In fact, Blaine was a hypochondriac. His life was a hand-to-hand contest with imaginary diseases, which is itself a disease, due, perhaps, to some hereditary or pre-natal lesion, and hence obscure and fatal. In his speaking tours he soon grew hoarse and husky, and became depressed.

His colleague, Hannibal Hamlin, the former Vice-President, told me there had never been a time since he had been acquainted with Blaine when, if three friends were to meet him one after the other in the morning, on his way down town, and greet him successively with the exclamation, "Why! what is the matter? How ill you look!" that, though feeling perfectly well when he started, he would not immediately return home, go to bed, and send for the doctor. This was no doubt humorous exaggeration, but it illustrated his mental attitude toward himself, which was one of brooding and foreboding introspection.



As early as 1867 he visited Europe, mainly to consult an eminent French physician at Paris about some symptoms that gave him alarm; but, after examination, the doctor laughed at him and gave him a prescription, at which every one else laughed when Blaine told the story.

Soon after the convention (July 19, 1876), Blaine was appointed United States senator *vice* Morrill, who became Secretary of the Treasury under Grant. When the Legislature met, he was elected for the unexpired term, and for the full term ending March 4, 1883.

He was forty-six, and his powers were at their meridian. He was above the middle height, of large frame and heavy proportions, but extremely agile and alert in his carriage, with an erect and martial bearing. The deadly pallor of his complexion was framed in iron-gray hair and beard, always carefully trimmed. His large mouth was set diagonally from left to right. His nose was heavy, bulbous, and pendulous; his eyes mirthful and inquisitive, with heavy lids drooping exteriorly, and bulging sacs beneath.

His attire was always costly and in the mode, but not expressed in fancy. His voice, though neither rich nor well-modulated, had resonance and penetration. His manners were affable, familiar, and cordial, with dignified gravity enough on occasion. In conversation he was vivacious and good-humored rather than witty, with great fondness for clean jokes, apt anecdotes, odd incidents and reminiscences, and pertinent illustrations. He was inclined to be noisy and boisterous if time served, with much laughter. He liked to "jolly" his intimates, but was domestic rather than convivial in his habits.

His chief mistakes came from desire for money, which he wanted not for himself, but for the power it brings. He was

liberal in his way of life, but not ostentatious, and his table was always spread for hospitality.

He studied the arts of the politician assiduously: the recognition of unimportant men seldom seen, small personal attentions to rustics; and was a most inveterate advertiser.

He had no fear of traditions, and took an active part in the business of the Senate from the first. He had a great nose for majorities, was a good guesser, and instinctively took the popular side of open questions.

The Senate has always been controlled by lawyers, who are the aristocratic class in the United States, and Blaine was at a disadvantage because he did not belong to the profession. The law lords were disposed to disparage and flout him, but he was disrespectful to the verge of irreverence.

"Does the Senator from Maine think I am an idjit [idiot]?" roared Thurman, in reply to an interrogatory Blaine put to him one day in the Pacific Railroad debate.

"Well," bellowed Blaine, "that depends entirely on the answer you make to my question." Which gave "the merry ha-ha" to the old Roman.

He spoke at length on silver, Chinese exclusion, the Electoral Commission, protection and the American marine, and troops at the polls.

This paragraph is a good illustration of his methods in debate. Replying to the charge that soldiers were used to intimidate Southern Democratic voters, he said:

"The entire South had 1,155 soldiers to overrun, oppress, and destroy the liberties of 15,000,000 people. In the Southern States there are 1,203 counties. If you distribute the soldiers, there is not quite one for each county. If you distribute them territorially, there is one for every 700 square miles of territory.

So that if you make a territorial distribution, I would remind the honorable Senator from Delaware, if I saw him in his seat, that the quota for his State would be three: 'One ragged sergeant and two abreast,' as the old song has it, is the force ready to destroy the liberties of Delaware."

His speeches were like reading editorials rather than orations. He spoke with extreme rapidity and violent gestures, but never slopped over. He was brilliant and interesting, but never sank into eloquence, as that word goes.

Even his eulogy on Garfield, perhaps his most ambitious effort, reads like an essay rather than a panegyric.

Without ascribing to Blaine the absence of convictions, it is not unjust to catalogue him as an opportunist. He was not so much a student as a specialist.

He wrote little and read less, but devoured newspapers omnivorously. His intellectual efforts were what the doctors call *pro re nata*.

But in running debate, which is like a duel with swords, Blaine was the Cyrano de Bergerac of his generation. Imperturbable, versatile, confident, never disconcerted, at the last line he hit.

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## II.

Blaine and I were next-door neighbors in the Senate, my desk being at his left, then Hamlin, and then Conkling in the last seat of the middle row east of the gangway.

Blaine's conduct in the preliminary movements of the campaign of 1880 was mysterious and inexplicable. He remained the popular favorite, but his enemies were, if possi-

ble, more malignant and relentless than at any previous time in his career.

Morton, his great competitor in the West in 1876, was dead; but Conkling, Sherman, Logan, Cameron, Edmunds, and others, while they had no love for one another, were still united by the common bond of hatred for Blaine. He was unmistakably the enthusiastic choice of nine out of ten Republicans, black and white, North and South; but the knowledge of his popularity only whetted the rage of his foes, and gave edge to their determination to spare nothing, foul or fair, for his destruction.

These astute political veterans saw clearly that a crisis had come in which the ordinary regulation tactics would fail. Blaine, having no rival in the affections of his party, it became necessary, therefore, to discover or invent a competitor. It was not easy.

Various "favorite sons" were brought forward, only to be received with indifference, disdain, or derision. General Sherman was approached, but he refused peremptorily, almost contemptuously, to permit his name to be used.

There was one gigantic figure which had grown still more colossal in the interim since the decree of the Electoral Commission. General Grant's last term had been prolific in scandal that had nearly wrecked his party, but the people saw that rogues and knaves had imposed on the simplicity and inexperience of a generous nature, and the memory of his errors was obliterated by gratitude for the vast services he had rendered the Republic.

He was at this time in the Orient on his tour around the world, and as the nations through which he traveled rose up and stood uncovered while he passed by, the American people obtained a new conception of the grandeur of his achievements

and the immortality of his fame. It seemed not so much the judgment of contemporaries as the verdict of posterity.

But there was no popular desire to give him a third term. No emergency existed which rendered even his great qualities indispensable. The traditions and precedents of our history were against it. It was an innovation that verged on revolution; and yet, if Grant wanted it, many were willing that he should have it in further acknowledgment of the obligation that could never be fully acquitted.

Whether General Grant was himself ambitious for another term, and aware of the movement in his favor, I never knew. My belief is that the opponents of Blaine, looking over the field, concluded that Grant was the only name with which they could conjure, and put him forward without his knowledge, trusting to the agitation and excitement of his return to the United States to make it appear that he was the popular choice and overwhelm all opposition.

The New York papers, one day while the contest was raging, contained the account of Grant's reception in Siam. Conkling read to me with much dramatic effect the General's reply to the King, and commented upon Grant's remarkable intellectual development in later years.

As the occasion seemed opportune, I asked him whether Grant knew anything about the movement going on to put him in nomination for a third term. Conkling replied with much emphasis that he had never had a word of conversation or a line of correspondence with him on the subject, and that the movement, so far as he knew, was a spontaneous demand of the people. Logan said substantially the same thing.

But notwithstanding this popular demand, Cameron, who was in absolute control of the Republican "machine" in Penn-

sylvania, had a convention called many weeks earlier than customary, and secured the election of a Grant delegation, though the Republicans of that State were practically solid for Blaine.

Logan did the same in Illinois, another Blaine State, in May. In the meantime, Sherman, who was Secretary of the Treasury, secured Ohio, and by his agents picked up many negro delegates from the Southern States; while Edmunds, in New England, got Vermont and Massachusetts.

I asked Blaine how he expected to win while his enemies were packing conventions and setting up hostile delegations in his territory. He did not appear to be disturbed, and thought the people would take care of the convention at last.

The day of the nomination (Tuesday, June 8th) the Senate met at eleven, and considered the Calendar and the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill, but the proceedings were languid and perfunctory.

Blaine took part in the debate occasionally, but betrayed no agitation. The bulletins were brought into the chamber every few minutes, in duplicate, one for the Vice-President and the other for Blaine. To the groups that gathered around he exhibited no concern. He strolled in the intervals about the chamber and in and out of the corridors, chatting freely about the incidents of the convention brought over the wire.

Conkling's "Appomattox and its famous apple-tree," and his quotation from Raleigh, "The shallows murmur, but the deeps are dumb," were much approved.

When the details of the thirty-fifth ballot were brought to his desk, between two and three P. M., he studied them attentively a moment, and then said: "Garfield will be nominated on the next ballot."

About four o'clock the announcement of Garfield's nomination came. Blaine showed no emotion, and after a brief silence, said to me: "I did not expect the nomination. The combination was too strong for my friends to overcome. But there is one thing I have done."

"What is that?" I inquired.

He answered: "I have put an end forever to the third-term idea in this country."

Then he took part in the discussion of an item in the Appropriation Bill concerning the census in Rhode Island. Senator Beck, of Kentucky, good-naturedly twitted him with his defeat, which he thought had thrown him into ill humor; but Blaine took no notice of the gibe, and made no sign.

Although he accepted Garfield's offer of the place in a characteristically gushing and indiscreet letter of December 20, 1880, Blaine was in doubt, or to his intimates professed to be, about the policy of entering the Cabinet as Secretary of State. The Senate was congenial to him, and he felt that his incumbency was for life if he so desired.

Great as were the prerogatives of the premiership, it was a subordinate position, whose term must be brief and might be uncertain. He seemed to halt and hesitate to the end. Just before leaving the Senate Chamber for the last time, he looked around on the familiar scene and the familiar faces with an aspect of pathetic regret. "Well," he said, "good-bye; I am going; but I have arranged so that I can come back here whenever I want to."

Blaine's evil genius seemed for the moment to be placated. Though he had twice failed in his efforts to reach the Presidency, he had riches, honor, and power.



He was still young, as years count in great careers. After two terms in Garfield's Cabinet, which he anticipated, he might reasonably reckon on the succession, and he would then be but fifty-eight. So, facing eastward on Dupont Circle, he built a noble place, which was to be the scene of his stately triumphs, his diplomatic functions, and his political hospitalities.

But Fate's truce was brief and hollow. Destiny, the mighty magician, sinister and sardonic, touched the trigger of the assassin's pistol, and throne, crown, and sceptre vanished as in the vision of Macbeth on the blasted heath.

The nomination of Arthur was a sop to the forces led by Conkling to salve their humiliation at the defeat of Grant. It was a placebo to New York and the stalwarts. Even in "the stuff that dreams are made of," there was no thought that he would be President. But, by the legerdemain of doom, Guitau reinstated the vanquished. Blaine ceased to be an actor in the drama, and became a spectator again.

The accession of Arthur gave that urbane and imperturbable politician an opportunity to which he was not equal. He was meshed in complications he could not unravel.

He trod the paths of his feet with marvelous circumspection, but the labyrinth was too intricate, and he lost the clue. His personal bearing was princely and incomparable. His presence was majestic, and his manners were so engaging that no one left him after even the briefest interview without a sentiment of personal regard.

Transferred suddenly from the arena of municipal politics, where he was a most successful manager, he was brought face to face with an immense exigency to which parochial

maxims were not applicable. He was not familiar with the strange stories of the death of kings.

His motives were high, but he did not discern that the factions he sought to unite were irreconcilable. As the direct beneficiary of the heinous crime of an assassin, he was to some an object of suspicion, to others, of aversion.

Garfield's Cabinet was an incongruous mosaic, hastily thrown together, incapable of cohesion, and certain to disintegrate. Arthur could not peremptorily remove Garfield's ministers without arousing resentment; but their relations soon became so strained that after a few weeks, to relieve the President from further embarrassment, they resigned.

In filling their places Arthur exhibited singular infirmity. Blaine was succeeded by the mild and inoffensive Frelinghuysen. Lincoln, *in loco parentis*, was not disturbed. Allison, of Iowa, had declined two portfolios in Garfield's Cabinet, preferring to remain in the Senate, but, to save the honors for his constituency, persuaded his colleague, Governor Kirkwood, to take the position of Secretary of the Interior. He and Naval Secretary Hunt remained a little longer than their associates, but were followed in April by Teller, of Colorado, and Chandler, of New Hampshire.

James, Postmaster-General, a representative of the "better element" in New York, was succeeded by the amiable but obsolete Howe, of Wisconsin, who died two years later, and was followed by Gresham and Frank Hatton before the term ended. To the office of Attorney-General came Benjamin H. Brewster, of Philadelphia, the frightful distortion and disfigurement of whose features were forgotten in the grace of his manners and the charm of his conversation.

In the choice of these successors, had Arthur, while exasperating Garfield's friends, propitiated Conkling, his course would have been explicable; but he alienated both. The defeat of Judge Folger, of New York (who succeeded Windom in the Treasury), as the Republican candidate for Governor of that State three years afterward, by Grover Cleveland, by 200,000 majority, was the Cossack's answer.

There was a Washington's birthday luncheon February 22, 1884, at General McKee Dunn's, Lanier Place, Washington, just east of Capitol Park, at which the most amusing incident was the very obvious chagrin of a rural statesman who appeared in evening dress among a throng arrayed in morning costume.

Blaine was one of the guests. I had not met him before during the winter. I was busy in the Senate, and he was occupied with his "Twenty Years in Congress," and with social afternoon recreations.

I asked him how his Presidential canvass was going on.

He said he had received above seven thousand letters from correspondents in every State, asking his wishes and plans and proffering help, to no one of which had he replied.

He seemed to regard the outlook for Republican success as exceedingly dubious on account of the factions in New York and Ohio and the record of the party in Congress. He said he neither desired nor expected the nomination, adding, however, with great emphasis and intensity: "But I don't intend that man in the White House shall have it!"

June 6, 1884, on the fourth ballot and the fourth day of the convention at Chicago, Blaine was nominated by 541, to 207 for Arthur, and 41 for Edmunds.

The campaign that followed was the most feculent and loathsome in our records. It was a carnival of revolting filth and indecent defamation: the *cloaca maxima* of American politics.

To his extraordinary power of attracting friends, Blaine added an inexhaustible capacity for making enemies. He had an indiscreet pugnacity, and could not resist the temptation to bump and thump and jolt an adversary, whether in his own party or on the other side. The Democracy hated him for his attack on Davis and the South eight years before. Grant bore him no good-will. Conkling's vengeance was eternal. Arthur would have been more than human had he felt no resentment for Blaine's avowed hostility and contempt.

The day of their revenge had come. His foes—and they were many among Republicans as well as among Democrats—adopted the apothegm of Beaumarchais:

“Calumniate! Calumniate! Something will always stick.”

Caricature reinforced lampoon and pasquinade. The terrible “Tattooed Man,” perhaps the most cruel and brutal, as it certainly was the most effective cartoon of our time, kept constantly before the people the vague assault upon his integrity, which was one of the most formidable weapons of his opponents.

He was abstemious in his habits, correct in his life, and a church member, but he never had the unreserved confidence of the moral element of the country.

Conscious of the desperate malignity of the coalition against him, Blaine conducted his campaign with immense energy. Many Republican papers deserted him and openly supported Cleveland. Others were lukewarm, and carped

and sniveled, but he "flew an eagle's flight, bold and forth on." His health was precarious and the strain enormous.

With a physician and a private car, he traveled North and West, arousing prodigious enthusiasm, like a conqueror returning from battle. Hope elevated and joy brightened his crest.

Had he remained on his tour as originally planned, it seems now he might have won; but New York was doubtful, and its electoral vote would decide the result. A vast procession of merchants and representative business men, marching with Cleveland banners many hours to the refrain,

"Dear Mr. Fisher: Burn, burn, burn this letter!"

terrified the Republican managers, who thought some counter-demonstration indispensable, and Blaine consented to attend a banquet October 29th. At ten o'clock the morning of that day a delegation of clergymen called on him at the Fifty Avenue Hotel with assurances of their sympathy and support. The spokesman was the Rev. Dr. Burchard, who said in the course of his improvised remarks: "We are Republicans, and don't propose to leave our party and identify ourselves with the party whose antecedents have been Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion!"

How many votes this apt alliteration alienated will never be known; but after several days of suspicious delay subsequent to the election, the Democratic officials announced that Cleveland had carried the State by 1,047 votes. That they falsified the returns, gave Butler's vote to Cleveland, and stole the State from Blaine is beyond reasonable doubt.

After his defeat, Blaine finished his "Twenty Years in Congress," and in 1887 went to Europe. He wrote from Paris, in

November, to the chairman of the National Committee, that under no circumstances would he be a candidate again.

His withdrawal turned the contest of 1888 into a free-for-all scrub race. Hawley, Gresham, Harrison, Allison, Alger, Depew, Sherman, Fittler, Rusk, Ingalls, Phelps, Lincoln, and McKinley received votes on the first ballot, June 28th, Sherman being in the lead with 229. Blaine cabled from Edinburgh, June 24th, requesting his friends to refrain from voting for him.

Harrison was nominated and elected, and Blaine entered his Cabinet as Secretary of State, to complete the work interrupted by the death of Garfield. But his strength was not equal to the task. While in Italy the previous year, he had been stricken with paralysis, and his physical and mental powers never regained their vigor.

He became irregular in his attendance at the department, and performed its routine duties at his house, one of the famous mansions of Washington, shadowed by the memory of many tragedies. Its first occupant was Secretary Spencer, whose son was hanged at sea for mutiny. At its door Philip Barton Key was shot by General Sickles. In one of its upper chambers Secretary Seward was assaulted by Payne the night of Lincoln's assassination, and nearly stabbed to death. Secretary Belknap was its next tenant, and death was his guest.

When Blaine entered this abode in 1889, his three sons and three daughters were living. January 15, 1890, the eldest son, Walker, a young man of great promise, the prop and staff of his father, died.

A little more than two weeks later, February 2d, the eldest daughter, wife of Colonel Coppinger, died under circumstances peculiarly tragic and distressing. June 18, 1892, his second

son, Emmons, died in Chicago from exposure and over-exertion to secure his father's nomination at Minneapolis. His sorrows came not as single spies, but in battalions.

There was no cordiality between Harrison and Blaine. The Secretary had been a confirmed invalid since 1887, and was unable to bear the burdens of his great office. Much of the work of the Department of State for which Blaine refused credit was performed by the President, who had refused, it was rumored, to appoint Walker Blaine First Assistant Secretary and to nominate Colonel Coppinger as brigadier-general over many seniors in the service.

Blaine's friends characterized Harrison as a scorpion, and the situation became tense as the time for nominating his successor drew nigh. Harrison was a candidate for a second term, and Blaine stated publicly that he was not in the field. His declaration was superfluous, for it was an open secret that he was mortally ill and incapable of the fatigue and stress of a campaign.

Suddenly yielding to what sinister suggestion, what evil importunity, can never be known, at the last moment, the afternoon of Saturday, June 4th, he resigned from the Cabinet.

The convention at Minneapolis was to meet the following Tuesday, and Blaine's action "could only mean one thing": an open alliance with the enemies of the President. He immediately left Washington for Maine, tarrying at Young's Hotel in Boston to receive bulletins from the convention.

On the fourth day, June 10th, he was put in nomination by Senator Wolcott, of Colorado.

The scene was indescribably pathetic.

All knew he was at the threshold of eternity, but at the mention of his name the innumerable hosts broke into con-



fused and volleyed thunders that for twenty-seven minutes seemed to shake the foundations of earth and sky.

Like the chorus of an anthem, with measured solemnity, the galleries chanted, "Blaine! Blaine! James G. Blaine!" myriads of stamping feet keeping barbaric rhythm, while plumes and banners waved, and women with flags and scarfs filled the atmosphere with motion and color and light.

It was the passing of Blaine. That gigantic demonstration was at once a salutation and a requiem. The Republican party there took leave of their dying leader, and bade him an eternal farewell.

## KANSAS: 1541—1891.

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The other continents are convex, with an interior dome or range, from whose declivities the waters descend to the circumference; but North America is concave, having mountain systems parallel with its eastern and western coasts, whose principal streams fall into the Atlantic and the Pacific.

Between the Appalachian and the Cordilleran regions a vast central valley, more than two thousand miles wide from rim to rim, extends with uniform contour from the tropics to the pole. The crest of this colossal cavity nearly coincides with the boundary between the Dominion and the United States, its northern part drained by the Mackenzie and Red rivers into the Arctic Ocean, and its southern, by the Mississippi and its six hundred tributaries, into the Gulf of Mexico.

In a remote geological age this continental trough was the bed of an inland sea, whose billows broke upon the Alleghanies and the Rocky Mountains—archipelagoes with precipitous islands rising abruptly from the desolate main.

The subsiding ocean left enormous saline deposits, which, at varying depths, underlie much of its surface, and which later were succeeded by tropical forests and jungles, nurtured by heat and moisture, their carbon stratified in the coal measures of the interior, and beneath whose impervious shadows, after many centuries, wandered herds of gigantic monsters, their fossil remains yet found in the loess of the Solomon and the

Smoky Hill. In a subsequent epoch, as the land became cooler by radiation and firmer by drainage, the saurians were succeeded by ruminants, like the buffalo and the antelope, which pastured in myriads upon the succulent herbage, and followed the seasons in their endless migrations.

Mysterious colonizations of strange races of men—the Aztecs, the Mound-builders, the Cave-dwellers—whose genesis is unknown, appeared upon the fertile plains and perished, leaving no traces of their wars and their religions, save the rude weapons that the plough exhumes from their ruined fortifications, and the broken idols that irreverent science discovers in their sacrificial mounds.

Upon the western acclivity of the basin, where its synclinal axis is intersected by its greater diameter, lies the State of Kansas—"Smoky Waters"; so called from the blue and pensive haze which in autumn dims the recesses of the forests, the hollows of the hills, and broods above the placid streams like a covenant of peace. It is quadrangular—save for the excision of its northeastern corner by the meanderings of the Missouri—200 miles wide by 400 miles long, and contains the geographical centre of the territory of the United States. Its area of 52,000,000 acres gradually ascends from an elevation of 900 feet above tide-water to the altitude of 4,000 feet at its western boundary. It has a mean annual temperature of  $53^{\circ}$ , with a rainfall of 37 *plus* inches; an average of 30 thunderstorms, 198 days exempt from frost, and 136,839 miles of wind every year. This inclined plane is reticulated by innumerable *arroyos*, or dry runs, which collect the storm-waters, whose accumulations scour deepening channels in the friable soil as they creep sinuously eastward, forming by their union the Kaw (or Kansas) and Arkansas rivers.

The confines of the valleys are the "bluffs," no higher than the general level of the land, worn into ravines and gulches by frost and wind and rain, carving the limestone ledges into fantastic architecture, and depositing at their base an alluvion of inexhaustible fertility. Dense forests of elm, cottonwood, walnut, and sycamore, mantled with parasitic growths, clothe the cliffs and crags with verdure, and gradually encroach upon the "rolling prairies." The eye wanders with tranquil satisfaction and unalloyed delight over these fluctuating fields, treeless except along the margins of the indolent streams; gorgeous in summer with the fugitive splendor of grass and flowers, in autumn billows of bronze, and in winter desolate with the melancholy glory of undulating snows.

By imperceptible transition, the rolling prairies merge into the "Great Plains," plateaus elevated above the humid currents of the atmosphere; rainless except for casual showers; presenting a sterile expanse, with vegetation repulsive and inedible; a level monotony broken at irregular intervals by detached knobs and isolated buttes. Above their vague and receding horizon forever broods a pathetic and mysterious solemnity, born of distance, silence, and solitude.

The dawn of modern history broke upon Kansas three and a half centuries ago, when Marcos de Naza, a Franciscan friar, returning from a missionary tour among the Pueblos, brought rumors of populous cities and mines richer than Golconda and Potosi in the undiscovered country beyond the Sierra Madre. In 1541, twenty years after the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, under the orders of Mendoza, Viceroy of India, with a little army of 300 Spaniards and 800 Mexicans, marched northward from Culiacan, then the limit of Spanish dominion, on an errand of discovery and spoliation.

Crossing the mountains at the head of the Gila River, he reached the sources of the Del Norte, and continued northeasterly into the Mississippi Valley, descending from the plains to the prairies, crossing the present area of Kansas diagonally nearly to the fortieth degree of north latitude.

At the farthest point reached in his explorations he erected a high cross of wood, with the inscription, "Franciso Vasquez de Coronado, commander of an expedition, reached this place." He left some priests to establish missions among the Indians, but they were soon slain. In his report to Méndoza, at Mexico, Coronado wrote:

"The earth is the best possible for all kinds of productions of Spain. I found prunes, some of which were black, also excellent grapes and mulberries. I crossed mighty plains and sandy heaths, smooth and wearisome, and bare of wood, and as full of crooked-back oxen as the mountain Serena in Spain is of sheep."

Coronado was followed sixty years later by Don Juan de Onate, the conqueror of New Mexico, and in 1662 by Penalosa, then its Governor, who marched from Santa Fé, and was profoundly impressed by the agricultural resources of the country which he traversed.

The desultory efforts of the Spaniards to subdue the savages and acquire control of the territory continued for a century, when the French became their competitors, under the leadership of Marquette, Joliet, Hennepin, Iberville, and La Salle, by whom formal possession of the Mississippi Valley was taken in 1682 for Louis XIV. By this monarch the whole province of Louisiana, including what is now called Kansas, with a monopoly of traffic with the Indian tribes, was granted in 1712 to Crozat, a wealthy merchant of Paris, who soon surrendered his patent, and its privileges were transferred to the Mississippi Company. Under their auspices the city of New

Orleans was founded in 1718 by Bienville, who, in the following year, dispatched an expedition under the command of Colonel du Tissonet, who visited the Osages at their former location in Kansas, and crossed the prairies 120 miles to the villages of the Pawnees at the mouth of the Republican River, where Fort Riley now stands. He continued his march westward 200 miles to the land of the Padoucahs, where he also set up a cross, with the arms of the French king, September 27, 1719.

In 1724 De Bourgmont explored northern Kansas, starting from the "Grand Détour," where the city of Atchison now stands. In 1762 Kansas, with the rest of the Louisiana Territory, was ceded by France to Spain. In 1801 it was retroceded by Spain to France. On the 30th of April, 1803, it was sold by Napoleon, then First Consul, to the United States, Thomas Jefferson, President. This was the largest real-estate transaction which occurred that year, being 756,961,280 acres for \$27,267,621, being at the rate of about  $3\frac{1}{2}$  cents per acre. The Anglo-Saxon was at last in the ascendant.

Attached in 1804 by act of Congress to the "Indian Territory," the following year to the "Territory of Louisiana," and in 1812 to the "Territory of Missouri," Kansas remained, after the admission of that State in 1820, detached, without local government or a name, until its permanent organization thirty-four years afterwards.

This mysterious region, so far, so fascinating, the object of so much interest and desire, inaccessible except by long voyages on mighty rivers whose sources were unknown, or by weary journeys in slow caravans disappearing beyond the frontier, had for some unknown reason long been marked on the maps of explorers and described in the text of geographers as the "Great American Desert."

Though for many centuries populous and martial Indian tribes, the aristocracy of the continent, making war their occupation and the chase their pastime, had, without husbandry, sustained their wild cavalry upon its harvests; though the Spanish adventurers had reported that "its earth was strong and black, well watered by brooks, streams, and rivers"; though the French trappers and *voyageurs* had enriched the merchants of St. Louis, New Orleans, and Paris with its furs and peltries; though Lewis and Clarke had penetrated its solitudes and blazed a pathway to the Pacific; though Pike had discovered the frowning peak indissolubly associated with his name; and Pursley and the traders of Santa Fé had traversed the prairies of the Arkansas and the mesas of the Pecos—yet, in popular belief half a century ago the trans-Missouri plains were classed with the steppes of Tartary and the arid wastes of Gobi.

The flight of the Mormons to Salt Lake in 1844, and the California exodus in 1849, following the trail which was succeeded by the pony express, the overland stage-line, and the Union Pacific Railroad, familiarized thousands of travelers from all parts of the country with its enchanting landscape, its superb climate, and its unrivalled though unsuspected capacities for agriculture and civilization. To them it was not a desert; it was an oasis, compared with which, in resources, fertility, and possibilities of opulence, all the rest of the earth was Sahara.

The surf of the advancing tide of population chafed restlessly against the barrier, realizing the truth of the majestic and impressive sentence of Tocqueville, written a quarter of a century before:

"This gradual and continuous progress of the European race towards the Rocky Mountains has the solemnity of a providential event; it is like a deluge of men rising unabatedly, and daily driven onward by the hand of God."



The origin or genesis of States is usually obscure and legendary, with prehistoric periods from which they gradually emerge like coral islands from the deep. Shadowy and crepuscular intervals precede the day, in whose uncertain light men and events, distorted or exaggerated by tradition, become fabulous, like the gods and goddesses, the wars and heroes of antiquity. But Kansas has no mythology; its history has no twilight. The foundation-stones of the State were laid in the full blaze of the morning sun, with the world as interested spectators. Its architects were announced, their plans disclosed, and the workmen have reared its walls and crowned its dome without concealment of their objects, and with no attempt to disguise their satisfaction with the results. Nothing has been done furtively nor in a corner.

The first bill for the organization of Kansas was presented by Senator Douglas in 1843, under the name of the Territory of Nebraska. The next, two years later, named it the Territory of Platte, and afterwards it was again twice called Nebraska.

January 23, 1854, Senator Douglas reported as a substitute for his former measure the bill for the organization of the Territories of Kansas and Nebraska, which, after fierce and acrimonious debate, passed both houses of Congress, and was approved by President Pierce on the 30th of May. The eastern, northern, and southern boundaries of Kansas were the same as now. Its western limit extended 673 miles, to the summit of the Rocky Mountains, including more than half of the present area of Colorado, with its richest mines and its largest cities.

Intense political excitement preceded and followed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, which gave the measure its chief political significance, and the conquest of Kansas was not

the cause, but the occasion, of the conflict which ensued. The question of freedom or slavery in the Territory, and in the State to be, was important, it is true, but it was merely an incident in the tragedy, unsurpassed in the annals of our race, opening with the exchange of fourteen slaves for provisions by the Dutch man-of-war in the harbor of Jamestown in 1619, and whose prologue was pronounced by the guns that thundered their acclamations when the Confederate flag was lowered for the last time upon the field of Appomattox.

The incipient commonwealth lay in the westward path of empire—the zone within which the great commanders, orators, philosophers, and prophets of the world have been born; in which its Savior was crucified; in which its decisive battles were fought, its victories—over man and nature won; the triumphs of humanity and civilization achieved.

Had the formation of its domestic institutions alone been the stake, it would still have been compensative for the valor of heroes and the blood of martyrs. The diplomacy of great powers has often exhausted its devices upon more trivial pretexts, and nations have been desolated with wars waged under Cæsars and Napoleons for the subjugation of provinces of narrower bounds and inferior fertility.

But there was a profound conviction, a premonition, among thoughtful men, that vastly more was involved; that further postponement of the duel between the antagonistic forces in our political system was impossible; that the existence of the Union, the perpetuity of free institutions, and the success of the experiment of self-government depended upon the issue.

The statesmen of the South, long accustomed to supremacy, had beheld with angry apprehension the menacing increase of the North in wealth and population; the irresistible tendency

of emigration to the intermontane regions of the West and the Northwest, already dedicated to freedom. With prophetic vision they foresaw the admission of free States that would make the South a minority in the Senate, as it was already in the House, and hasten the destruction of the system of servile labor, upon which they wrongly believed their prosperity to depend.

The conscience of the North apparently became dormant upon the subject of the immorality of slavery, when, ceasing to be profitable, it disappeared, by the operation of natural laws, from the valleys of the Merrimac, the Connecticut, and the Hudson. It seemed to have been lulled into an eternal sleep by the anodyne of the Missouri Compromise; but it was roused into renewed activity when the repeal of that ordinance, supplemented by the Dred Scott decision, disclosed the intentions of the Southern leaders to maintain their ascendancy by the extension of slavery over all the Territories of the Republic, a policy whose success threatened their political supremacy and their industrial independence.

Events have shown that the magnitude and significance of the Kansas episode were not exaggerated. It was the prelude to a martial symphony, the preface to a volume whose *finis* was not written until the downfall of slavery was recorded.

It would be a congenial task, but the present scope and purpose neither require nor permit a detailed narrative of the tumultuous interval from the organization of the Territory to the admission of the State. Its history has been written by its partisans. Its actors have been portrayed by their foes or their worshippers. The contests waged by Atchison and Stringfellow against the Abolitionists, and by Brown and Montgomery against "the border ruffians"; the battles and

murders and sudden deaths; the burning of houses and sacking of towns; the proclamations, bulletins, and platforms; the fraudulent elections and the dispersion of Legislatures—form a unique chapter in our annals that waits the impartial chronicler. Neither side was blameless. Each was guilty of wrongs, begotten of the passions of the crisis, that culminated during the Rebellion in border forays, encounters, reprisals, and retaliations, shocking to humanity, whose memory time cannot obliterate nor charity condone.

In the preliminary movement for the occupation of the new Territory, the slavery propagandists had the advantage of proximity. They swarmed across the Missouri border, establishing camps, taking possession of the polling-places, securing eligible sites for towns, and, by obstructing the navigation of the river, compelled the emigrants from the North to make a long, circuitous land journey through Iowa and Nebraska. They received reinforcements and contributions of money, stores, and arms from many Southern States, and elected the first Territorial delegate, J. W. Whitfield, who sat from September 20, 1854, till the adjournment of the Thirty-third Congress.

By the census taken in February, 1855, the number of legal voters in the Territory was 2,905; but at the election of members of the first Legislature, four weeks later, 5,427 votes were cast for the Southern candidates and 791 for their opponents, the increment being largely due to the importation of electors from Missouri, who came into the Territory on the day of the election, and, having voted, returned home at night.

By this guilty initiative they obtained on the threshold an immense advantage. They secured absolute control of the political agencies of the Territory. The Legislature, which as-

sembled at Pawnee in July, adopted the slave code of Missouri *en bloc*, supplementing these statutes with original laws making many new offenses against the slave system punishable with death, and compelling every official, candidate, and voter to take an oath to support the fugitive-slave law.

The idea of permanently colonizing Kansas with free labor from the North by systematic migration, and thus determining the question of the institutions of the new empire of the West, originated with Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, who organized the Emigrant Aid Society in that State in 1854. The example was immediately followed in other parts of the North, and the pioneer colony reached the mouth of the Kansas River July 28th. Among the most prominent leaders of the colonists from New England were Samuel C. Pomeroy, afterwards for twelve years a senator of the United States; and Charles Robinson, an early settler in California, where he had fallen in an armed struggle for what he believed to be the cause of popular rights against corporate injustice and tyranny. By one of those singular and pleasing coincidences which the judgment would reject as an unreal and extravagant climax in a romance or drama, he camped for the night on his overland journey in 1849 in the enchanting valley of the Wakarusa, to which, five years later, he returned to found the city of Lawrence, the intellectual capital of the State, of which he became the first Governor, and where, in the afternoon (1891) of an honorable, useful, and adventurous career, he still survives, his eye not dim nor his natural force abated, the object of affectionate regard and veneration.

The emigrants from the North were almost without exception from civil life, laborers, farmers, mechanics, and artisans, young men of the middle class, reared in toil and inured to pov-

erty, unused to arms and unschooled in war. They were intelligent, devout, and patriotic. They came to plough and plant, to open farms, erect mills, to saw lumber and grind corn, to trade, teach school, build towns, and construct a free State. But one of them—James Henry Lane—had any military experience. He had been a colonel in the Mexican War of an Indiana regiment, and was afterwards a Democratic lieutenant-governor and member of Congress from that State. He had an extraordinary assemblage of mental, moral, and physical traits, and, with even a rudimentary perception of the value of personal character as an element of success in public affairs, would have been a great leader, with an enduring fame. But in arms he was a Captain Bobadil, and in politics a Rittmeister Dugald Dalgetty. He proposed to “settle the vexed question and save Kansas from further outrage” by a battle between one hundred slave-holders, including Senator Atchison, and one hundred Free State men, including himself, to be fought in the presence of twelve United States senators and twelve members of the House of Representatives as umpires!

He was the object of inexplicable idolatry and unspeakable execration. With his partisans, the superlatives of adulation were feeble and meagre; with his foes, the lexicon of infamy contained no epithets sufficiently lurid to express their abhorrence and detestation. They alleged that he never paid a debt nor told the truth, save by accident or on compulsion, and that to reach the goal of his ambition he had no convictions he would not sell, made no promise he would not break, and had no friend he would not betray.

A lean, haggard, and sinewy figure, with a Mephistophelian leer upon his shaven visage, his movements were alert and restless, like one at bay and apprehensive of detection. Professing



religion, he was never even accused of hypocrisy, for his followers knew that he partook of the sacrament as a political device to secure the support of the Church; and that with the same nonchalant alacrity, had he been running for office in Hindustan, he would have thrown his offspring to the crocodiles of the Ganges, or bowed among the Parsees at the shrine of the sun. His energy was tireless and his activity indefatigable. No night was too dark, no storm too wild, no heat or cold too excessive, no distance too great, to delay his meteoric pilgrimages, with dilapidated garb and equipage, across the trackless prairies from convention to convention.

His oratory was voluble and incessant, without logic, learning, rhetoric, or grace; but the multitudes to whom he perpetually appealed hung upon his hoarse and harsh harangues with the rapture of devotees upon the oracular rhapsodies of a prophet, and responded to his apostrophes with frenzied enthusiasm.

He gained the prize which he sought with such fevered ambition; but, after many stormy and tempestuous years, Nemesis, inevitable in such careers, demanded retribution. He presumed too far upon the toleration of a constituency which had honored him so long and had forgiven him so much. He transcended the limitations which the greatest cannot pass. He apostatized once too often; and in his second term in the Senate, to avoid impending exposure, after a tragic interval of despair, he died by his own hand, surviving ten days after the bullet had passed through his brain.

The Northern press, alive to the importance of the struggle, united in an appeal to public opinion, such as had never before been formulated, and despatched to the Territory a corps of correspondents of unsurpassed ability and passionate devo-



tion to liberty. Foremost among these apostles were William A. Phillips, who, after long and distinguished service in the Army and in Congress, lives in literary retirement upon a magnificent estate near the prosperous city of Salina, which he founded; Albert Dean Richardson, whose assassination in New York in 1869 prematurely closed a brilliant career; and James Redpath, subsequently editor of the *North American Review*. Their contributions reached eager readers in every State, and were reprinted beyond the seas, chronicling every incident, delineating every prominent man, arousing indignation by the recitation of the wrongs they denounced, and exciting the imagination with descriptions of the loveliness of the land, rivalling Milton's portraiture of the Garden of Eden. No time was ever so minutely and so indelibly photographed upon the public retina. The name of no State was ever on so many friendly and so many hostile tongues. It was pronounced in every political speech, and inserted in every party platform. No region was ever so advertised, and the impression then produced has never passed away.

The journalists were reinforced by the poets, artists, novelists, and orators of an age distinguished for genius, learning, and inspiration. Lincoln, Douglas, Seward, and Sumner delivered their most memorable speeches upon the theme. Phillips and Beecher, then at the meridian of their powers, appealed to the passions and the conscience of the Nation by unrivalled eloquence and invective. Prizes were offered for lyrics, that were obtained, so profound was the impulse, by obscure and unknown competitors. Lowell, Bryant, Holmes, Longfellow, and Emerson lent the magic of their verse. Whittier was the laureate of the era. His "Burial of Barbour" and "Marais du Cygne" seemed like a prophet's cry for vengeance to the immi-

grants, who marched to the inspiring strains of "Suona la Tromba," or chanted, to the measure of "Auld Lang-Syne,"

"We cross the prairies as of old  
Our fathers crossed the sea."

The contagion spread to foreign lands, and alien torches were lighted at the flame. Walter Savage Landor wrote an ode to free Kansas. Lady Byron collected money, which she sent to the author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," for the relief of the sufferers in Kansas. Volunteers from Italy, France, and Germany, revolutionists and exiles, served in the desultory war, many of whom afterwards fought with distinction in the armies of the Union. It was the romance of history. The indescribable agitation which always attends the introduction of a great moral question into politics pervaded the souls of men, transforming the commonplace into the ideal, and inaugurating a heroic epoch. The raptures that swelled the hearts of the pioneers yet thrill and vibrate in the blood of their posterity, like the chords of a smitten harp when the player has departed.

The Free State settlers, being powerless to overcome or reverse the political action of their adversaries, adopted the policy of ignoring it altogether. They resolved to endeavor to change the Territory into a State without the formality of an enabling act of Congress. Their competence to do this was denied, on the ground that it was in opposition to the regularly organized political authorities; but they chose delegates to a convention, which met at Topeka, and framed a Constitution that was adopted in December, 1855, by 1,731 for to 46 against, its friends only participating in the election.

A governor and other State officers and a delegate in Congress were chosen in January. The national House of Repre-

sentatives, July 3, 1856, passed a bill for the admission of the State under this Constitution, but it was rejected in the Senate.

Acting, however, upon the theory that the State existed, the Legislature chosen under the Topeka Constitution assembled July 4, 1856, but was dispersed by United States troops commanded by Colonel Sumner on the order of President Pierce, who denounced the movement as an insurrection requiring the forcible interposition of national authority. Further attempts to organize were thwarted by the arrest of the leaders for usurpation of office and misprision of treason.

Immigration from the North increased, and under the assurance of Governor Walker that the election should be honest and peaceable, the two parties had the first actual test of their relative strength October, 1857, when the Free State electors chose thirty-three out of fifty-two members of the Legislature. For delegate in Congress 3,799 votes were cast for Epaphroditus Ransom, who had been Governor of Michigan, 1848-49, and 7,888 for Marcus J. Parrott, an ambitious and popular member of the Leavenworth bar.

Born in South Carolina, of Huguenot ancestry, Parrott was at an early age domiciled in Ohio, whither his family had removed to escape the contaminating influences of slavery. He was graduated at Yale, and trained to the law. He came to the Territory two years before, at the age of twenty-six, politically in sympathy with the party in power, and expecting to be the recipient of its favors. Imbued with a passion for liberty, he revolted at the methods pursued by its foes, and espoused the cause of freedom with the ardor of a generous and impulsive nature. Reared in affluence, and of easy fortune, he was familiar with the ways of the world, and united to the bearing of a courtier a captivating suavity of address, which

propitiated all sorts and conditions of men. He was like a thread of gold shot through the rough woof of the frontier. Though not of heroic stature, his dark, vivacious countenance, the rich melody of his voice, and his impressive elocution, gave him great power as an orator. He possessed the fatal gift of fluency, but, wanting depth and sincerity, seemed like an actor seeking applause, rather than a leader striving to direct, or a statesman endeavoring to convince the understanding of his followers. His service in Congress demanded the indulgent judgment of his constituents, and failing of an election to the Senate when the State was admitted, he yielded to the allurements of appetite, squandered two fortunes in travel and pleasure, and the splendid light of his prophetic morning sank lower and lower until it was quenched in the outer darkness of gloom and desolation.

The leaders of the Pro-slavery forces from this time practically abandoned their aggressive efforts, admitting that they had been overcome by the superior resources of the North; but the so-called "bogus Legislature," before its expiration, called another convention, which sat at Lecompton, and adopted the Constitution known in history by that name. It recognized the existence of slavery in the Territory, forbade the enactment of emancipation laws, and prohibited amendments before 1864. Knowing its fate if submitted to the people, it provided that only the clause relating to slavery should be voted upon, but that the instrument itself should be established by act of Congress admitting the State. The slavery clause was adopted by 6,256 to 567, the Free State men refraining from voting; but as soon as the new Legislature met, an act was passed submitting the entire Constitution to the pop-

ular vote, January 4, 1858, when it was rejected by 10,256 to 162, the Pro-slavery men not appearing at the polls.

The debate was then transferred to Congress, and the effort to admit the State under the Lecompton Constitution failed, although the President urged it, and its friends were in a majority in both houses. The tempting bribe of the English Bill, which was offered as a compromise, was rejected by the people in August by 11,088 to 1,788, and thus the curtain fell on Lecompton.

The abortive series of constitutions was enlarged by the formation of the fifth at Leavenworth, which was also ratified by the people, but rejected by Congress on the ground that the population was insufficient. The Territorial existence of Kansas closed with the adoption, October 4, 1859, by a vote of 10,421 to 5,530, of the Wyandotte Constitution, under which, the Southern senators having departed, Kansas was admitted into the Union, January 29, 1861.

The long procession of Governors and acting Governors sent to rule over the Territory vanished away like the show of eight kings, the last having a glass in his hand, Banquo's ghost following, in the witches' cavern in "Macbeth"—Reeder, Shannon, Geary, Stanton, Walker, Denver, Medary, and Beebe—"come like shadows, so depart!"

It is a strange illustration of Anglo-Saxon pride of race, and of its haughty assumption of superiority, that in a State which apotheosized John Brown of Osawatomie, and gave a new definition to the rights of man, suffrage was confined to "white male citizens." But the people of Kansas were too brave and strong to be long unjust. The first colored man regularly enlisted as a soldier was sworn and mustered at Fort Leavenworth. The first colored regiment was raised in Kansas, and

the first engagement in which negroes fought was under the command of a Kansas officer, October 26, 1862. The citizen longest in office in the State—for nearly thirty years—was colored, and born a slave.

The admission of the State and the outbreak of the Rebellion were coincident, and, as might have been predicted from their martial gestation, the people devoted themselves with unabated zeal to the maintenance of the Union. Being outside the field of regular military operations, inaccessible by railroads, exposed to guerrilla incursions from Missouri and to Indian raids from the south and west, the campaign of defense was continuous, and for four years the entire population was under arms. Immigration ceased. By the census of June, 1860, the number of inhabitants was 143,463; at the close of the war it had declined to 140,179. Fields lay fallow, and the fire of the forges expired. Towns were deserted, and homesteads abandoned. The State sent more soldiers to battle than it had voters when the war began. Under all calls, its quota was 12,931; it furnished 20,151, without bounty or conscription. Nineteen regiments, five companies, and three batteries participated in 127 engagements, of which seven were on her own soil. From Wilson Creek to the Gulf every great field in the Southwest was illustrated by their valor and consecrated by their blood. Her proportion of mortality in the field was the largest among the States, exceeding 61 in each 1,000 enlistments, Vermont following with 58, and Massachusetts with nearly 48. Provost-Marshal General Fry, in his final roster of the Union armies, in which all are alike entitled to honor, because all alike did their duty, wrote this certificate of precedence in glory:



"Kansas shows the highest battle mortality of the table. The same singularly martial disposition which induced about one-half of the able-bodied men of the State to enter the Army without bounty may be supposed to have increased their exposure to the casualties of battle after they were in the service."

With the close of the war the first decennium ended, and the disbanded veterans returned under the flag they had redeemed to the State they had made free. Attracted by homesteads upon the public domain, by just and liberal exemption laws, and by the companionship of the brave, those heroes were reinforced by a vast host of their comrades, representing every arm of the military and naval service from all the States of the Union. Not less than 30 per cent of its electors have fought in the Union armies, and the present commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, Timothy McCarthy, witnessed the defense of Sumter and the surrender at Appomattox.

Population increased from 8,601 in 1855 to 140,179 in 1865, 528,349 in 1875; 1,268,562 in 1885, and 1,427,096 in 1890. In a community so rapidly assembled the homogeneity of its elements is extraordinary. Kansas is distinctly the American State. Less than 10 per cent of its inhabitants are of foreign birth, principally English, Germans, and Scandinavians; and less than 4 per cent of African descent. The State is often called the child of the Puritans, but, contrary to the popular impression, the immigration from New England was comparatively trivial in numbers, much the larger contributions having been derived from Iowa, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Pennsylvania, New York, and Kentucky. It is the ideas of the Pilgrims, and not their descendants, that have had dominion in the young commonwealth, which resembles primitive Massachusetts before its middle classes had disappeared and its



society become stratified into the superfluously rich and the hopelessly poor.

Within these pastoral boundaries there are no millionaires nor any paupers, except such as have been deprived by age, disease, and calamity of the ability to labor. No great fortunes have been brought to the State, and none have been accumulated by commerce, manufactures, or speculation. No sumptuous mansions nor glittering equipages nor ostentatious display exasperate or allure. Legislation protects wages and cabins no less than bonds and palaces, and the free school, the jury, and impartial suffrage have resulted in the establishment of justice, liberty, fraternity, and equality as the foundations of the State.

Politically, as might have been predicted, the Republican party, whose birth is indissolubly associated with the efforts to dedicate Kansas to freedom, continued supreme for thirty years. During that period the State had but one Governor and one member of Congress of another faith, and there have been few Legislatures in which the membership of the opposition has risen as high as 20 per cent. This supremacy has not been favorable to national leadership, both parties having reserved their allegiance and their favors for more doubtful constituencies.

An equilibrium which compels the presentation of strong and unexceptionable candidates and the practice of honesty and economy in administration is better than a disproportionate majority which makes the contest end with a nomination. When one party has nothing to hope and the other nothing to fear, degradation and decay are inevitable. Intrigue supplants merit; the sense of responsibility disappears; manipulation of primaries, caucuses, and conventions displaces the conflict and

collision of opinion and debate. Paltry ambitions become respectable. Little men aspire to great places, and distinguished careers are impossible.

In addition to those elsewhere mentioned, others who have been prominent in State and national affairs are Martin F. Conway, the first representative in Congress, a native of Maryland, a diminutive, fair-haired, blue-eyed enthusiast, with the bulging brow and retiring chin of Swinburne, an erratic political dreamer, whose reveries ended at Saint Elizabeth's; Generals James G. Blunt, Robert B. Mitchell, George W. Deitzler, Charles W. Blair, Albert L. Lee, and Powell Clayton, military leaders, and eminent also in civil life; Edmund G. Ross, the successor of Lane in the Senate, who forfeited the confidence of his constituents by voting against the impeachment of President Johnson, and was subsequently appointed by President Cleveland Governor of New Mexico; Thomas A. Osborn, who, after serving as Governor (1873-77), had a remarkably successful diplomatic career as United States minister to Chile and Brazil; John P. St. John, twice Governor, prominently identified with the cause of prohibition, and the candidate of its advocates for the Presidency in 1884; John A. Martin, a distinguished soldier, editor of a leading journal, Governor 1884-88, in whose administration the municipal organization of the State was completed; Preston B. Plumb, senator from 1877 until his untimely death, December 20, 1891; and Bishop W. Perkins, his successor by appointment, after several terms upon the bench, and eight years of distinguished service in the House of Representatives; Thomas Ryan, ten years member of Congress, and now representing the United States as envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to Mexico.

Philosophers and historians recognize the influence of early settlers upon the character and destinies of a community. Original impulses are long continued, like the characteristics and propensities which the mother bestows upon her unborn child. The constant vicissitudes of climate, of fortune, of history, together with the fluctuations of politics and business, have engendered in Kansas hitherto perpetual agitation, not always favorable to happiness, but which has stimulated activity, kept the popular pulse feverish, and begotten a mental condition exalted above the level monotones of life. Every one is on the *qui vive*, alert, vigilant, like a sentinel at an outpost. Existence has the excitement of a game of chance, of a revolution, of a battle whose event is doubtful. The unprecedented environment has produced a temperament volatile and mercurial, marked by uncalculating ardor, enterprise, intrepidity and insatiable hunger for innovation, out of which has grown a society that has been alternately the reproach and the marvel of mankind.

For a generation Kansas has been the testing-ground for every experiment in morals, politics, and social life. Doubt of all existing institutions has been respectable. Nothing has been venerable or revered merely because it exists or has endured. Prohibition, female suffrage, fiat money, free silver, every incoherent and fantastic dream of social improvement and reform, every economic delusion that has bewildered the foggy brains of fanatics, every political fallacy nurtured by misfortune, poverty, and failure, rejected elsewhere, has here found tolerance and advocacy. The enthusiasm of youth, the conservatism of age, have alike yielded to the contagion, making the history of the State a melodramatic series of cataclysms, in which tragedy and comedy have contended for the mastery,

and the convulsions of Nature have been emulated by the catastrophes of society. There has been neither peace, tranquillity, nor repose. The farmer can never foretell his harvest, nor the merchant his gains, nor the politician his supremacy. Something startling has always happened, or has been constantly anticipated. The idol of to-day is execrated to-morrow. Seasons of phenomenal drought, when the sky was brass and the earth iron, have been followed by periods of indescribable fecundity, in which the husbandman has been embarrassed by abundance, whose value has been diminished by its excess. Cyclones, blizzards, and grasshoppers have been so identified with the State in public estimation as to be described by its name, while some of the *bouleversements* of its politics have aroused the inextinguishable laughter, and others have excited the commiseration and condemnation, of mankind.

But as, in spite of its anomalies and the obstacles of Nature, the growth of the State in wealth and numbers has been unprecedented, and its condition is one of stable and permanent prosperity; so, notwithstanding the vagaries and eccentricities into which by the appeals of reformers and the pressure of misfortune they have sometimes been betrayed, the great body of the people are patriotic, conservative, and intelligent to a degree not surpassed elsewhere, and seldom equalled among the children of men.

The social emancipation of woman is complete. The only limitation upon her political equality with man is in the right of suffrage, which is confined to municipal and school-district elections. Women are exempt from jury duty, from military service, and from work upon the highways; but, whether married or single, they can practice the professions, engage in mercantile business, follow any industry or occupation, and pursue

any calling, upon the same conditions as men. The distinction of sex is recognized only in its natural sense and use. The property, real and personal, of a single woman remains her own after marriage, unless voluntarily alienated. She can sue and be sued in her own name, and her estate is not liable for her husband's debts, nor can the homestead be sold or encumbered without her consent. When the marriage is ended by death, the survivor is entitled to a moiety of the joint and several estate, with the remainder to the children. Agitation for full suffrage is active, and will undoubtedly ultimately prevail.

The first bonds voted in the State were for school-houses, and the first tax levied in every community, the largest tax, and the tax most cheerfully paid, is the school tax. For the education of her children, Kansas has already spent the enormous total of \$40,000,000, nearly one-half the entire cost of State and municipal government. Equal facilities are afforded to whites and blacks. More than \$21,000,000 are invested in school-houses, State buildings, lands, and other property for educational purposes. The average school year is twenty-seven weeks, supported by State, district, and county taxation, amounting in 1890 to \$5,696,659.69.

This magnificent educational system wears the triple crown of the State University at Lawrence, with a faculty of thirty-six members and 474 students; the State Normal School at Emporia, with a faculty of eighteen members and 1,200 students; and the Agricultural College at Manhattan, with an endowment from public lands of \$501,426.33, \$15,000 annually from the Government as an experiment station, an annual income of \$65,000, a faculty of eighteen members, and 575 students.

Public education is supplemented by private and denominational schools, with an average yearly attendance of 65,000, and buildings and endowments valued at two and a quarter million dollars. Such efforts and sacrifices have already produced perceptible and gratifying results. The illiterate fraction in Kansas is the smallest save one in the Nation. The general standard of intelligence is unusually high. The State publications and reports are models for imitation, notably the Biennial of the State Board of Agriculture, speaking whereof the *London Times*, in 1880, said: "The resources the book describes fill the English mind with astonishment and envy."

The curse and bane of frontier life is drunkenness. The literature of the mining-camp, the cross-roads, and the cattle-ranch reeks with whisky. In every new settlement the saloon precedes the school-house and the church; is the *rendezvous* of ruffians, the harbor of criminals, the recruiting-station of the murderer, the gambler, the harlot, and the thief; a perpetual menace to social order, intelligence, and morality, above whose portal should be inscribed the legend engraved on the lintel of the infernal gates: "*Lasciate ogni speranza voi ch' entrate.*"

Agitation against the evils of intemperance was contemporary with the political organization of the Territory. The founders of Topeka and Lawrence forbade the sale of intoxicating beverages within their corporate limits, and the debate continued until 1881, when a constitutional amendment was adopted forever prohibiting the manufacture and sale of intoxicating liquors, except for medicinal, mechanical, and scientific purposes. This was enforced by appropriate legislation, and the validity of the amendment and of the statutes was sustained by the Supreme Courts of the State and of the Nation. After futile and costly resistance, the dramshop traffic has



disappeared from the State. Surreptitious sales continue; club drinking and "joints" are not unknown; but the saloon has vanished, and the law has been better enforced than similar legislation elsewhere. In the larger towns prohibition is not so strictly observed as in the rural districts, where public opinion is more rigid; but in all localities the beneficent results are apparent in the diminution of crime, poverty, and disorder. Banned by law, the occupation is stigmatized, and becomes disreputable. If the offender avoids punishment, he does not escape contempt. Drinking being in secret, temptation is diminished, the weak are protected from their infirmities, and the young from their appetites and passions.

Much of the prominence of Kansas is due to the novel and startling methods employed by its journalists to invite public attention to the opportunities found here for success and happiness. They have been the persistent and conspicuous advocates of immigration, railroads, schools, churches, manufactories, and improvements.

The first printing-press was brought by Jotham Meeker in 1833 to Shawnee Mission, a station of the Methodist Church, established in what is now Johnson County, in 1829. Upon its primitive platen were printed religious books, pamphlets, tracts, and a newspaper in the Indian tongue, in a region then more remote and inaccessible than Alaska now. This venerable relic, after nearly sixty years of service, is still on duty in one of the southern counties of the State. The first newspaper in the Territory was the *Leavenworth Herald*, printed in the open air under an elm-tree on the levee of the city of that name. It has been succeeded by a swarming multitude of original, ingenious, and brilliant ventures in journalism, magazines, reviews, periodicals, papers, daily and weekly, varying in excellence,



but united in vociferous and persistent affirmation that Kansas is the best State in the most glorious country on the finest planet in the solar system; that its soil is the richest, its climate the most salubrious, its men the most enterprising, its women the most beautiful, its children the most docile, its horses the fastest, its cattle the largest, its sheep the woolliest, its hogs the fattest, its grasshoppers the most beneficent, its blizzards the warmest, its cyclones the mildest, its droughts the wettest, its hot winds the coldest, its past the most glorious, its present the most prophetic, its destiny the most sublime.

They remind the bewildered reader of the feat of the Hindoo necromancer who throws a ball of cord into the air, catches the depending end, and, climbing hand over hand, disappears in the blue abyss of the sky. Their versatile and extravagant spirit appears in the extraordinary nomenclature which serves to attract the attention of the searcher after truth. Among them may be found *The Thomas (County) Cat*, *The Wano Rustler*, *The Paralyzer*, *The Cherokee Cyclone*, *The Cimarron Sod House*, *The Lake City Prairie Dog*, *The Bazoo*, *The Lucifer*, *The Prairie Owl*, *The Kincaid Knuckle*, *The Bundle of Sticks*, *The Cap-Sheaf*, *The Dodge City Cowboy*.

The newspapers have been the advance agents of civilization, often the voice of one crying in the wilderness. They have reversed the ancient order, and instead of waiting for subscribers and advertisers, they have been the sappers and miners of the assault upon the solitudes of Nature. The moral tone of the press is exceptionally pure, its intellectual plane unusually elevated; it is generous in the treatment of public men, just in the criticism of opponents, broad and liberal in views of State and national policy and administration.

The hunger and thirst for knowledge, which has created and in turn is stimulated by the press, has a wider scope, and the people are omnivorous readers of metropolitan journals and leading periodicals. With the church and the school have been established great numbers of public and private libraries, so that religion, learning, and literature have become the moving forces of every community. The State Library and the collection of the State Historical Society at the capital, and the public libraries in other localities, are richer and larger than those of many of the older States.

The venerable jest, that there is no Sunday west of the Mississippi, is not entirely jocular. It has a suggestion of truth. The same influence which makes men indifferent to the past renders them careless also of the future. Ambition and cupidity are the ruling passions in new communities, and the chief end of man is not to glorify God and enjoy Him forever, but to make money and run for office. The concern for this world is much greater than for that which is to come. Religion is conservative. It stands upon authority, and demands obedience. The pioneer is radical, impatient of dogmas, and a "kicker" by instinct. He detests bigots, hypocrites, and fossils. His mind being inquisitive, its tendency is toward materialism and rationalism rather than faith. He is not disturbed by anathemas, and with composure hears himself described as an agnostic; but he is reverent, tolerant, and devout. He recognizes religion as one of the great beneficent forces of the universe, an indispensable premise in the syllogism of human destiny, without which society would be a sophism, and the soul of man a fallacy, Kansas attests her convictions by 4,000 church organizations, representing every denomination, with an aggregate member-

ship of nearly 317,000, having 2,339 houses of worship, and property valued at about \$9,000,000.

The first railroad track in Kansas was laid March 20, 1860, on the Elwood and Marysville line, opposite the city of St. Joseph. On the 23d of April the "Albany," a pioneer locomotive, a veteran which had been used from Boston to the Missouri as railroads advanced across the continent, was ferried over the river, and drew the first train on the first section of the Pacific Railroad. Construction ceased with the breaking out of the war, but was resumed with great vigor at its close. Stimulated by liberal donations from cities, towns, and counties, railroad-building became a mania, with disastrous results. In addition to the great trunk lines through populous and productive regions, subsidiary branches, unnecessary auxiliaries, and superfluous feeders were built, without earning capacity, burdening communities with irretrievable self-imposed debts, absorbing the revenues of those which were remunerative, giving poor service, and rapidly deteriorating from neglect and poverty.

In August, 1863, the grading of the Kansas Pacific Railroad was begun at the State line between Kansas and Missouri, in the dense forest of cottonwoods that then shaded the site of what has since become a populous suburb of one of the great cities of the West. The contractor erected at the initial point a pillar, inscribing on the face towards the east "Slavery," and on the face towards the west "Freedom." This line was completed to Lawrence in November, 1864, but the first forty miles were not accepted by the Government until October, 1865.

There are now 109 railroad companies in the State, many of them consolidated, with more than 10,000 miles of track, assessed at \$50,865,825.34. Of the 106 counties, all but five

are traversed by railroads, and the traveler entering a Santa Fé train at Atchison can, within a week, in a Pullman car, reach the city of Mexico over almost the identical route followed by Coronado in his expedition three hundred and fifty years ago.

This great corporation, chartered in 1857 and permanently organized in 1864, was not operated until 1869, and then only as a local line from Topeka to the Osage coal-fields, thirty miles southwest. Its land grant was considered of doubtful value, and capitalists looked askant upon the project of constructing a railroad along the unpeopled sands of the Arkansas Valley, which were still the grazing-ground of the buffalo and the hunting-ground of the savage. The site of Wichita, alliteratively described by M. M. Murdock, its prophet and herald, as "the peerless princess of the plains," with its palaces, temples, marts, electric lights, and railways, water-works, elevators, flouring mills, and packing-houses, had not been traced among the whispering reeds and scattered cottonwoods of the meadows bordering on the American Nile. The sub-irrigation which makes the corn and wheat crops independent of the rainfall, had not been discovered. The fertility of the loose and shifting soil was not suspected, and the vast region seemed doomed to perpetual solitude and sterility.

Some bolder spirits, gifted with the prescience essential to great designs, foresaw the future, and sent the surveyors and graders, the advance guard of civilization, into the desert. Contemporaneously with construction, they advertised the lands and the State, sending agents to all parts of the Union and to every country in Europe, penetrating Russia to the Crimea; inviting immigration; selling farms at low rates on long time; extending payments and giving aid in time of dis

treasures; exhibiting the productions of orchards and farms; bringing harvest-home excursions from other States; distributing maps, pamphlets, and statistical tables as numerous and as chromatic colored as autumnal leaves. Similar methods, although not as extensive nor as liberal, were employed by the managers of the Missouri Pacific, Fort Scott and Gulf, the Union Pacific, and other trunk lines, under the stimulus of which lands rapidly advanced in value, and much that was sold at from three to five dollars is now worth as high as one hundred dollars per acre.

The farms of Kansas were not made to order. They waited for the plough. There were no forests to fell, no stumps to extract, no rocks to remove, no malaria to combat. These undulating fields are the floors of ancient seas. These limestone ledges underlying the prairies and cropping from the foreheads of the hills are the cemeteries of the marine insect life of the primeval world. The inexhaustible humus is the mould of the decaying herbage of unnumbered centuries. It is only upon calcareous plains in temperate latitudes that agriculture is supreme, and the strong structure and the rich nourishment imparted essential to bulk, endurance, and speed in animals, to grace, beauty, and passion in women, and in man to stature, courage, health, and longevity.

Here are valleys in which a furrow can be ploughed a hundred miles long; where all the labor of breaking, planting, cultivating, mowing, reaping, and harvesting is performed by horses, engines, and machinery, so that farming has become a sedentary occupation. The lister has supplanted the hoe; the cradle, the scythe, and the sickle are as unknown to Western agriculture as the catapult and culverin to modern warfare. The well-sweep and windlass have been supplanted by the

windmills, whose vivacious disks disturb the monotony of the sky. But for these labor-saving inventions the pioneers would still linger in the valleys of the Ohio and Sangamon, and the subjugation of the desert would have been indefinitely postponed.

The ozone of the air, its dryness, and the elevation of the land produce nervous exaltation, which creates enthusiasm, movement, energy, push, vigor, and "go"; by whose operation men are transformed into "rustlers" and "boomers," inventors of new methods to overcome the hostility of Nature, and coiners of novel phrases to express their defiance of destiny. Platitudes are unknown, and all epithets are superlative. Imagination predominates; established formulas and maxims are disregarded. Upon the rainless and sterile uplands the strata of the earth are pierced for water; and marble, paint, cement, fire-clay, gypsum, coal, and salt are discovered in the descent. If chinch-bugs and noxious insects attack his crops, parasites and epidemics are imported for their destruction. Foiled and thwarted by the baffling clouds, the undaunted husbandman bombards the invisible moisture of the firmament with explosive balloons, and effusively welcomes the meteorological juggler who summons with his incantations aqueous spirits from the vasty deep. The faith which removes mountains into the sea animates every citizen, and rejects the impossible with calm disdain.

The present wealth of Kansas, real and personal, reaches the astounding aggregate of nearly seventeen hundred million dollars\*—many times more than the valuation of all the States in the Union when the Government was established, after one

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\*Extra Census Bulletin No. 14, October, 1891.



hundred and fifty years of colonial existence. This enormous accumulation nominally represents a period of forty years, but has actually been created in much less, for life in Kansas from 1854 to 1865 was a bivouac, and the real development of the State did not begin until peace was restored. Twenty years ago half its area was pastured by buffalo, and a considerable part was covered by the reservations of hostile Indians, whose depredations continued until 1880, resulting in more than two hundred deaths, or captivities less merciful than the grave, and the expenditure of millions for the defense of the frontier.

Even as late as 1875, agriculture beyond the Blue was regarded by many as an uncertain and by some as a desperate experiment. Nature appeared to resent the invasion of her solitudes. The horrors of internecine war were followed by a succession of droughts and hot winds, that, in turn, were reinforced by swarms of locusts, which descended from the torrid mesas of New Mexico and the sterile Piedmont of Colorado and Wyoming, obscuring the pitiless sun by their desolating flights, leaving the earth they devastated defiled by their loathsome exuviae, and poisoning the atmosphere with the fœtor of their decay. It was like the incarnation of Nature's secret and evil forces, as if the bacilli and microbes of "the pestilence that walketh in darkness and the destruction that wasteth at noonday" had become visible, endowed with wings, malignant intelligence, and insatiable voracity.

That the State survived the infliction of this series of disasters seems incredible. A people less sanguine, buoyant, and resolute, more unschooled in the lessons of adversity, would have succumbed. They would have surrendered unconditionally, and abandoned their parched fields and farms to the coyote and the prairie-dog. But the malevolent energies of the



desert, having been marshalled for this final onset, were repulsed by an indomitable persistence superior to their own, and sullenly withdrew. While envious rivals were jeering, and jealous competitors were flouting, pointing with scorn's slow, unmoving finger at the droughts, grasshoppers, hot winds, crop failures, and other calamities of Kansas, the world was suddenly startled and dazzled by her collective display of horticultural and agricultural products at the Centennial at Philadelphia, which received the highest awards. Since that time there has been no arena in Europe or America in which Kansas has declined competition, and at the New Orleans Exposition, in 1885, she took sixty-five first and second premiums on wheat, corn, flour, sugar, fruit, and cattle, leading all the States in the Union.

This year (1891) the yield of wheat has been 58,550,653 bushels, nearly one-tenth of the entire crop of the country; of oats, 40,000,000 bushels; unfavorable conditions have reduced by one-third the average corn crop of 200,000,000 bushels. These, supplemented with roots, sorghum, broom-corn, millet, hay, rye, barley, garden vegetables, honey, and wine, have enriched the farmers of Kansas with wealth far exceeding the year's yield of the gold and silver mines of the United States. The total aggregate value of all farm products for the years 1889 and 1890 was \$283,740,491, and that of the present biennial, judging by the previous rate of increase, will exceed \$300,000,000.

The courage, sand, and grit of the people, their nervy faith in fortune, the confidence of capitalists in the staple value of Kansas lands and in the industry and integrity of their owners, have marvellous illustration in the fact that during the ten years between 1880 and 1890 a recorded real-estate mortgage

indebtedness was incurred of nearly five hundred million dollars, exclusive of loans upon chattels, State and railroad land contracts, personal liabilities, city, township, and county subsidies for railways and other public objects, aggregating probably two hundred millions more. This feverish period culminated in a delirium of public and private credit known in local history as "the boom of 1887," whose frenzy and disaster have not been exceeded since the bursting of the "Mississippi bubble," or the collapse of the "tulipomania" of the seventeenth century.

The building of superfluous towns, the construction of unnecessary railroads, the organization of counties and the location of county seats; the entry of public lands for the sole purpose of mortgaging the inchoate title at excessive valuations, became established industries. The agents of Eastern companies eagerly competed for the privilege of placing loans upon quarter-sections without a fence or furrow, often far beyond their market value. Professional "boomers," with a retinue of surveyors and cappers and strikers, invaded the State, bought and platted additions, which they sold at exorbitant prices to resident and foreign speculators, victims to the epidemic passion for sudden wealth, whose inexplicable contagion infected the reason of men with its undetected bacteria.

The reaction came like the "next morning" after a night of revelry and debauch. The plunderers disappeared with the ready money of the people, leaving, instead of anticipated wealth, an intolerable burden of maturing indebtedness upon deluded purchasers. Empty railroad trains ran across deserted prairies to vacant towns. Successive droughts and siroccos destroyed the crops in the western half of the State. The laborers, mechanics, and speculators, having erected costly

business blocks that found no tenants, and residences that remained uninhabited, being without further occupation, sought employment elsewhere. The population declined. Pay-day came. The coupon matured. Taxes fell due. Creditors became clamorous. Merchants refused credit, and public and private treasuries were depleted.

These accumulated misfortunes were supplemented in 1890 by an irruption of false teachers, with the instruction that such disasters were the result of vicious legislation, and could be cured by statute; that banks should be destroyed, debts repudiated, property forcibly redistributed, and poverty abolished by act of Congress. It was an exhibition of what Burke described as the "insanity of nations." Conservative, thoughtful, and patriotic men yielded to an uncontrollable impulse of resentment against society. This outburst shocked the public credit, temporarily destroyed the ability of the debtor to borrow or to pay, diminished the value of property, and inflicted an irremediable wound upon the State's good name. But it vanished like one of the ominous and sudden catastrophes of the sky. With the return of prosperity came the restoration of reason. More than half the enormous indebtedness has already been liquidated, and the whole will be honestly and resolutely paid. A Kansas loan is as secure as a Government bond.

The Arabs say that he who drinks of the Nile must always thirst; no other waters can quench or satisfy. So those who have done homage and taken the oath of fealty to Kansas can never be alienated or forsworn. The love of the people for their State is not so much a vague sentiment as an insatiable passion. The anniversary of its admission is observed by the schools as a festival and holiday, with commemorative exercises. Days are set apart in spring, by executive proclamation,

to decorate the hills and roadsides with trees, as a lover adorns his bride with jewels. The defects of climate and the disasters of husbandry are indulgently explained and excused as the foibles of a friend from whom better things may be anticipated hereafter. The wanderers whom caprice or misfortune may temporarily banish are recalled by an irresistible solicitation as they remember the bright aspect of its sky, which is like a smile, and the soft touch of its atmosphere, which is like a caress.

The cross which Coronado reared at the verge of his wanderings long since mouldered, and the ashes of the adventurer have slept for ages in their ancestral sepulchre in Spain. He found neither Quivera's phantom towers nor Cibola's gems and gold; but a fairer capital than that he sought to despoil has risen like an exhalation from the solitude he trod, and richer treasure than he craved has rewarded the toilers of an alien race. Upon their effulgent shield shines a star emerging from stormy clouds to the constellation of the Union, and beneath they have written, "*Ad astra per aspera*," an emblem of the past, by whose contemplation they are exalted, the prophecy of that nobler future to which they confidently aspire.

## “AD ASTRA PER ASPERA.”

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Ex-Senator Ingalls, enclosing a clipping from a Kansas newspaper, writes from Tucson, Arizona, to the *Mail and Breeze*, as follows:

“John Speer, of Lawrence, in speaking of the report that John J. Ingalls had plagiarized the Kansas motto, ‘*Ad astra per aspera*,’ says: ‘I never knew until this scramble came up that there was any dispute that Josiah Miller, of Lawrence, chairman of the Committee on State Seal in the first Kansas Legislature, was the author of the phrase. It has always been attributed to him, and years ago, when he died, this motto was cut on the stone on his grave. Ingalls was clerk of that committee, but I never heard before that he claimed the authorship of the motto. I remember that Miller once told me how delighted he was when he hit on the motto.’

“I was Secretary of the Senate, not clerk of Miller’s committee. The motto is as old as Josephus; it may be found in any Latin phrase-book and the appendix to all dictionaries. It is one of the commonest mottoes in heraldry, and is borne, I suppose, by a hundred families in England with their coat-of-arms. The first time I ever saw it was on an old brass seal in Haverhill, Mass., in 1857. The same thought is expressed in many different ways; but ‘*Ad astra per aspera*’ seemed the most melodious, and so I selected it for my sketch. With a motto as with a proverb, the question is not whether it is original, but whether it is appropriate. I remember Judge Miller well, and am glad to know from Mr. Speer that he is the author of the phrase. He must have been an older man than I supposed.

“JOHN J. INGALLS.

“Tucson, May 18, 1900.”

It is also of interest to note in this connection that Mr. Ingalls suggested the original design for the great seal of Kansas upon the admission of the State into the Union, together with the motto, “*Ad astra per aspera*” (“To the stars through difficulties”). Unfortunately, however, the beauty and sim-

plicity of his original design were marred by the committee to whom it was submitted for adoption. The history of this emblematic device can best be given in ex-Senator Ingalls' own characteristic words:

"I was Secretary of the Kansas State Senate at its first session after our admission in 1861. A joint committee was appointed to present a design for the great seal of the State, and I suggested a sketch embracing a single star rising from the clouds at the base of a field, with the constellation (representing the number of States then in the Union) above, accompanied by the motto, '*Ad astra per aspera*.'

"If you will examine the seal as it now exists, you will see that my idea was adopted; but, in addition thereto, the committee incorporated a mountain scene, a river view, a herd of buffalo chased by Indians on horseback, a log-cabin, with a settler plowing in the foreground, together with a number of other incongruous, allegorical, and metaphorical augmentations, which destroyed the beauty and simplicity of my design.

"The clouds at the base were intended to represent the perils and troubles of our Territorial history; the star emerging therefrom, the new State; the constellation, like that on the flag, the Union, to which, after a stormy struggle, it had been admitted."

## KANSAS.

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Kansas is the navel of the Nation.

Diagonals drawn from Duluth to Galveston, from Washington to San Francisco, from Tallahassee to Olympia, from Sacramento to Augusta, intersect at its centre.

Kansas is the nucleus of our political system, around which forces assemble, to which its energies converge, and from which its energies radiate to the remotest circumference.

Kansas is the focus of freedom, where the rays of heat and light concentrated into a flame that melted the manacles of the slave and cauterized the heresies of State sovereignty and disunion.

Kansas is the core and kernel of the country, containing the germs of its growth and the quickening ideas essential to its perpetuity.

The history of Kansas is written in capitals. It is punctuated with exclamation points. Its verbs are imperative. Its adjectives are superlative. The commonplace and prosaic are not defined in its lexicon. Its statistics can be stated only in the language of hyperbole.

The aspiration of Kansas is to reach the unattainable; its dream is the realization of the impossible. Alexander wept because there were no more worlds to conquer. Kansas, having vanquished all competitors, smiles complacently as she surpasses from year to year her own triumphs in growth and



glory. Other States could be spared with irreparable bereavement, but Kansas is indispensable to the joy, the inspiration, and the improvement of the world.

It seems incredible that there was a time when Kansas did not exist; when its name was not written on the map of the United States; when the Kansas cyclone, the Kansas grass-hopper, the Kansas boom, and the Kansas Utopia were unknown.

I was a student in the Junior class at Williams College when President Pierce, forgotten but for that signature, approved the act establishing the Territory of Kansas, May 30, 1854. I remember the inconceivable agitation that preceded, accompanied, and followed this event. It was an epoch. Destiny closed one volume of our annals, and, opening another, traced with shadowy finger upon its pages a million epitaphs, ending with "Appomattox."

Kansas was the prologue to a tragedy whose epilogue has not yet been pronounced; the prelude to a fugue of battles whose reverberations have not yet died away.

Floating one summer night upon a moonlit sea, I heard far over the still waters a high, clear voice singing:

' To the West! To the West! To the land of the free,  
Where the mighty Missouri rolls down to the sea;  
Where a man is a man if he 's willing to toil,  
And the humblest may gather the fruits of the soil.'

A few days later, my studies being completed, I joined the uninterrupted and resistless column of volunteers that marched to the land of the free. St. Louis was a squalid border town, the outpost of civilization. The railroad ended at Jefferson City. Transcontinental trains, with sleepers and dining-cars,

annihilating space and time, were the vague dream of the future century.

Overtaking at Hermann a fragile steamer that had left her levee the day before, we embarked upon a monotonous voyage of four days along the treacherous and tortuous channel that crawled, between forest and cottonwood and barren bars of tawny sand, to the frontier of the American Desert.

It was the mission of the pioneer with his plough to abolish the frontier and to subjugate the desert. One has become a boundary and the other an oasis. But with so much acquisition, something has been lost for which there is no compensation or equivalent. He is unfortunate who has never felt the fascination of the frontier; the temptation of unknown and mysterious solitudes; the exultation of helping to build a State; of forming its institutions, and giving direction to its career.

Kansas, in its rudimentary stage, extended west six hundred and fifty-eight miles to the crest of the Rocky Mountains, the eastern boundary of Utah. By subsequent amputation and curtailment it was shorn to its present narrow limits of fifty-two million acres; three thousand square miles in excess of the entire area of New England. Denver, Manitou, Pueblo, Pike's Peak, and Cripple Creek are among the treasures which the State-makers of 1859, like the base Indian richer than all his tribe, threw unconsciously away.

Thirty years ago, along the eastern margin of the grassy quadrangle which geographers called Kansas, the rude forefathers of Atchison, Leavenworth, Wyandotte, Lawrence, and Topeka slept in the intervals of their strife with the petty tyrants of their fields, and beyond their western horizon the rest was silence, solitude, and the wilderness, to the Rio

Grande, to the Yellowstone, to the Sierra Nevada; like the lonely steppes of Turkestan and Tartary; inhabited by wandering tribes whose occupation was war, whose pastime was the chase; pastured for untold centuries by the roaming herds that followed the seasons in their recurring migrations from the Arctic Circle to the Gulf.

It has been sometimes obscurely intimated that the typical Kansan lacks in reserve, and occasionally exhibits a tendency to exaggeration in dwelling upon the development of the State and the benefits and burdens of its citizenship. Censorious scoffers, actuated by envy, jealousy, malignity, and other evil passions, have hinted that he unduly vaunteth himself; that he brags and becomes vainglorious; that he is given to bounce, tall talk, and magniloquēce.

There have not been wanting those who affirm that he magnifies his calamities as well as his blessings, and desires nothing so much as to have the name of Kansas in any capacity always in the ears and mouths of men.

Such accusations are well calculated to make the judicious grieve. They result from a misconception of the man and his environment.

The normal condition of the genuine Kansan is that of shy and sensitive diffidence. He suffers from excess of modesty. He blushes too easily. There is nothing he dislikes so much as to hear himself talk. He hides his light under a bushel. He keeps as near the tail-end of the procession as possible. He never advertises. He bloweth not his own horn, and is indifferent to the band-wagon.

He is oppressed by the vast responsibility of being an inhabitant of a commonwealth so immeasurably superior in

all the elements of present glory, in all the prophecies of future renown, to his inferior companions.

To be a denizen of a State that surpasses all other communities as Niagara excels all other cataracts, as well as the sun transcends all other luminaries, imposes obligations that render levity impossible.

The every-day events of Kansas would be marvels elsewhere; our platitudes would be panegyrics; the trite and commonplace are unknown. It is impossible to overestimate the value of citizenship in a State that sent more soldiers into the Union armies than it had voters when Sumter fell; that exceeded all quotas without draft or bounty; that had the highest rate of mortality upon the field of battle. That a State so begotten and nurtured should be as indomitable in peace as it was invincible in war, was inevitable. Its gestation was heroic. It represented ideas and principles; conscience, patriotism, duty; the "unconquerable mind and freedom's holy flame."

No other State encountered such formidable obstacles of Nature and Fortune. Our disasters and catastrophes have been monumental. Swarms of locusts eclipsing the sun in their flight, whose incredible voracity left the forests, and the orchards, and the fields of June as naked as December; drouths changing the sky to brass and the earth to iron; siroccos that in a day devastated provinces and reduced thousands from comfort to penury—these and the other destructive agencies of the atmosphere have been met by a courage that no danger could daunt, and by a constancy unshaken by adversity.

The statistics of the census tables are more eloquent than the tropes and phrases of the rhetorician. The story of Kansas

needs no reinforcement from the imagination. Its arithmetic is more dazzling than poetry, and the historian is compelled to be economical of truth and parsimonious in his recital of facts, in order not to impose too great a strain upon the capacity of human credulity.

Notwithstanding the mishaps of husbandry and the fatalities of Nature, it is a moderate and conservative statement that no community ever increased so rapidly in population, wealth, and civilization, nor gained so great an aggregate in so brief a time as the State of Kansas. There is no other State where the rewards of industry have been so ample, and the conditions of prosperity so abundant, so stable, and so secure as here.

It is a distinctly American State, with a trivial fraction of illiteracy, the largest school population, and but one detected criminal to two thousand of its inhabitants.

In popular estimation, Kansas is classified as an exclusively agricultural and pastoral region. It has harvested the largest wheat crop ever gathered in any State, and will strive this year to break its own record. In corn, fruit, and small grains computation and measurement have been abandoned as superfluous and impracticable. But these are only fragments of its material resources.

Its fields of natural gas rival those of Indiana, Ohio, and Pennsylvania.

Its mines supply one-fourth of the zinc and much of the lead of the world.

Its deposits of bituminous coal are inexhaustible.

Vast areas are underlaid with petroleum.

Its salt mines are richer than those of Michigan or New York.

Its treeless and unwatered plains sent the biggest walnut log to the World's Fair, and have a subterranean flow that is capable of irrigating an area more fertile and extensive than the valley of the Nile. The indescribable beauty of the palaces of the Exposition, with their white domes and pinnacles, and statues and colonnades, and terraces and towers, came from the cement quarries of the Saline and Smoky Hill.

And this is but the dawn. We stand in the vestibule of the temple. Much less than one-half the surface of the State has been broken by the plough. Its resources have been imperfectly explored. It has developed at random. Science will hereafter reinforce the energies of Nature, and the achievements of the past will pale into insignificance before the completed glory of the century to come.

*Atchison, May 10, 1896.*

## A PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW.

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[The following photographic interview with Senator John James Ingalls, of Kansas, which was secured exclusively for and appears exclusively in *The Sunday World*, is notable in many respects.

It is the first interview of the kind that has ever appeared in American journalism. The instantaneous camera reinforces the stenographer's pencil in a degree unknown before in the newspapers or magazines of this country. The reproductions of the photographs give an accurate representation of the characteristic attitudes of the Senator during the interview.

The subject matter of the interview is in itself of exceptional interest. There is not a dull paragraph in these pages. Senator Ingalls' notable utterances as to the continental future of the Republic and the coming empire of the West; his treatment of the present political problems; his raps at the Democracy; estimates of Cleveland and Harrison; theories of political methods; observations on labor and capital, socialism, religion, and the future of the human race—are all of intense interest. It is needless to state that the interview is packed with bright epigrams and spiced with wit, satire, and sarcasm, for everybody, of course, will read it from beginning to end.

It is only just to Senator Ingalls to state that this interview was especially solicited by *The Sunday World*, and that his



consent to the experiment was obtained only after considerable persuasion.—EDITOR.]

“INGALLS IS GOING TO SPEAK.”

Senator John James Ingalls, of Kansas, is one of the most prominent and, in some respects, the most interesting man in public life. He may have trodden the pathway of error ever so much; his public acts may have been liable to adverse criticism; his sayings may have been at times misleading, inconsistent and wrong, but they have always been vigorous and epigrammatic.

He is incapable of expressing a thought in a commonplace way or of saying a dull thing. And that is why *The World* asked him to submit to a photographic-interviewing process, which is a novelty without precedent in American journalism.

No senator in the present generation has attracted by his speeches such full attendance on the floor of the Senate Chamber and such overflowing crowds in the galleries. To have every Senator present in his seat, and to have the public galleries and even the corridors crowded with eager listeners, it is only necessary to have it known beforehand that “Ingalls is going to speak.”

THE STANDING OF SENATOR INGALLS IN HIS PARTY.

As President *pro tempore* of the Senate during the period of the Democratic administration in the executive departments of the Government, Senator Ingalls occupied the highest position within the gift of the Republican party, and as permanent President *pro tempore* now, with the Vice-President of the United States alive, he not only occupies the highest position to which the Senate can elect one of its members, but also

wears an honor which was never before conferred upon any Senator.

The Senator is not a rich man. That is the reason why, they say, he has given up the house he used to tenant on Capitol Hill, and has gone with his family to a respectable but modest boarding-house in the West End. He may be a poor man, but he is as proud as Lucifer. He pays no homage to any millionaire because he is a millionaire. He is one of the most radical of Republican partisans, but no man breaks through the restraints of party discipline more fearlessly or more freely when he feels he is right. His temperament is critical, his nature is combative, and he glories in a fight.

#### A VIVISECTIONIST WITH INTENSE HATES AND LOVES.

In debate with an opponent he is merciless. As a critic of contemporary statesmen, he is a vivisectionist. His hates are as pronounced and numerous as his loves. But he is not an ill-natured man, as some people seem to think. He is not given much to levity or joking, but he likes to laugh occasionally and seems to find pleasure in making other people laugh.

On the whole, notwithstanding what has been frequently called "that knout of a tongue" of his, he seems to take more pleasure in seeing a friend laugh than an enemy weep. There is more innocent amusement in him than the casual observer would observe. He is a thorough Bohemian of the intellectual kind, and those who know him best say that he has something of the poet and the naturalist in his temperament.

#### FOND OF POETRY AND FLOWERS.

Mrs. Ingalls says he has written very pretty poetry. In the summer-time he is certainly fond of sauntering through

Capitol Park in the afternoon after the Senate has adjourned, examining the flowers and bushes. In the United States Senate he has not more than three or four seniors in length of senatorial service, and in the power "the applause of listening senates to command" not a single superior; but he is still proud of his early work as a newspaper man.

The new house where the Senator is at present boarding is on H Street, within half a block of the Shoreham, the Vice-President's new hotel, and within a couple of blocks of *The World* bureau. It is a house with a history. A few years ago the Court of *Alabama* Claims sat there, and since then it was the abode of the Jefferson Club, which is now defunct. It has gone through so many changes that its best friends wouldn't know it either within or without.

#### CALLING ON SENATOR INGALLS AT HIS BOARDING-HOUSE.

The Senator is only one of many boarders, but he has a modest *suite* of apartments on the ground floor, and when the *Sunday World* interviewer, with the instantaneous photographer, called upon him, he looked comfortable, although very busy. Whether at his lodgings or at the Capitol, he always has from one to half a dozen stenographers and typewriters engaged. Mrs. Ingalls attends to most of the entertainment of those who make merely friendly or sentimental calls. But the *Sunday World* interviewer and his artistic companion were entertained by the Senator himself, as the sequel will show.

#### THE ARRANGEMENTS FOR THE PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEW.

With unfeigned reluctance on the part of the Senator, but with commensurate persistency on the part of the newspaper man, the interview had been arranged for in advance. The

agreement was that the Senator should ignore altogether the presence of the photographer, who was to be permitted to make as many instantaneous pictures as he chose and just whenever he felt inclined.

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### THE INTERVIEW.

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"How are you?" said the Senator, heartily, offering his hand to the visitors, who had just been ushered into his parlor, and there was a quizzical smile on his face and a merry twinkle in his eye, as if to say: "Well, you pair of rascals, you have come to play tricks on me."

But he had promised to participate in the experiment, and he didn't flinch.

"We are here, Senator, to receive from you all the wisdom that you are willing to impart to the world on public affairs in general; and in order that you may have no reason to complain of the inaccuracy of the reporter, we are prepared to give you the benefit of all that stenography and photography combined can do to represent you fairly."

### INTERVIEWERS *vs.* POLITICAL COMMENTATORS.

"I cannot say, gentlemen, that I have ever had much occasion to complain of the inaccuracy of the newspaper interviewers," said Mr. Ingalls. "The newspaper interviewer generally makes a pretty accurate report. Like other men in public life, I have at times been misrepresented in the papers; but these misrepresentations do not, as a rule, originate in the interviewer's department. It is the editorial writer and the

political commentator that public men have most reason to complain of. But, everything considered, we haven't much reason to complain at all."

"In the pictorial branch of the interview, at all events, Senator, we could not misrepresent you if we would; the apparatus, you know, cannot lie."

"Well, I am very glad to have your word for that. For the rest of it, I can only place myself in your hands. I am at your mercy. If you do not treat me fairly, you will only forfeit my good opinion. And now, gentlemen, may I ask on what subject you desire me to express my views?"

"Is not the Government, Senator, interfering now more than it formerly did with what are usually regarded as the private affairs of individuals?"

#### THE GOVERNMENT'S DISREGARD OF THE INDIVIDUAL.

"Yes," said the Senator, "it begins to appear as if individuals had no rights or no private business which the Government was bound to respect. The injustice of society and the inequality of conditions have given an enormous impulse to the idea of nationalism, the control of all economic agencies by the direct interposition of the Government. This is the logical reaction from individualism, on which our system was founded. The hope that political equality would result in the destruction of poverty and in the social fraternity has not been realized. There are larger private fortunes, there is greater political power in fewer hands; in other words, there is more tyranny in the Republic than in a monarchy. The strongest succeeds more rapidly and more readily here because, liberty being common to all, there are no restraints and limitations to overcome. The demand now is, therefore, not that all shall be free, but

that all shall be restrained from the full exercise of their faculties and from the enjoyment of their acquisitions."

"Will the supply be equal to the demand, Senator?"

#### THE SENATOR'S GENTLE SARCASM.

"There have been more marked concessions in this direction during the last decade, and the success of the experiments has been so notable that future movement in the same direction is not improbable. When the Government takes control of the agencies of society, we shall be virtuous, contented, and happy—just as we now all have gilt-edged butter under the oleomargarine law, reduced freight and passenger rates under the interstate commerce law, and pure and non-partisan politics under the Civil Service law."

"Talking about purity in politics, Senator, I suppose you hold that whatever political purity may exist belongs exclusively to the Republican party?"

#### THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE HAMPERED.

"With the possible exception of the two terms of Washington," the Senator replied, "there has not been an absolutely fair, free, and impartial expression of the deliberate will of the people in the Presidential election since the foundation of the Government. I doubt if there ever will be. Patronage will allure the ambitious, force will coerce the timid, demagogism will gull the credulous, fraud will rob the weak, money will buy the mercenary."

"Is it to be ever thus, Senator?"

#### DO POLITICAL ENDS JUSTIFY THE MEANS?

"The purification of politics is an iridescent dream. Government is force. Politics is a battle for supremacy. Parties

are the armies. The Decalogue and the Golden Rule have no place in a political campaign. The object is success. To defeat the antagonist and dispel the party in power is the purpose. The Republicans and Democrats are as irreconcilably opposed to each other as were Grant and Lee in the Wilderness. They use ballots instead of guns, but the struggle is as unrelenting and desperate and the result sought for the same. In war it is lawful to deceive the adversary, to hire Hessians, to purchase mercenaries, to mutilate, to kill, to destroy. The commander who lost a battle through the activity of his moral nature would be the derision and jest of history. This modern cant about the corruption of politics is fatiguing in the extreme. It proceeds from the tea-custard and syllabub dilettanteism, the frivolous and desultory sentimentalism of epigenes like—"

"Like whom, Senator?"

"Oh! you can fill in the names yourself—or else from the cheap and brazen hypocrites like Thingimmy, the greatest confidence-man and bunco-steerer of modern Democracy."

"And who is Thingimmy, Senator?"

"Oh! I fancy the readers of *The World* can guess."

"On the whole, you haven't a very good opinion of modern Democracy, Senator?"

#### A CAUSTIC OPINION OF THE DEMOCRACY.

"The Democratic party, having neither conscience, convictions, nor defined principles. inevitably allies itself with discontent, and is arrayed against social order. It is strongest where public and private morality is weakest. Its citadels are in the South, where society is distinctly feudal, and in the great cities, where the ignorant and criminal elements are most



energetic. It has no beliefs, maxims, or formulas. Its creed is the instruction of Jefferson—that in a popular government wealth, intelligence, and morality are ultimately no match for numbers. For twenty-five years its only policy has been to complain, to oppose, to deny, to protest, and ultimately to acquiesce in what the Republicans have done. So when Cleveland came in, being without plans, purpose, or policy, his administration floundered pitiably both in domestic and foreign affairs, was contemptible in many things and feeble in all, and left absolutely no impression whatever upon history except in the matter of vetoing bills for pensions and public buildings. It followed Republican methods and carried on Republican ideas, so that when Harrison was inaugurated, it was as if a stitch had been dropped merely, and we have kept right along with our work.”

“Do you imagine, Senator, that Mr. Cleveland will be nominated again by the Democrats for the Presidency?”

THE SENATOR SAYS CLEVELAND WILL BE RENOMINATED.

“Oh, yes, Cleveland will be the nominee in 1892, even if New York should be divided or against him. This is inevitable. It is written. He will be first, and the rest nowhere. Democracy never had such an ideal exponent and representative. His dull, heavy, ponderous, wooden platitudes, laboriously written out and committed to memory; his stolid and shallow conceit; his affectation of wisdom, purity, and patriotism, and what he calls his ‘solemn sense of duty,’ impress the average Democrat with a feeling of reverence like that which the Chinese laundryman feels for his Joss.”

“Senator, you have said that the Democratic administration left no impression on history. What impression have the recent Republican administrations left?”

## WE HAVE MADE NO HISTORY FOR TWELVE YEARS.

"I admit," the Senator replied, "that we are a nation which for the past dozen years has had no history. The whole career of our country as a nation has been one of drifting. There have been no vigorous or distinctive exhibitions of original statecraft. We have been going through an age of material development. The national energy, instead of being shown in the direction of public affairs, has confined itself to the colonization of desert spaces and the building up of new States in the wilderness. The public service and public men, as a rule, have not kept pace with the material development of the country. I do not mean to say that we have no great men, but the public service does not command the greatest, because the highest rewards of intellectual activity and more satisfactory equivalents are found in other vocations. Public life has degenerated into a species of servitude, and the inevitable tendency is toward mediocrity and pusillanimity."

"What is your idea, Senator, of a definite American policy?"

## A CONTINENT FOR THE REPUBLIC.

"The American policy should have for its object the unification of the continent. The Polar Sea should be the northern boundary of the Republic, and the southern boundary should be the Interoceanic Canal. Look at the existing conditions. We have practically reached the limit of our agricultural domain. We have but 10,000,000 acres of arable lands left. We are approaching that period spoken of by Macaulay as dangerous to republican institutions, when the vast migrations to these undeveloped regions will have ceased,

and when the artisans and toiling masses concentrated in the large cities will have no outlet for their surplus numbers and no demand for their labor. I might say the American idea is hemispherical rather than continental. We have now a continuous line of railway to Mexico. The next step will be an iron highway in the valley of the Amazon. I expect to see the valleys of the Mississippi and the Amazon linked together by the great agency of modern civilization. The overflow of population will thus find peaceful fields of profitable effort."

"So you think, Senator, that after a while the whole boundless hemisphere will be ours?"

#### THEN WE'LL HAVE A HEMISPHERE.

"I do; continent first, then hemisphere. The idea is growing rapidly in this country, especially in the West, where the political power of the Republic is lodged. Under the readjustment of political forces which has occurred in accordance with the last census, the seat of political power has been transferred west of the Alleghany Mountains. That great region extending from Manitoba to the Gulf of Mexico, and sweeping across the basin of the Mississippi from the Alleghanies to the Rocky Mountains, homogeneous in population, geographically unified and with common interests politically, socially, and economically, represent to-day the political power of this continent. It has a majority of the aggregate representation in the lower house of Congress, and, with the admission of the new States, a majority of the votes in the Senate and in the Electoral College."

#### THE WEST AND SOUTH INVINCIBLE.

"The interests of the West and South are identical, and they should be unified. Their alliance upon all matters affect-

ing their national welfare is inevitable. If they coalesce, they will be invincible. We shall hold the purse and wield the sword of the Nation, and we shall use them, not for oppression, but for justice. The valleys of the Mississippi and the Missouri, with their tributaries from the Yellowstone to the Gulf, form a magnificent empire that must have a homogeneous population and a common destiny."

"There are people who would be surprised to learn that Senator Ingalls regarded the South as fit to associate with the West or to share the same destiny," observed the *Sunday World* representative.

"It is not my fault that I am sometimes misunderstood," said the Senator. Then he added, reflectively:

#### SECTIONS ESTRANGED BY POLITICAL FACTIONS.

"These great communities that were only separated by the system of slavery have since its destruction been alienated by factions that have estranged them only to prey upon them and to maintain political supremacy for their alienation. Unfriendly legislation has imposed intolerable burdens upon their energies, invidious discrimination has been made against their products, unjust tariffs have repressed their industries. While vast appropriations have been made to protect the Atlantic and the Lakes, and to improve the navigation of the inconsiderable streams, the Mississippi's waters are left choked with its drifting sands. Eads with his daring energies undertook at his own risk the gigantic labor of compelling the great stream to dredge its own channel to the sea."

#### THE EAST WILL THEN BE AN APPENDAGE.

"The ultimate coalition of all political forces of this section is inevitable. The West will then secure its emancipation

from the control of the Atlantic and Pacific appendages with justice—in fact, I might say with more justice than they have hitherto shown to us.”

“Then the West, you think, Senator, is to be more potent than the East in working out the destiny of the Republic?”

#### THE STAR OF EMPIRE ALREADY GONE WESTWARD.

“Intellectual energy of this country has already transferred itself to the West. The West is now the theatre of the combined energetic and potential forces of New England and the Middle States. At this moment there are more people of Connecticut ancestry living on the Western Reserve in Ohio than you will find in the State of Connecticut. The future triumphs of the Anglo-Saxon race will be accomplished in the Valley of the Mississippi, a vast empire in itself, and not in the valley of the Thames or the Hudson, or of the Delaware. The people at large very little know what a tremendous undercurrent of thought, involving grand ideas, is moving with irresistible force throughout the whole length and breadth of the West. One of the elements of public thought in this great region is the unification of the continent.”

“As a Western man, Senator, you have taken a lively interest in the question of transportation. From an ironical remark you made, I should suppose that you do not find things much improved by the interstate commerce law.”

#### THE CONSTANT AIM OF THE SENATOR'S LIFE.

“To assist and stimulate the development and improvement of the vast water system of the interior basin of the continent, extending between the Alleghany and the Rocky Mount-

ains, from Maine to the Gulf, has been one constant aim and endeavor of my public life.

"I have no sympathy with the political economists who would array the poor against the rich, with the empty and sonorous demagogism which asserts that there is an irrepressible conflict between capital and labor, and that would make indiscriminate war upon corporations as the natural enemies of the people; but we are confronted with many economic problems, chief among which is that of cheap transportation, and I believe its solution lies not in the representative legislation, but in competition between water lines and railroads. Under the constitutional power of Congress to regulate commerce between the States, I have no doubt of the authority of the Government to assume either partial or complete control of all the great trunk lines of transportation and to regulate the burdens that are imposed upon the productive labor of the country."

"How can that be accomplished?"

"It can best be done by establishing uniform rates of freight, so as to prevent unjust discriminations between way and through carriers, or by an intelligent system of internal improvement, opening near or improving old routes of transportation to the seaboard."

#### TO SOLVE THE TRANSPORTATION PROBLEM.

"The Atlantic communities, by their superior thrift and vigilance, have secured advantages which have enabled them to dictate terms to the producers of the West. They have constructed thousands of miles of railroads and watered the stock by countless millions of dollars, upon which the dividends are paid from the exorbitant rate that the farmers of the Mis-

Mississippi Valley are compelled to pay for carrying food, without which Eastern commerce would languish and the population starve."

#### THE POWER OF THE RAILROAD MONARCHS.

"The great carrying business of the country is under the absolute control of a few persons, upon whose edicts depends the prosperity of the Nation. By their combination they are enabled to fix the price, control the supplies, create fictitious demand or artificial scarcity, and thus disturb the whole basis of values in the commercial world. With daring admirable genius those monarchs have devised, and with inconceivable energy they have constructed, a system of highways the most wonderful known to man."

"Your friendship for the waterways does not interfere with your admiration for the greatness of the railroad?"

#### MIRACLES OF ENGINEERING SKILL.

"The capitalists of Boston have bored a tunnel five miles long through a mountain of granite at an expense of \$20,000,000 to reach the region without ascending an insignificant elevation of 1500 feet, and to shorten the distance but forty-three miles. New York has the Erie and the Central, with their connections; Philadelphia and Baltimore, other independent lines, built at stupendous cost, climbing mountains by inclined planes or piercing them by tunnels, crossing great rivers by viaducts that are miracles of engineering skill, all to persuade our produce to flow to their respective markets. If they should share the expense of transportation with the producers, then there would be less cause for complaint; but the rates are established high enough to pay interest on the bonds, dividends on the stock, the cost of operation, deterioration and waste



of plant, and extravagant salaries to swarms of ornamental officials.

"Those who are familiar with the railroad legislation and jurisprudence of the last dozen years, and reflect that these gigantic expenditures are derived from the revenues of the roads, can readily perceive why corn that may be worth \$1.00 in New York in ordinary years only brings 20 cents in Missouri and Kansas.

"But Nature, so bountiful to us in all things, has not left us without peaceful methods of redress. It is not necessary that we should use the railroads of Eastern capitalists nor pay tribute into the coffers of Eastern merchants."

"You mean the water cure, I suppose, Senator?"

"The water cure is what I mean. Water is a great blessing when put to its proper uses," said the Senator, smiling. "This great valley, the great grain empire of the earth, has no natural connection with the Atlantic seaboard. Its rivers run south and south flow the currents of its atmosphere. The gloomy mountain ranges that wall this valley interpose their external obstacles to this enforced intercourse.

"We have an unequal system of movable highways, graded with a facility of descent unattainable by the skill of the engineer. It crosses in defiles to be spanned by costly viaducts of massive masonry. There is no right-of-way to be secured from avaricious proprietors of the soil; no barriers to be pierced by tunnels or ascended by the laborious engines dragging their reluctant trains.

"No expensive appliances of machinery are required to provide the power to move the vehicles that require transportation. Nature has furnished the motive power in the momentum of the irresistible current that flows from the melting

snows of the North, gathering force and volume as it descends through thousands of fertile leagues, its waves now almost unmoved by the keel from the mountain to the sea.

"These rivers and their innumerable tributaries, twenty thousand miles in length, and draining the great food-producing area of the world, are the natural outlet for all the production of the valleys through which they flow. They offer a perpetual invitation to the farmers of the West to avail themselves of their cheap and accessible transportation."

"Senator, it is the first time I have ever heard you grow so eloquent over water." The Senator laughed.

"I rather expected that," he said. "I thought I was giving you a little too much water. Well, I'll be merciful, and give you relief by changing the subject. In the meantime, let me add that already, by the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi, New Orleans has become accessible for sea-going vessels of the largest tonnage. By the removal of the temporary obstructions and the improvement of the channel, it is not improbable that men, now living, will see ocean steamers from Liverpool and London ascending the Mississippi and discharging and receiving cargoes at the port of St. Louis."

"Is demagogism necessary to succeed in politics?"

#### THE WAYS OF THE SKILLFUL POLITICAL NAVIGATOR.

"That depends on what you mean by the term. Occasional surrender of political judgment to public opinion is prudent, and respectful deference to widespread error is now and then expedient. It is always well to keep the Pole-star in view, but when the wind is dead ahead, a skillful navigator will either tack or drop anchor."

"Our destiny, Senator, you say, is continental?"

"Our destiny is continental. The Monroe doctrine is written on every map of the United States. The tendency to absorption is irresistible. The process will be peaceful, but our northern boundary must be the Arctic Circle and our southern the Isthmus Canal."

"And in the way of our continental destiny, Senator, shall we have a war with England or any other power?"

#### OUR ONLY ENEMY ENGLAND, AND SHE'S AFRAID OF US.

"War? No, we shall have no wars. With whom should we fight? We have no dangerous neighbors and no dependencies, nor colonial possessions. We are too powerful and too necessary to the sustenance of mankind. We are at once the most pacific and most martial of the nations, but our relations with France are those of fraternity; with Germany and Austria, of cordial amity. We have no enemy but England, and she is too vulnerable in every quarter of the globe and on every sea to go to war with us. We have an unsettled score with Great Britain for her malevolent insolence, but nothing is so improbable as war. Hence, there is no need of costly armaments. Our standing army is only a national police force, and the demand for a navy comes from contractors, maritime cities whose pusillanimous populations pretend to believe that their accumulations are in danger from foreign ironclads, and from communities adjacent to the ship and navy yards who desire to profit by such enterprise."

#### THE WASTING OF MILLIONS ON THE NAVY.

"In ten years the ships we are building will be useless, either for attack or defense. The millions we are spending might as well be with the gentleman whose name I have for-

gotten—at the bottom of the sea. With every industry depressed and a general outcry for economy in administration, in a time of profound peace, we are dispatching costly fleets, at an enormous daily expenditure, on luxurious pleasure excursions, to play spectacular parts in the pageantry of the sea, exchanging entertainments and hospitalities with other potentates; drinking and carousing in foreign ports, upon the pretext that such performances are necessary for the national honor and the national defense. I believe a Democratic administration claims the distinction of inaugurating the policy for squandering our resources under the theory that we must be prepared to protect ourselves against some unknown danger. It is as absurd as it must be for the Secretary of the Navy to start out on his morning walk down the Avenue with a Winchester on his shoulder, a pair of revolvers in his belt, and a Bowie-knife in each boot, upon the idea that some ruffian might attack him before reaching the Capitol.”

“Senator, would you mind giving us your estimate of the administration of President Harrison?”

#### TOO EARLY TO GIVE A VERDICT ON HARRISON.

“Harrison’s administration has been much more successful thus far than Cleveland’s was at the end of his first year. Cleveland satisfied nobody, and was openly and unsparingly denounced by his party organs. It is a great mistake for a President to suppose that by neglecting his friends he can propitiate his enemies. Cleveland got no support from the Republican party by allowing Republicans to remain in office, and he alienated many Democrats. The most formidable error of Harrison is in regarding himself bound to follow a pernicious precedent. Cleveland saw his blunder a year too late to enable

him to recover. Most people are human, and prefer that reform should be tried on their enemies rather than on themselves. And if President Harrison acts on this line, he will have no trouble. It is too early to predict what the verdict will be. The statistics do not exist. Two years hence will be soon enough. He has had a 'rocky' time so far, but has acquitted himself with dignity, courage, and prudence. His temperament is dispassionate, but his ideals are high, and I am confident that he will grow constantly in public estimation and approval."

"As President *pro tempore* of the Senate for several years, your interpretation of that clause of the Constitution which relates to the making of a quorum in either house of Congress would be read with interest, in view of the recent contest in the House of Representatives," the interviewer suggested.

"As President *pro tempore* of the United States Senate now," replied the Senator, "I must decline at present to attempt any interpretation of the clause."

"You have never, I think, Senator, been what is called a strict constructionist of the Constitution?"

#### NOT A STRICT CONSTRUCTIONIST.

"That question I cannot answer better," said the Senator, "than by referring to some remarks which I had occasion to make on the subject in the course of debate in the Senate the other day." And he turned over a file of the "Congressional Record" till he came to the report of a speech, from which he read as follows:

"Mr. President, the people of the United States have a reasonable degree of respect for the Constitution, but they are not afraid of it. A Constitution is a growth, not a manufacture, and the Constitution of 1890, by reason of the operation of the will of the people who made it, is

a vastly different instrument from the Constitution of 1789. Its authors would not know it. They made it for specific purposes, not for the object of enabling country lawyers to devise definitions, not for the purpose of interposing barriers and obstacles to the will of the people of the United States. The Constitution was made, not by the States, but by the people of the United States—'

"And for what?

"In order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote the general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity.'"

#### SOMETHING MORE SACRED THAN CONSTITUTIONS.

"The Constitution is perpetually invoked by the narrow, rigid, and illiberal constructionists to interpose an insuperable barrier against every effort to better the condition of the people. The people of the United States do not regard the Constitution with superstition or awe. They know that there are some things more venerable than charters, more sacred than constitutions, and those are the rights and the privileges which charters and constitutions are ordained to establish and maintain. At every stage of national growth and progress we have been met by the interposition of those minute and insectivorous propositions that the Constitution was a barrier against the determined and resolute will of the people."

#### CAN BE MADE TO FIT ALL EMERGENCIES.

"I recollect that there was a great demonstration that there was no power in the Constitution to coerce a State which saw fit to go out of the Union. But we found it; we found it somewhere in its latent recesses—'public welfare,' 'blessings of liberty,' wherever it might be, we found it. We are told that the abolition of slavery was without warrant in the Constitution, but we found the warrant, and when we found it

could not be done in the letter, it was amended by the sword. It is a fair warning to those who attempt to insist upon verbal and lingual interpretations against the will of the people, that whenever the elasticity, the capacity to carry out the wishes and the will of the people is not sufficient, there will always be found a way to amend it."

#### THE SENATOR'S BEST SPEECH.

The Senator is modest in his way, and refuses to express any opinion as to the merits, relative or absolute, of any of his own efforts. Being asked which of all the notable addresses he ever delivered he likes best himself, he paused for a moment, seeming rather puzzled, but then an expression of relief came over his face, and, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, he answered, evasively:

"I think Washington's Farewell Address was probably the best."

This was a sly allusion to a rather unusual task which was imposed upon the Senator as presiding officer of the Senate on the anniversary of Washington's birthday two years ago. A proposition never made before and never repeated since was then put forward by Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts. It was that the anniversary should be celebrated by the Senate having the senators meet in the chamber at the usual hour to hear the presiding officer recite Washington's Farewell Address, and for no other business.

#### IT WAS HIS DUTY TO RECITE.

The proposal was adopted almost unanimously by the Senate, most of the senators agreeing to it out of pure devilment. But Senator Hoar was very serious about it, as he always is



about everything; and the situation was serious to Senator Ingalls, although it was ridiculous to most of his brethren. Senator Ingalls was presiding officer, and upon the presiding officer devolved the duty of giving the recitation.

Senator Ingalls, according to the custom of the Senate, could have made any other senator presiding officer, temporarily, by simply designating him as such, and he was greatly tempted to call Senator Hoar to the chair for that occasion; but, on thinking the matter over, he decided the other way. Anything in the shape of trickery or a practical joke in connection with the presiding officer's chair he could not seriously contemplate; so when the morning of Washington's birthday came around, and when the senators had assembled on the floors, and the public had crowded into the galleries to witness what they expected would be a circus, Ingalls was on hand with his copy of Washington's address.

#### HOW THE SENATOR READ WASHINGTON'S FAREWELL ADDRESS.

Promptly on the reading of the order of the day, he began his recitation. Some of the senators were evidently prepared for a little gentle guying, and the crowds in the galleries were looking for lots of merriment; but it didn't come. Ingalls was as solemn as an owl, as cold as ice, as dignified as a statue, and from beginning to end of the recitation there wasn't anything in the chamber but the most marked attention and the most exemplary decorum. When it was all over, everybody seemed to be just as solemn as Ingalls had appeared at the beginning.

#### DIGNIFIED IN THE CHAIR. A FIGHTER ON THE FLOOR.

Ingalls on the floor has provoked and participated in some of the most exciting scenes that ever enlivened the chamber,

but there never has been anything but the most perfect order in the chamber with him in the chair. As presiding officer, he has exercised a wonderful control over the Senate and the audience in the galleries, while in debate on the floor he has raised the devil.

Although he does not say so himself, it is pretty certain that the speech which gave the Senator more solid comfort than any other he ever delivered was his celebrated one of March 25, 1886, in which, while indulging in his favorite pastime of abusing Mr. Cleveland, he gave the Mugwumps a furious lashing. As he still stands by the sentiment then expressed, he did not consider it necessary to give the interviewer any new experience of his estimate of the Civil Service reform.

#### THE SENATOR SAYS "JOB" IS THE GREATEST BOOK.

"What is the greatest book in the English language?" Senator Ingalls was asked.

The Senator reflected a moment, then stepped over to a book-case, and, taking down a small Bible, turned over a few pages. "The book of Job," he said, "is the oldest and, in my judgment, the highest production of the human intellect. It is especially interesting because it shows that humanity at the dawn of history was engaged in considering the same problems that perplex us now—immortality, the existence of evil, the afflictions and misfortunes of the good in this world, and the prosperity of the wicked. We have made no progress in solving these problems. The barriers are insurmountable. The centuries are silent. The soul struggles, aspires, beats its wings against the bars, flutters, and disappears."

"Is it within the capacity of statesmanship to give the poor a better chance and to make a more equal distribution of

wealth? Is the world better than it was? Are the people happier? Is religion growing or declining? Will poverty ever be extinguished?"

BUT THE WORLD IS CONSTANTLY GROWING BETTER.

"This has been the great problem of the government since history began. The differences between men are inherent. Some are thrifty, sagacious, industrious, sober, enterprising; others are dull, lazy, dissolute, and careless. Then we must admit there is something which, for want of a better name, we call luck, so that the dish is always right side up when it rains. All men cannot be rich, famous, happy. There is not enough to go around. But the discontented, the unfortunate, and the wretched attribute their calamities to everything else rather than to themselves. They blame society and government for their failure, and attribute the success of their competitors to the injustice of statutes. All that legislation can do is to protect the weak from the oppression of the strong, the poor against the exactions of the rich; give them all equal opportunity, equal privilege, and an equal chance in the race of life. The world is steadily improving. The boundaries of human happiness are enlarging. The poorest artisan now has opportunities for enjoyment, for improvement, for study, for cure in sickness, for the preservation of health, for the joy of living, that five centuries ago were beyond the reach of kings."

THE SENATOR'S CONCEPTION OF GOD.

"Poverty will never be abolished, nor misery, nor pain, nor disease. They are inseparable from the state of humanity. Were all men contented and secure, progress would cease and the race would expire. The age is essentially devout and

religious. The mind has been largely emancipated from superstition and from creeds, and has entered upon an excursion that cannot be foretold, but that is certain to be momentous. The authority of the Church has undoubtedly been greatly weakened and impaired, but this does not imply that religion is retrograding. As the race advances, it clothes God with higher attributes and dignifies Him with more lofty functions, because it is capable of noble conceptions. The gloomy and exorable God of the Puritans has disappeared. He has been succeeded by a Supreme Being of infinite mercy, tenderness, and goodness; a ruler, a law-maker, a legislator, subject to limitations and restraints imposed by His own perfections."

#### LOOKS FOR ANOTHER CHRIST AND ANOTHER REVELATION.

"There was a profound truth in the declaration of Voltaire, that if there was no God, it would be necessary for man to invent one. This was flippant and irreverent, perhaps, but true. God is indispensable. Man perceives this, and the higher his development the more distinct is his perception. The popularity of Ingersoll and his school is not an indication of infidelity, but is rather the strongest evidence of the religious spirit of the times, its receptivity, its eagerness for instruction, its hunger and thirst for knowledge about what can never be known. No age has ever been so profoundly moved by the consideration of the problems of the hereafter as this, and I have no doubt that in response to the search for eternal truth another Christ will come and another revelation will be made."

"What should be done with the Louisiana Lottery?"

#### THE LOTTERY ULCER SHOULD BE CAUTERIZED.

"It is a plague-spot, a moral ulcer, that should be cauterized; it is a disgrace to our civilization that it is permitted to

use the mails and the Post Office Department to debauch and plunder the Nation to the extent of \$20,000,000 or \$30,000,000 every year."

"How long will it be before the last pensioner connected with the late war for the Union becomes extinct? And how much will the Government then have paid to the pensioners of that war?"

#### A \$4,000,000,000 ESTIMATE OF THE TOTAL WAR PENSIONS.

"According to the tables of mortality, the last surviving soldier of the war for the Union will expire between 1940 and 1950, but the pension-roll will rapidly diminish before that time. Pensions to widows and dependent relatives will, however, continue for a much longer period. Before the account is finally closed, I think the Government will have paid not less than four thousand million dollars."

"Don't you think that some day the ex-Confederates will be admitted to the pension-rolls of the United States?"

#### A LITTLE RAP AT THE DEMOCRACY.

The Senator paused to reflect, and his rather hard face melted into a playful smile as he answered: "It will not be surprising if some provision is ultimately made for pensioning the ex-Confederate soldiers should the Democratic party be restored to power."

"Don't you think that senators and representatives are poorly paid for their work?"

"It is impossible for the Government to compete with the private employers in compensation for special services. Legislation is not an occult science and does not require unusual faculties nor extraordinary attainments. The ordinary bus-

iness of Congress can be successfully conducted by the average merchant or lawyer. It affords opportunity for the exercise of the highest powers, but good, solid common sense and industry are the essentials. The Government should only pay what is necessary to secure such services as are requisite for the performance of its work.

"Salaries should be sufficient for decent support. Politics has been a favorite pursuit for men of ambition and energy in all ages, and will probably continue to be for all time to come. But no one is compelled to dedicate himself to the public service. It is voluntary, and if the conditions are unsatisfactory, there is no obstacle to retirement. While it would be agreeable to receive more, my impression is that if salaries were doubled, expenses would be doubled, and the result would be the same. Probably a majority of both houses receive as much now as they could earn in any other capacity for the same amount of work."

"Can Germany, Senator, manage to get along without Bismarck? Will civilization and progress lose by Bismarck's retirement? Will Europe still have abler statesmen than America? And will European statesmanship continue to have a greater influence than American statesmanship upon the destiny of nations?"

#### NO ONE INDISPENSABLE—NOT EVEN CLEVELAND.

"No man is indispensable. Lincoln died at 7 in the morning, and at 10:30 the Government was running along as if he had never existed. Perhaps the country will survive the temporary silence and retirement of Grover Cleveland. So Germany will probably stagger along without Bismarck, although he is one of the most potential forces in European

politics. Brave men lived before Agamemnon, and whenever there is an emergency or a crisis, there is a leader. But the dominant power on the globe now is, and for centuries will continue to be, the United States of America. It is in the same arena that the finer conquests of civilization are to be accomplished."

"Wouldn't it be better if we had a restricted franchise, and what kind of qualification would apply—property, education, or length of residence?"

#### MANHOOD SUFFRAGE THE CORRECT THING.

"To your main question I would answer: ideally, yes; practically, no. Any excluded class in a popular government inevitably becomes hostile. A citizen who is denied rights that others enjoy becomes a conspirator. Undoubtedly it would be better if every voter could read and write. So would it be better if every voter were healthy, moral, well-dressed, with a balance in the bank; but this is unattainable. Manhood suffrage is the thing. There are plenty of men who are illiterate, yet good citizens; and lots of fellows who have money and can speak seven or eight languages who are scoundrels.

"To make property or education the condition of suffrage and citizenship would be an absurdity. In addition to these considerations, any political party that should advocate such political restriction would incur the animosity from any quarter. So, with regard to any amendment of naturalization laws requiring long residence before foreigners could vote, unless both parties should concur, neither would dare to take the initiative."



Such a wide range of subjects having been covered, and the long list of notes of interrogation having been exhausted, not to mention the great draft made upon the Senator's time and patience, nothing was left for the interviewers to do but to thank the Senator for his courtesy, and depart.

"I am in your hands," repeated Senator Ingalls, rising to see his visitors out. "And now, please, treat me considerately. If anything I have said will serve in any degree to facilitate your undertaking, it will be a great satisfaction to me to know it.

"I hope that your experiment will meet with the success which your enterprise deserves.

"Good-bye. Come again."

## LETTERS.

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ATCHISON, KANSAS,

Thanksgiving Evening, November 28, 1872.

*Dear Father:*

I found your letter on my return from the United States Circuit Court at Topeka yesterday afternoon. It was my intention to have an old-fashioned celebration, for we rigidly adhere to all the traditions; but I woke in the night with a violent attack of sick headache, which enabled me only to take a cup of coffee for breakfast, and barely left me in a condition to join the family at dinner. We had a turkey of superb dimensions and cooked to perfection; potatoes, cranberries, celery from our garden, macaroni with cheese, quinces and pears from California, fresh figs from your boxes, raisins from Malaga, filberts, almonds, cheese from Nemaha County, pound, fruit, and jelly cake, mince and pumpkin pie; so that you see we did not suffer in our lonely cabin upon the frontier in the far West. Frank was with us, and we talked over old times, and remembered you all, from one end of the continent to the other. It has always been a hope of mine to unite the entire family on some Thanksgiving Day, here in Kansas under my own roof. I am the eldest of the brood, and the first emigrant, and could accommodate a crowd as well as any of them, and trust I may some time realize the anticipation.

The children banqueted with us at discretion. They think you grow figs as peaches grow in my garden, and regard you

as the beneficent genius of their tender years. They continue in remarkable health, and give unabated promise of excellence.

My furnace is not yet in operation, but is in position, waiting the adjustment of the hot-air ducts. I think it will add to our comfort, as it certainly will conduce to the ease of the faithful Pendleton, who regards the fire-chamber capable of consuming four-foot wood with sentiments akin to ecstasy.

It has been very cold for a few days past, and the river is filled with floating ice that moves slowly southward, indicating that the current is gorged below. A strong north wind has been blowing all day, filling the air with clouds of yellow dust from the bars.

Frank continues to grow in the graces and good opinion of all who know him. He has many extraordinary mental characteristics: self-possession, poise, command of his faculties, a temper serene and placable, and intellectual powers that are prophetic of future growth. He seems to have fine capacity for work, and an absence of enthusiasms and sensibilities, which go so far to make life endurable and successful. He is doing a great deal of outside work: visiting, calling upon the members of the church and congregation; and has the entire confidence of his people.

I have thought much to-day of the long career of my life, which has been extended so long beyond my early anticipations, and rendered conspicuous by so many blessings which I am conscious I have not deserved, and which I never hoped to enjoy. Standing upon the uplands of middle life, my childhood and youth seem like the experiences of another planet; and though I have suffered much from the tortures of disturbed functions, diseased nerves, sensibilities unnaturally acute, the war in my members between the spirit and the flesh,

the agonies of conflict between unconquerable appetites, passions, impulses, and ambitions, and a conscience too sensitive to submit to moral anodynes, yet I have much to recall with gratitude to some Benign Power that has given me moderate measure of worldly success, a modest competence, and a reasonable assurance of the esteem of my fellows; a happy home, and hopeful children, whom it shall be my chief care to teach to shun the errors that have been my bane.

I have thought much, also, of that benevolent destiny that has protracted our existence as a family, unbroken through so many years; that gave to us in our early years the benefit and advantages of parental restraint and care, and has given to you the opportunity of seeing the practical results of your anxiety and toil in the establishment of your children in reputable positions in widely dissociated spheres in life. As time passes on, the burden of existence becomes more grievous: these anniversaries, once so bright and festal, grow ominous with shadows, and have a deep, sad, and solemn significance. Laden with the inexpressible pathos, the yearning regrets, the farewells of the past, its melancholy and its eternal pain, they also point with prophetic augury to that future, near or far, when anniversaries shall be no more. How happy they who live so that they are never afraid to die!

I trust that we may know many returns of this ancient festival; but, more than that, I hope that when, on some future Thanksgiving, the last survivor of us all recalls the vivid memories of those who have gone before, no grief may dim his vision save that which separation always brings, and that he may confidently and gratefully anticipate the hour which shall summon him to join a reunited family in a brighter world than this; a world which shall seem as the glorious awakening from

a fevered dream, where sorrow has no dominion, where distance cannot separate, where time cannot chill, and the tragic limitations of earthly being are forever unknown.

With love to all at home,

Very truly your son,

J. J. I.

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WASHINGTON, March 13, 1874.

*Sweet Heart:*

The day is dreadful—cold, cloudy—with a gusty tempest from the north bearing a storm of dust and gravel that blinds, wearies, and disgusts.

The great senator [Charles Sumner] was borne to the Capitol at nine and placed beneath the canopy in the Rotunda in a square casket upon a black base, and covered with the rarest and costliest flowers—lilies, violets, japonicas, smilax, camellias in wreaths, garlands, crosses, with evergreens prophetic of immortality. A dense surge of humanity moved endlessly through the corridors, aimlessly, curiously, black, white, ragged, unkempt, chilled with the cold blasts, and filing past the cold, livid, discolored face that lay beneath the transparent glass like a drowned man under the ice. There were no tears. The scene was heartless. Loud talk, vain babbling, and senseless laughter echoed through the stony thoroughfares; and still the throng surged on and on, without beginning and without end.

The Senate galleries were densely packed at an early hour. Tier above tier, it was a solid mass of faces, relieved against the dark drapery behind. At twelve the Senate was called to order, the journal read, and some formal business transacted. We were presented with black gloves and crape on the left arm. Soon the House of Representatives were announced, and took

their places on the south side of the chamber; then the representatives from Massachusetts with their families as mourners, noticeably old Ben Butler with his wife, a tall, graceful, striking-looking woman with aristocratic features and bearing; then the chief justice and associate justices of the Supreme Court in their black gowns; then the officers of the Army and Navy; the diplomatic corps in plain dress, headed by the formal courtier, Sir Edward Thornton; then President Grant and his Cabinet, who sat by the head of the coffin, the silver mountings of which shone through the mass of flowers. The President was dressed in plain, dark clothes, and sat as expressionless as stone, sometimes drumming his hat upon his knee.

The scene was exceedingly impressive, and the solemnities were austere, consisting only of prayer and selections read from the Scriptures. At ten minutes past one the amen was pronounced, and the House, the Court, the President, and the guests retired slowly from the chamber, and the Senate adjourned till Tuesday noon.

I send you some violets from a great purple mass crowned with white that exhaled their fragrance in the dim chamber that shall know him no more forever. Keep them as a memento of a great life that has ended to-day.

I woke at half past two this morning after, bad dreams, feverish and restless, and longing for you and for Baby Constance, who has grown so tenderly in my heart. Much of our united lives came back to me, incidents forgotten, songs you sung to Ruth in winter midnights in the little back room up stairs so long ago; looks, caresses; painful, sad regrets for the injuries inflicted upon your love by my indifference and coldness and unkindness; wonder that your love had not ebbed away from me and left me stranded in misery forever; hopes

that we might not either be left long upon this desolate earth to mourn the other's loss. Oh, my darling! my heart cries out for you and will not be comforted. You must never forsake me, here or hereafter. If you go before me to the undiscovered country, guard me, and wait for me. If I precede you, search for me till you find me, with entreaties and importunities that will permit no denial, but will rescue me, though ages intervene, from the profoundest abyss.

I received your letter this morning in which you speak of the excitement about the judgeship, which has now, I suppose, finally terminated. Horton could not be appointed for many reasons, chiefly because the delegation was against him upon general grounds connected with his personal and political career. Pomeroy made himself specially obnoxious by meddling in the matter, and at one time I thought I was to be beaten, as the President told me he would not appoint Foster, and if we did not compromise and agree on some other man, he would take charge of the matter himself. The question at last became one purely of opposition to me, and the representatives openly boasted that they had at last got me beaten; but the result has strengthened me greatly here and at home. Horton promised the clerkship to a score, I presume, and I am glad to know the secret of Mrs. ——'s advocacy; but it may console her to know that he also promised it to Joe Wilson, Spaulding, Jo. Talbott, and many others, male and female. Perhaps the future may have some reward for her fidelity to his cause and her support of his fortunes.

This is a long letter, longer than I intended to inflict upon you when I began; but I could continue for an hour, did my other engagements afford me the time to spare.



I hope you are comfortable and contented, and that you will make your life active and useful, and not brood in solitude over our separation. You have the children with you, while I have nothing but the memory of you and them to console me in my loneliness.

Write me often, and think always with tender love of

Your faithful and affectionate                      HUSBAND.

WASHINGTON, Sunday, May 13.

*My dearest Love:*

Pullman regulates the temperature of his carriages by the calendar, and not by the thermometer—no fires after May 1st, and but one blanket; so that my journey was not wholly comfortable. Then, at breakfast in the Union Depot at St. Louis, Friday morning, the top windows at the north were open, and a cataract of cold, damp air poured down my back into my pantaloons pockets and stockings. So that I was chilly and goosefleshy all day, and could not get warm through the night.

From St. Louis to Washington, where I arrived about nine P. M. Saturday, I continuously read the letters of the wife of Thomas Carlyle, annotated by him after her death. I never specially "honed" after him, even in my callow days; but the letters are dramatically interesting. They disclose a most desolate, gloomy, and lamentable domestic tragedy, and are not without instructive admonition. I will send or bring them to you. The unavailing penitence of the selfish, dyspeptic, irascible, tyrannical old man, after she had left him forever to his gruel and his grumbling, is quite pathetic. She does not seem to have loved him much, if at all, indeed, nor to have

been specially faithful to him, I judge; but in one way she was his slave, and the record of forty years of servitude is dramatic. Good women are so much better than good men, and bad so much worse. Where the average lies I do not know. Perhaps in gross, the moral aggregate is much the same.

I came to my old lodgings direct from the station and found that Mrs. Crawford had taken the house in addition to her own across the street. General Rosecrans is here with his family. His wife is paralyzed and unable to move. He occupies my old rooms, and his wife and daughter the floor above. I am opposite them, on the second floor, in the rooms occupied by General Henderson last winter. There are many other guests, but unknown to me.

Going over to the Capitol, I bathed, and was shaved and trimmed by the olive-skinned "John," the only barber whose attentions I could ever endure without a shrinking shudder.

Judge Peters had come in from Chicago on the morning train, and we had a consultation, resulting in an appointment for Monday.

Mr. Plumb is yet here, and I expect to have an interview with him, perhaps this afternoon.

I see no reason why I may not leave for Haverhill by Thursday, and so home by the middle of the week thereafter.

The season is dilatory here also; foliage not being full, and the air icy and shivery.

I feel guilty at going away and leaving you mistress of all the confusion at home, but it really seemed unavoidable under the circumstances, and the worst appeared to be over. I thought of several little things, while awake in the cars the other night, that might have been done: a niche for a vase or statuette in the stairway in the space between the curved par-

tition and the chamber wall; an upright register in the south library wall, under the lower shelf in the new partition, etc., etc.; but "the wished-for comes too late." Don't forget to have the windows all made weather-proof, and the floors planed down among the finishing touches, and the well-curb and platform repaired, and the veranda floors repaired also, but not wholly relaid, as Neal will be sure to want to do if not resolutely restrained.

I hope the dear little anonymous baby continues to thrive. The delicate spark of her life was so near going out wholly that I believe her preservation bodes good fortune for her and the world into which she so prematurely came. But I babble. So good-bye for to-day.

I hope the children are all obedient. Give them my love.

Your own

J. J. I.

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UNITED STATES SENATE CHAMBER,

WASHINGTON, May 13, 1881.

*Dear Father:*

I imagine that our dishes are bottom up when it rains not more than those of our neighbors. We are all disposed to think our misfortunes are exceptional, our diseases peculiar, our destinies unprecedented; but the lot of humanity everywhere is much the same. Great careers are necessarily few; vast fortunes must be infrequent; kings and presidents are scarce, and even the most exalted in station and estate receive about the same average of felicity as the rest of us. I have seen all classes and conditions of men, from the lowest to the loftiest, and the longer I live the more I am convinced that happiness is in the individual, and not in his accidents. Many

things seem alluring that attained have no charm, and many lives appear humble and obscure that are the vestibule of Paradise. And, after all, whether well or ill, the longest life is but a brief pulsation, like the momentary flash of a firefly in a garden at night; and whether its transitory torch is to be extinguished forever or to be relighted and burn eternally, we hope and dream, but know not.

Love to the family.

Very truly your son,

J. J. I.

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ATCHISON, Sunday, January 24, 10 A. M.

*Dear Constance:*

The cold wave seems to have passed off, though I don't like to say much about it; for we had a pleasant day some time ago and talked considerably and chuckled over it, and that night the temperature sank below zero and stayed there for two weeks. It was a struggle for existence. We closed all the doors, shut off the hall, cut off the water, had fires in the grates, stuffed cotton in all the crevices, and lived like Esquimaux in their *igloos*. But it really is lovely this morning. I went out for a stroll, after breakfast, on the stone walk, in the sun. Two fat brown birds hopped about in the branches of one of the shrubs, and Jim Crow kept me company, sometimes walking alongside, and then going before, and rolling over a time or two to attract attention. When I pulled his tail and his ears, he growled ferociously, and hissed like a snake, and then rolled over again.

As I stood by the gate, looking down toward Mrs. Crowley's cabin—she and Tim are both ill with the grip, influenza,

colds, rheumatism, antiquity, etc.—the pealing bells of St. Benedict's broke out into a swelling tumult of exulting melody, vibrating and rising and falling, rolling north and south and east and west, down the valley and up to the shining zenith, and, after an entrancing interval, died away and were still. It was quite incredible that some shock-headed Paddy, who probably carries a hod or drives a dray during the week, could, by pulling a rope a few moments, produce such an ecstasy of sound on Sunday, without any idea that I would write you a letter concerning it. \*

Yes, it is aggravating, as you say, to be obliged to suspend your studies for a while, at the busy season, too; but it is better than to keep on and break down completely at the end. The mind has much influence, and a cheerful spirit is better than medicine. Resolve to be well; don't brood upon dark thoughts; throw open the windows of your soul to the sun; take short views of life; get plenty of air, plain food, and sleep, with moderate exercise.

Write to me if there is anything you want. I should be your friend, even if you were not my child. \* \* \* \* \*

I am going away next week, about the 1st of February, to speak at Ann Arbor, Michigan, in Kentucky, and some other places, and shall be absent perhaps two weeks. A letter will reach me at the Grand Pacific, Chicago, Tuesday and Wednesday, 2d and 3d, should you write next Sunday.

Affectionately your

PAPA.

Jul. 7. 18.00.

Dearest wife. "Blue Grass"  
seems to be one of those  
compositions that the world  
will not willingly let die

These were happy days when  
it was written. in the little  
cottage on the bluff looking  
not over the great river with  
a roomful of babies: obscure  
and unknown: waiting for the

destiny, so soon to come.  
(that was to make me one  
of the conspicuous fig-  
ures of the country for  
so many years) How  
far away it seems!

But I would not recall  
my life and live it over  
again, if I could unless  
with the power to improve  
lost opportunities amend  
errors & correct mistakes

How clearly we see our  
folies when it is too late.

Tom loving

Husband.

T am.

ATCHISON, December 15.

*Dear Constance:*

The question about the loss of either of the senses is so much a matter of sentiment and individual temperament that there is nothing to be said by one that could influence another.

To me the loss of sight would be the greatest affliction, because my love of Nature and physical beauty is so strong. Hearing is limited. At a short distance the loudest sounds are inaudible. So with taste. It gives delight, but the body can be nourished without the sensibility of the palate and the tongue. If dumb, we can still write and read and hear. If we are unable to perceive the fragrance of flowers, we can yet be charmed with their color and outline. If deaf, we can communicate with the eye and the pen. But to be blind is to be imprisoned in perpetual darkness; shut out from the universe, from the aspects of the earth, the sky, and the sea; unable to go or come; compelled to be led and fed and dressed like an infant, and denied the joy of beholding the faces that we love. But, after all, we adapt ourselves to these privations without much grief. I have seen many blind persons, but they are generally cheerful enough, and seem to enjoy life very well.

The soul is independent of the senses. These are the avenues through which it communicates with others temporarily, and are not necessary to its existence. I have no doubt there are many senses we do not possess; many properties of matter with which we are unacquainted; many more dimensions than length, breadth, and thickness; many more colors than those which glow in the rainbow and the rose; many conditions immediately about and around and within that we do not perceive any more than my horse understands history and



arithmetic, or than a fish swimming in the ocean comprehends the great steamships with their cargoes of men and women and merchandise ploughing the waves which are his firmament.

It is an incomparable morning. The grass glitters with thick white frost, and the dense columns of smoke and vapor from the town below ascend slowly toward the dazzling sky. The vibrations of the convent bell, ringing for nine, linger for an instant, cease, and are still.

Your affectionate

PAPA.

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WASHINGTON, March 5, 1875.

*My dearest Wife:*

The Forty-third Congress ended amid uproar and confusion indescribable.

I went to the Capitol at ten A. M. on Wednesday and remained until one the next afternoon without sleep and almost without eating. I presided much of the time, and was in the chair till within five minutes of the final adjournment. Such tumult and turmoil I never witnessed before; but I got through without special difficulty, and was much complimented for my coolness and adroit management of the disorderly elements. The Vice-President was absolutely helpless and surrendered in despair, and sent for me to take his place while he retired to his room. The attendance in the galleries was immense.

I came home and went to bed at two P. M. and slept till eight. Took a light lunch and went again to bed at ten and slept till nine this morning.

The Senate assembled at twelve this noon in extraordinary session. The new senators were sworn in, and the proceedings

were very interesting. The galleries and floor were thronged with ladies and strangers.

Old Andy Johnson, whom I had never seen before, was greeted with applause, as was General Burnside, the new senator from Rhode Island. We sat an hour, and then adjourned till Monday.

I have taken Scott's seat in the middle aisle, directly across from Mr. Conkling.

The Pinchbeck case is to be considered; but I do not think it will take long to dispose of it, as everybody is anxious to get away as soon as possible.

The weather is inconceivably horrible—cold, wet, raining all day and snowing or sleeting all night, with occasional fogs thrown in by way of variety.

How much I long to be at home I cannot tell you. I shall leave at the first possible moment that public business will permit. I feel somewhat fatigued, now that the stimulus of excitement is over; but hope soon to recover my usual elasticity. I know how much you need me and what a relief it will be to you to turn the domestic sceptre over to

Your affectionate

HUSBAND.

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